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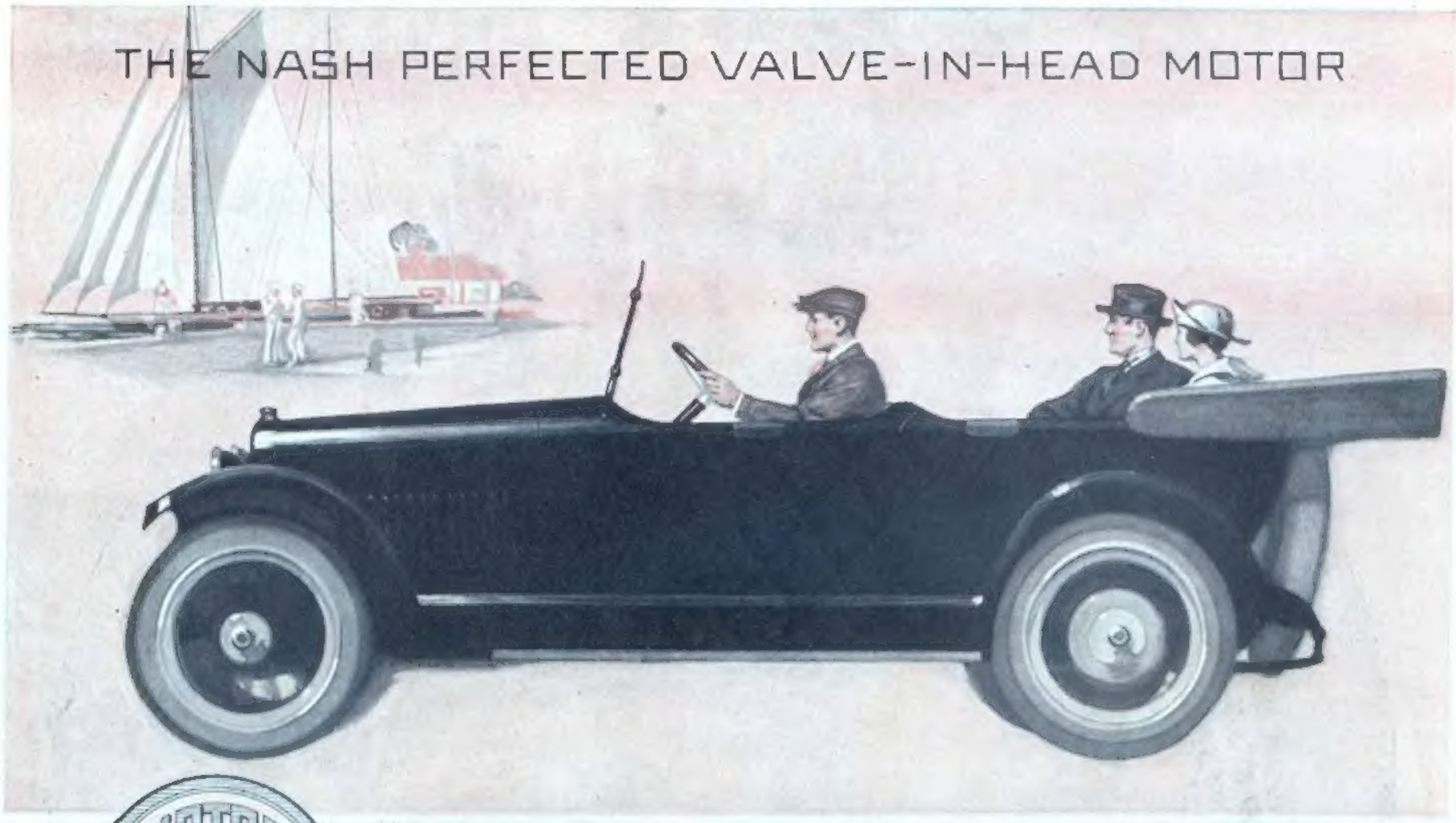
Beginning **Manslaughter** — By Alice Duer Miller



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MANSLAUGHTER

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHENEVER she and Lydia had a scene Miss Bennett thought of the first scene she had witnessed in the Thorne household. She saw before her a vermilion carpet on a mottled marble stair between high, polished-marble walls. There was gilt in the railing, and tall lanky palms stood about in majolica pots. Up this stairway an angry man was carrying an angrier child. Miss Bennett could see that broad back in its heavy blue overcoat, and his neck, above which the hair was still black, crimsoning with fury and exertion. On one side of him she could see the thin arms and clutching hands of the little girl, and on the other the slender kicking legs, expressing passionate rebellion in every spasmodic motion. The clutching hands caught the tip of a palm in passing, and the china pot went rolling down the stairs and crashed to bits, startling the two immense great Dane puppies which had been the occasion of the whole trouble.

Suddenly She Felt His Hand, Firm and Confident, on Her Shoulder, Stopping Her, Turning Her Round

The two figures, swaying and struggling, went on up; for though the man was strong, a writhing child of ten is no light burden; and the stairs, for all their grandeur, were steep, and the carpet so thick that the foot sank into it as into new-fallen snow. Just as they passed out of sight Miss Bennett saw the hands of the child, now clenched fists, begin to beat on the man's arms, and she heard the clear, defiant young voice repeating, "I will keep them! I will!" The man's "You won't" was not spoken, but was none the less understood. Miss Bennett knew that when the head of the stairs was reached the blows would be returned with interest.

Usually in the long struggle between these two indomitable wills Miss Bennett had been on Joe Thorne's side, coarse, violent man though he was, for she was old-fashioned and believed that children ought to obey. But this night he had alienated her sympathy by being rude to her—for the first and last time. He had come home after one of his long absences to the hideous house in Fifth Avenue in which he took so much pride, and had found these two new pets of Lydia's careering about the hall like young calves. He had turned on Miss Bennett.

"What the hell do you let her do such things for?" he had demanded, and Miss Bennett had answered with unusual spirit:

"Because she's so badly brought up, Mr. Thorne, that no one can do anything with her."

Lydia had stood by defiantly, glancing from one to the other, with a hand in the collar of each of her dogs, her face pale, her jaw set, her head not much above the sleek battleship-gray heads of the great Danes, her small body pulled first one way and then the other by their gambols. All the time she was saying over and over, "I will keep them! I will! I will!"

She hadn't kept them; she had lost that particular skirmish in the long war. Not till some years later did she begin to win; but whether she lost or won, Miss Bennett was always conscious of a rush of pity for the slim, black-eyed little girl thrusting her iron will so fearlessly against that of the man from whom she had inherited it.

And for the Lydia of today, now engaged in thrusting her will against the will of the world, Miss Bennett felt the same unreasoning pity—pity which rendered her weak in her own defense when any dispute arose between them. She and Lydia had been having a scene now; only a little scene—hardly more than a discussion.

Morson saw it clearly when he came in after luncheon to get the coffee cups, although a complete and decorous silence greeted his entrance. He saw it in the way in which his young employer was standing, as erect as an Indian, looking slantingly down her cheek at her companion. Miss Bennett was sitting on the sofa with her feet in their high-heeled satin slippers crossed, and she was slipping the rings nervously up and down her fine, thin fingers.

She was a small, well-made woman, to whom prettiness had come with her gray hair. The perfection of all her appointments, which might once have been interpreted as the vanity of youth, turned out to be a settled nicety that stood her in good stead in middle life and differentiated her at fifty-five—a neat, elegant little figure among her contemporaries.

The knowledge that he was interrupting a discussion did not hurry Morson any more than the faintest curiosity delayed him. He brushed up the hearth, turned a displaced chair, collected the cups on his tray and left the room at exactly the same pace at which he had entered it. He had known many scenes in his day.

As soon as the door closed behind him Miss Bennett said: "Of course, if you meant you don't want me to ask my friends to your house you are perfectly within your rights, but I could not stay with you, Lydia."

"You know I don't mean that, Benny," said the girl without either anger or apology in her voice. "I'm delighted to have you have anyone at all when I'm not here and anyone amusing when I am. The point is that those old women were tiresome. They bored you and you knew that they were going to bore me. You sacrificed me to make a Roman holiday for them."

Miss Bennett could not let this pass.

"You should feel it an honor—a woman like Mrs. Galton, whose work among the female prisoners of this ——"

"Noble women, noble women, I have no doubt, but bores, and it makes me feel sick, literally sick, to be bored."

"Don't be coarse, Lydia."

"Sick—here," said Lydia with a sharp dig of her long fingers on her diaphragm. "Let's be clear about this, Benny. I can't stand having my own tiresome friends about, and I will not put up with having yours."

Lydia had come home after a morning of shopping in town. Disagreeable things had happened, only Benny did not know that. She had bought a hat—a tomato-colored hat—had worn it a block and decided it was a mistake, and had gone back and wanted to change it, and the woman had refused to take it back. There had been little consolation in removing her custom from the shop forever—she had been forced to keep the hat. Then motoring back to Long Island a tire had gone, and she had come in late for luncheon to find Benny amiably entertaining the two old ladies.

The very fact that they were, as she said, noble women, that their minds moved with the ponderous exactitude characteristic of so many good executives, made their society all the more trying to Lydia. She wearied of them, wearied, as Mariana in the Moated Grange. She had so often asked Benny not to do this to her, and after all it was her house.

"You're very hard, my dear," said her companion—"very hard and very ignorant and very young. If you could only find an interest in such work as Mrs. Galton is doing ——"

"Good heavens, was this a benevolent plot on your part to find me an interest?"

Miss Bennett looked dignified and a little stubborn, as if she were accustomed to being misunderstood, as if Lydia ought to have known that she had had a reason for what she did. As a matter of fact, she had no plan; she was not a plotter. That was one of the difficulties between her and Lydia. Lydia arranged her life, controlled her time and her surroundings. Miss Bennett amiably drifted, letting events and her friends control. She could never understand why Lydia held her responsible for situations which it seemed to her simply happened, and yet she could never resist pretending that she had deliberately brought them about. She began to think now that it had been her idea, not Mrs. Galton's, to get Lydia interested in prison reform.

"No one can be happy, Lydia, without an unselfish interest, something outside of themselves."

Lydia smiled. There was something pathetic in poor little ineffective Benny trying to arrange her life for her.

"I contrive to be fairly happy, thank you, Benny. I've got to leave you, because I have an engagement at Eleanor's at four, and it's ten minutes before now."

"Lydia, it's ten miles!"

"Ten miles—ten minutes."

"You'll be killed if you drive so recklessly."

"No, Benny, because I drive very well."

"You'll be arrested then."

"Even less."

"How can you be so sure?"

That was something it was better not to tell, so Lydia went away laughing, leaving Miss Bennett to wonder, as she always did after one of these interviews, how it was possible to feel so superior to Lydia when they were apart and so ineffectual when they were together. She always came to the same conclusion—that she was betrayed by her own fineness; that she was more aware of shades, of traditions than this little daughter of a workingman. Lydia was not little. She was half a foot taller than Adeline Bennett's own modest five-feet-two, but the adjective expressed a latent wish. Miss Bennett often introduced it into her descriptions. A nice little man, a clever little woman, a dear little person were some of her favorite tags. They made her bulk larger in her own vision.

The little daughter of the workingman ran upstairs for her hat. She found her maid, Evans, engaged in polishing her jewels. The rite of polishing Miss Thorne's jewels took place in the bathroom, which was also a dressing room, containing long mirrors, a dressing table, cupboards with glass doors through which Miss Thorne's bright hats and beribboned underclothes showed faintly. It was carpeted and curtained and larger than many a hall bedroom.

"I Think It Must be Yours," She Answered With a Sort of Sweet Contempt, and Looking Him Straight in the Eye She Leaned Over and Put Her Gear in First

Here Evans, a pale, wistful English girl, was spreading out the jewelry as she finished each piece, laying them on a white towel where the rays of the afternoon sun fell upon them—the cabochon ruby like a dome of frozen blood, the flat, clear diamond as blue as ice, and the band of emeralds and diamonds for her hair flashing rays of green and orange lights. Lydia liked her jewelry for the best of all reasons—she had bought most of it herself. She particularly liked the emerald band, which made her look like an Eastern princess in a Russian ballet, and in her opinion exactly fitted her type. But her beauty was not so easily classified as she thought. To describe her in words was to describe a picture by Cabanel of The Star of the Harem—such a picture as the galleries of the second half of the nineteenth century were sure to contain—the oval face, the splendid dark eyes, the fine black eyebrows, the raven hair; but Lydia's skin was not transparently white, and a slight heightening of her cheek bones and a thrust forward of her jaw suggested something more Indian than Eastern, something that made her seem more at home on a mountain trail than on the edge of a marble pool.

As she entered, Evans was brushing the last traces of powder from a little diamond bracelet less modern than the other pieces. Lydia took it in her hand.

"I almost forgot I had that," she said.

Three or four years before, when she had first known Bobby Dorset, when they had been very young, he had given it to her. It had been his mother's, and she had worn it constantly for a year or so. An impulse of tenderness made her slip it on her arm now, and as it clung there like a living pressure the heavy feeling of it faintly revived a whole cycle of old emotions. She thought to herself that she had some human affections after all.

"It ought to be reset, miss," said Evans. "The gold spoils the diamonds."

"You do keep my things beautifully, Evans."

The girl colored at the praise, not often given by her rapidly moving young mistress, and the muscles twitched in her throat.

"A hat—any hat, Evans."

She pulled it on with one quick, level glance in the glass, and was gone with the bracelet, half forgotten, on her arm.

During the few minutes that Lydia had been upstairs a conflict had gone on in the mind of Miss Bennett downstairs. Should she be offended, or should she be superior? Was it more dignified to be angry because she really could not allow herself to be treated like that? Or should she forgive because she was obviously so much older and wiser than Lydia?

She decided—as she always did—in favor of forgiveness, and as she heard Lydia's quick light footsteps crossing the hall she called out, "Don't drive the little car too fast!"

"Not over sixty," Lydia's voice answered.

As she sprang into the gray runabout waiting at the door with its front wheels turned invitingly outward, pressed on the self-starter with her foot, slid the gears in without a sound, it looked as if she intended her reply to be taken literally. But the speedometer registered only thirty on her own drive—thirty-five as she straightened out on the highway. As she said, she never drove fast without a good reason.

Like most people of her type and situation, Lydia was habitually late. The reason she gave to herself was that she crowded a little more activity into the twenty-four hours than those who managed to be on time. But the true reason was that she preferred to be waited for rather than to run any risk of waiting herself. It seemed a distinct humiliation to her that she should await anyone else's convenience. To-day, however, she had a motive for being on time—that is to say, not more than twenty minutes late. They were going to play bridge at Eleanor's, and Bobby would be there; and for some reason she never understood it fussed Bobby if she were very late and everyone began abusing her behind her back; and if Bobby were fussed he lost money, and he couldn't afford to lose it. She hated Bobby to lose money—minded it for him more than he minded it for himself.

One of the facts that she saw most clearly in regard to her own life was that the man she married must be a man of importance, not only because her friends expected that of her but because she needed a purpose, a heightened interest—a great man in her life. Yet strangely enough the only men to whom her heart had ever softened were idle, worthless men, of whom Bobby was only a sample. Among women she liked the positive qualities—courage, brilliance, achievement; but among men she seemed to

have selected those who needed a strong, controlling hand upon their destiny. Benny said it was the maternal in her, but less friendly critics said it was the boss. Perhaps the two are not so dissociated as is generally thought. Lydia repudiated the maternal explanation without finding another. Only she knew that the very thing that made her fond of men like Bobby prevented her falling in love with them; whereas the men with whom it seemed possible to fall in love were men with whom she always quarreled, so that instead of love there was not even friendship.

Some years before she had been actually engaged to be married—though the engagement had never been announced—to an Englishman, a thin, hawk-faced man, the Marquis of Ilseboro. She was not in love with him, though he was a man with whom women did fall in love. Benny had been crazy about him. He was companionable in a silent sort of way, made love to her with extreme assurance and knew a great deal about life and women.

But from the very first their two wills had clashed in small matters—in questions of invitations, manners, Lydia's dress. Again and again Ilseboro had yielded, but yielded with a deliberation that gave no suggestion of defeat. These struggles which go on out of sight and below consciousness in most relations are never decided by the actual event but by the strength of position in which the combatants are left. Benny, for instance, sometimes did the most rebellious things, but did them in a sort of frenzy of panic, followed by unsought explanations. Ilseboro was just the reverse. He yielded because he had a positive wish to adjust himself, as far as possible, to her wishes. Lydia began to be not afraid of him, for like Cæsar she was not liable to fear, but dimly aware that his was a stronger nature than her own. This means either love or hate. There had been a few hours one evening when she had felt grateful, admiring, eager to give up; when if she had loved him at all she could have worshiped him. But she did not love him, and when she saw that what he was looking forward to was fitting her into a niche which had been building for centuries for the wives of the Ilseboros she really hated him.

Ever since her childhood the prospect of laying aside her own will had stirred her to revolt. She could still remember waking herself up with a start in terror at the thought that in sleep she would doff her will for so many hours. Later her father had wished to send her to a fashionable boarding school; but she had made such wild scenes at the idea of being shut up—of being one of a community—that the plan had been given up. She would have married anyone in order to be free, but being already uncommonly free she rebelled at the idea of giving up her individuality by marriage, particularly by a marriage with Ilseboro. She broke her engagement. Ilseboro had loved her and made himself disagreeable. She never forgot the parting curse he put upon her.

"The trouble with being such a damned bully as you are, my dear Lydia," he said, "is that you'll always get such second-rate playmates."

She answered that no one ought to know better than he did. His manner to her servants had long secretly shocked her. He spoke to them without one shade of humanity in his tone, yet oddly enough they all liked him except the chauffeur, who was an American and couldn't bear him, feeling the very essence of class superiority in that tone.

A few months later she showed an English illustrated to Miss Bennett.

"A picture of the girl Ilseboro is going to marry."

There was a pause while Miss Bennett read those romantic words: "A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between George Frederick Albert Reade, Marquis of Ilseboro, and ——"

"She looks like a lady," said Miss Bennett.

"She looks like a rabbit," said Lydia. "Just think how Freddy will order her about!"

It was not in her nature to feel remorse for her well-considered actions, and she soon forgot that Ilseboro had ever existed, except for certain things she had learned from him—a way of being silent while people explained to you you couldn't do something you intended to do, and then doing it instead of arguing about it, as had been her old habit; and an excellent manner with butlers too.

Her foot pressed gently on the accelerator, when the road became straight, holding the car now at forty miles. On either side of the road purple cabbages grew like a tufted carpet to the very edge of the macadam, without fences or hedges to protect them. There was enough mist in the autumn air to magnify the low hills along the Sound to an imposingly vague bulk, and to turn the cloudless sky to a threatening bluish gray. In every other direction the flat, fertile, sandy plains of Long Island stretched uninterruptedly.

It was really a beautiful afternoon—too beautiful to spend playing bridge in a stuffy room. It might be more sensible, she thought, to break up the party, kidnap Bobby and drive him over to sit on the edge of the water and watch the moon rise; only she rather feared the moon was over. Of course she was dining at the Leonard Piers' that evening, but it was a party eminently chuckable—that is to say, she was going to please them rather than herself. Anyhow, she would have Eleanor move the bridge table out on the terrace. Eleanor was so stupid about preferring to play indoors.

A minute figure, smaller than a man's hand, flashed into the little mirror at her left. Was it—no—yes? A bicycle policeman! Well, she would give him a little race for his stupidity in not recognizing her. She loved speed—it made her a little drunk. The needle swung to forty-five—to fifty, and hung there. She passed a governess cart full of children with a sound like "whist" as the wind rushed by. Now there was a straight road, and clear.

The miniature figure kept growing and growing until it seemed to fill the whole circle of the mirror. The sound of the motorcycle drowned the sound of her own car. A voice shouted "Stop!" almost in her ear. Turning her head slightly to the left, she saw a khaki figure was abreast of her. She slowed the car down and stopped it. A sunburned young face flushed with anger glared at her.

"Here, what do you think this is? A race track?"

Lydia did not answer, staring straight ahead of her. She was thinking that it was a foolish waste of taxpayers'

(Continued on Page 26)

"You're Very Hard, My Dear—Very Hard and Very Ignorant and Very Young"

SHIPS ON PAPER

By WILL PAYNE

LATE in the fall of 1917 four of us sat at a table discontentedly contemplating some figures on a sheet of paper. At that time, you remember, we wanted fearfully a million American soldiers in France. We had the soldiers, or very soon would have; but how to get them to France and maintain them there? Getting a soldier across the Atlantic was only the beginning of the problem. He must be accompanied and followed continuously by equipment, food, ammunition.

I had figures derived from England's experience in the Boer War, when several hundred thousand soldiers were sent oversea and maintained at a foreign base. The figures showed how many tons of shipping each soldier required. Making allowance for a difference in distance and multiplying that by a million showed how many tons of shipping would be required to transport and maintain an American army in France.

We knew approximately how many tons of shipping were available in the world, and how it was engaged. A great part of it was already employed in vitally necessary war work—carrying food and raw materials to England and the Continent, and so on. That work must go on. There was no surplus of shipping in sight for the provisioning of an American army in France.

No surplus was coming into sight. The Germans claimed that they were sinking 800,000 tons a month. The British Government published a weekly statement of submarine operations, but the statement said nothing on the crucial point of number of tons sunk. That in itself indicated a bad situation; for democratic governments of the people, by the people and for the people practice pitiless publicity regarding their own affairs when the news is flattering. When the news is bad they disguise or conceal it—in order to keep up the public's morale. The old Whisky Trust, I believe, used to do the same thing—in order to keep up the morale of the bulls until the insiders had unloaded.

In fact, submarines were then sinking ships as fast as Ally and American yards were turning them out, or faster. On paper it looked extremely discouraging. Long afterwards it transpired that we four amateur strategists at a club table had some very distinguished company abroad. Ludendorff and Hindenburg have published their books on the war. They had it figured out to a dot that America couldn't possibly get an army into France in time to do any good. Hindenburg seems indignant about it still. He carefully added two and two, but the Yankees played some sort of hocus-pocus on him, so that the answer turned out to be twenty-two instead of four.

Eight months from the day of our gloomy figuring more than 1,000,000 American soldiers were in France, with grub and powder—within eleven months, more than 2,000,000. As a war measure the United States Government built, and bought, 11,000,000 tons of merchant shipping. To get the meaning of that figure recall that Germany before the war had the world's second largest merchant marine, but it comprised only 5,250,000 tons.

An Eighty Per Cent Depreciation

BEFORE the war, you remember, the American flag on merchant ships had nearly disappeared from the sea; we were in the tail of the procession. The latest issue of Lloyd's Register gives the steamship procession this way: British merchant fleet, 18,000,000 tons; American—government owned and privately owned—14,000,000 tons; French, 3,000,000 tons; Dutch and Norwegian, under 2,000,000 tons. In three years we jumped from the tail of the procession almost to the head—a tremendous achievement, of which we are duly entitled to brag.

Finally we got the ships by applying American notions to shipbuilding—standardizing production on the big-scale American plan. Instead of building each particular part for each particular boat we made standardized parts in a hundred scattered factories and assembled them in the yards. At the height we were turning out completed cargo boats ready for service in thirty-five to sixty days from the keel laying. Mistakes were made. In the war rush some of these ships were poorly built. But we got the tonnage.

This government-owned fleet of 11,000,000 tons cost, first and last, $3,500,000,000. Probably it could not be disposed of at auction now for one-fifth that sum. It includes 300 wood and concrete vessels that are probably junk and ought to be scrapped forthwith, for they lie idle eating their crank heads off in upkeep. For months, at this writing, the fleet has been costing the Treasury a deficit of $20,000,000 every thirty days, or much more than half what all our public schools cost.

The fleet was built primarily as a war measure. The cost should be charged up to war and forgotten. The present extremely demoralized state of the shipping industry is a world condition for which nobody in particular is responsible. The world over, 10,000,000 tons of ships are lying idle for lack of cargoes. Probably those in service are barely earning operating expenses. The other day new steel cargo boats were sold in England at thirty-six dollars a ton. If a true balance sheet were struck and the wooden ships were scrapped, the total investment in our government-owned steel steamers would run over $300 a ton.

The cost is a war cost. The present shipping depression is chargeable to nobody. But for more than two and a half years since the close of the war—the armistice having been signed in November, 1918—the Government has been operating this great merchant fleet through the Shipping Board and its subsidiary, the Emergency Fleet Corporation. I wish to indicate briefly what that has meant. Twenty-six months of government operation of railroads let the Treasury in for a loss of $1,800,000,000, according to Senator Cummins' recent estimate. No exact figure is available for government operation of ships, but the picture is the same.

With the same ingredients—government, or political, management of a business—you will always get the same picture. Mixing business and politics does the politics no good and simply ruins the business.

The Deficit Tracked to its Lair

BUSINESS is management; not a plant or a set of rules, but men. Plant and rules are only a business on paper. In debate the other day Chairman Good, of the House Appropriations Committee, remarked with evident exasperation:

"The Emergency Fleet Corporation is the greatest corporation in the world. It has more than $3,000,000,000 of property. The administration of this greatest corporation in the world calls for executive ability of the highest order; yet, strange to say, from the time of its very inception we have had change after change in its executive head. We had Denman and Goethals and Schwab and Piez and Payne and Benson and others, and how in the name of common sense can you have anything except disorder and failure and loss all along the line when you are changing drivers every six months?"

The first chairman of the Shipping Board was William D. Denman, a distinguished lawyer of San Francisco. He and General Goethals, who was manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, couldn't agree. Both resigned. The President than transferred Edward N. Hurley, of Chicago, from the Federal Trade Commission to the chairmanship of the Shipping Board and Rear Admiral Capps was made manager of the Fleet Corporation. But in November, 1917, Rear Admiral Harris succeeded Rear Admiral Capps as head of the Fleet Corporation. A month later Rear Admiral Harris resigned and Charles Piez was put in charge of construction, under Charles M. Schwab. That arrangement lasted through the remainder of the war. In July, 1919, Mr. Hurley resigned and was succeeded by John Barton Payne, a distinguished lawyer of Chicago.

Recently Senator King said, perhaps with some senatorial license, that Judge Payne found "chaos and confusion worse confounded and an orgy of waste and extravagance"; also that the new chairman labored diligently to introduce order and economy and would have chopped off "a thousand" superfluous heads—only, unfortunately, just as he might have been getting the job in hand he was transferred to the cabinet. This happened in March, 1920, seven months after his appointment. From that time until June, 1921, the greatest corporation in the world was in a state which a senator described as "adrift."

Admiral Benson was appointed chairman. For a good while there was only one other member of the board. Admiral Benson's appointment, I believe, was regarded as temporary; but his incumbency continued for about fifteen months. During that time, it is true, there was a national election and a change of administration; but national elections and changes of administration are standing features of government.

Changing drivers of the greatest corporation in the world every six months is a bit fast, even for politics. But government management, political management, is always doing that sort of thing. It can afford to, for it has the theoretically bottomless resources of the national treasury to draw upon. Business doesn't leave greatest corporations in the world adrift for a year and a quarter. The bankruptcy court gets them before that.

For two years after the armistice there was an extraordinary boom in shipping. Ocean freight rates were still, in the main, war-high, and cargoes were plentiful. Privately managed British merchant fleets reported net profits running to 20, 30 and even 40 per cent on their capital stock. Whether our huge government-operated merchant fleet ever made a real profit at any time during this great boom, I don't know. I doubt very much that anybody else knows.

Profits were talked about. Large figures were handed about, apparently with official sanction. Unquestionably there were long periods when receipts from the operation of vessels much outran the immediate out-of-pocket cost of working the ships—without taking into account a huge overhead expense, insurance, repairs, depreciation and other items which a true balance sheet must take into account.

Eliminating the wood and concrete vessels this government fleet comprised over 9,000,000 tons of steel steamers, mostly new. Nothing within biggest gunshot of such a fleet was ever before managed from one office. Other famous fleets under a single management, like the Cunard and the White Star, are mere pygmies beside it. Whether this huge fleet did make a profit during an unexampled boom in shipping is a question of some importance. In order to find out I seek the fountainhead of official information—a handsomely printed pamphlet of 274 pages entitled Fourth Annual Report of the United States Shipping Board, Year Ending June 30, 1920—a twelvemonth that covered the cream of the boom.

This pamphlet, you understand, is the management's annual report to the owners, the stockholders—you and me. If it were the annual report of the management of a railroad or a steel mill I should expect to find, near the beginning, a clear, detailed, tabular report of profit and loss for the year. In this government-management annual report there is no statement whatever of profit and loss for the year. To this particular greatest corporation in the world profit and loss appears to be a quite negligible little detail, not worth mentioning.

Having looked through the report in vain I turn to the index and discover this entry: "Expenses and revenues from the operation of vessels; appendix, part four, exhibit B." That looks promising, so I turn to the appendix and discover that exhibit B in part four consists of a three-line table headed "Statement to show the outcome of all transactions by classes of activities from inception to June 30, 1920." And the column caption Operation of Vessels shows this:

Revenues	$ 817,271,542
Less expenses	1,002,396,579
Net outcome	$185,125,037

As a small and bewildered merchant once exclaimed, under like circumstances, "By gracious! The expenses won't subtract!"

Where the Billion Went

SEARCHING farther through the appendix I find a more detailed table, from which it appears that most of the above $817,271,542 consisted of revenue from voyages and charters, while the direct out-of-pocket expenses on account of voyages and charter hire were only, in round numbers, $536,000,000—which would leave a handsome surplus. But there were general expenses exceeding $20,000,000, insurance cost $140,000,000, depreciation took $200,000,000, and so on, until the total amounted to more than $1,000,000,000; and the net outcome of operation of vessels from inception to June 30, 1920, was a deficit of $185,000,000.

Putting a one-eyed—not to say blind—profit-and-loss account over in the appendix is also an incident of political management. Business subsists on profits; they are its life breath. Naturally in a business concern's report profit and loss gets first consideration. But government can have no real concern with profits, for they are of no real importance to it.

After resigning from the Shipping Board Mr. Hurley wrote a book about merchant marine. In it he indignantly mentions a very important handicap under which government ships labored during the boom—thus:

"The Shipping Board is faithfully operating whole fleets of vessels in forty-one definite ocean trade routes on definite schedules, and through its private operators and managers it is supplying tonnage for new business and tramp voyages whenever a reasonably full cargo is offered. Nevertheless up to the early part of 1920, when this is written, American ships frequently sail half loaded and almost invariably return empty, while foreign vessels plying the same routes always sail away from American ports with full cargoes and usually have something in their holds on the inbound voyage."

Mr. Hurley blames this on American business men, saying, "If our exporters and importers are going to permit

their agents to continue giving preference to foreign vessels in their own country's direct trade we can never expect to develop a merchant marine of our own. Even the United States Treasury would soon go into bankruptcy trying to operate ships without cargoes."

But I don't imagine that American citizens engaged in overseas trade formed a malevolent conspiracy for the purpose of ruining their own country's merchant marine and supporting the merchant marine of other countries. I imagine they were as anxious to have a flourishing American merchant marine as any other citizens were.

A big fleet is no more a merchant-marine business than a big battery of printing presses is a newspaper or a job-printing business. It is only a business on paper. The managing personnel, the selling organization, trade connections, goodwill must be added before it becomes a real business. An Englishman has a printing plant on A Street; he has been selling to you a long while; he knows how you want the work done; you know what you can depend upon from him; trading with him has become part of your established routine. Government sets up a printing shop on B Street, doing equally good work at equal prices. Patriot though you are probably you will not hunt up the government shop. It must come around and sell itself to you.

Foreign companies were in the shipping business for sixty years while we were largely out of it. They built not only boats, but trade connections, habits, experience—an intricate, seasoned selling organization for the marketing of their services. When a bale of goods was ready to ship they were at the door—the familiar expressman, knowing how the bale was to be handled, fitting into the shippers' habits.

Politics and the Taxpayer

A PLANT—four walls and machinery or a hull and machinery—is not a business, but only an instrument for business. There must be trade connections, salesmanship, goodwill, before it becomes a business. Business isn't plant, but men—trained, experienced, competent, energetic men if the business flourishes. The foreign shipping organizations were keyed up to profit; they were hustling for business because, by and large, the man anywhere along the line who didn't get and hold trade lost his job. The American organization, by and large, was keyed up to politics—if that can be called a key. It made no real difference to the organization whether there was a profit or a loss, for if there was a loss the Treasury was at hand to absorb it.

Certainly the Shipping Board did seek business. It established agencies in many foreign cities. And the other day there was quite a sensation in Congress when it transpired that a large part of these foreign agents were foreigners—many of them, indeed, British; and the British, as everybody knows, are our chief competitors in shipping! Congress spilled considerable patriotic indignation over that—naturally, for Congress is thinking politics, not business. Needing, say, a shipping agent in Genoa to handle Italian exports, the political idea would be to select a sturdy, 100 per cent American resident of Emporia, Kansas. That's politics every time.

Two and a half years ago, when war ended, the question naturally arose, What to do with this huge government-owned merchant fleet? Chairman Hurley—with a quite intimate knowledge of government operation—apparently wanted to get the ships into private hands. Congress, facing mountainous deficits from government operation of railroads, presently wanted to get the Government out of the shipping business. Yet for two years and a half very little was done in that direction.

Chairman Good, of the House Appropriations Committee, declares that his committee was constantly urging the Shipping Board to sell vessels when there was a prime market for ships at high prices—even threatening to cut off appropriations unless more ships were sold. Senator King charges that many officials of the Shipping Board consistently worked to block the sale of vessels when there was a strong demand for ships at high prices; and the senator adds bitterly, "The more government ships, the more government jobs."

Rather odd, isn't it, that when the owners and congressional directors of the greatest corporation in the world wanted to sell the corporation's property, a coterie of subordinate officers could frustrate that purpose? That may happen in politics. It doesn't happen in business.

In passing, you may recall that Chairman Payne once negotiated the sale of various government ships, including the big German liner Leviathan, for $29,000,000. A great clamor arose. Some amateur critics said the ships were worth three times $29,000,000. Mr. Hearst got out an injunction. The sale was stopped—for which the prospective purchasers are now thanking their lucky stars. The Leviathan is still tied to a Hoboken dock, placidly running up large monthly bills for maintenance. Probably it couldn't be given away at present. That also is an incident of government ownership.

Of course Congress could have forced the sale of ships when there was a good market. But they could never have been sold at what they cost the Government. Congress wanted the Shipping Board to sell them—a Democratic board. The loss would then be chargeable to the Democrats. How anything will look in a balance sheet is always a secondary consideration with Congress. The first consideration is how it will look in a campaign poster. Dodging responsibility in a critical situation and nimbly keeping in a position to pass the buck is politics' first thought. Making decisions and assuming responsibility for them is the first word in business.

Some ships were sold—to the poignant regret of the purchasers, who paid down a part of the purchase price and gave the Government a lien on the vessels for the remainder. Other ships were operated by the board on what it calls the allocation plan. That means, in fine, that the ship is handed over to an allocatee, or agent, who invests no capital, assumes no responsibility, but receives a commission of 5 per cent on all outbound cargoes and 2½ per cent on all inbound cargoes. When cargoes dwindled and rates fell this made a pleasant situation for the allocatee. He got his 5 per cent on such cargoes as he could find at such rates as were offered, and the Government pocketed the loss on running the ship.

The Time to Rub It In

BUT it made an exceedingly disagreeable situation for various purchasers of government ships who had invested their capital in the vessels and had to pay the Government interest on the deferred installments, besides meeting the expense of operating the vessels out of their own pockets. In competition with them, on the same trade routes—in some cases at least—were allocatees of government ships, who had nothing invested, no charges to meet and whose operating losses were handed on to the Government. You can see at a glance how painfully one-sided such competition must be. Several such purchasers had to default on their payments to the Government, and were thrown into bankruptcy, the ships being taken away from them.

Senator King said in June that he knew of one law firm that was handling eight or ten such bankruptcy cases. But it is not necessary—or reasonable, I think—to assume that this was part of a conspiracy by Shipping Board officials to discourage private ownership of vessels. It had that effect; but I suppose it is chargeable to the general muddle. I presume all sensible people have had aplenty of government operation—for the time being. Therefore I consider this an excellent time to rub it in. Government is a political concern through and through. It thinks politics and acts politics. It will ruin any business that it attempts to manage, so far as the business is ruinable.

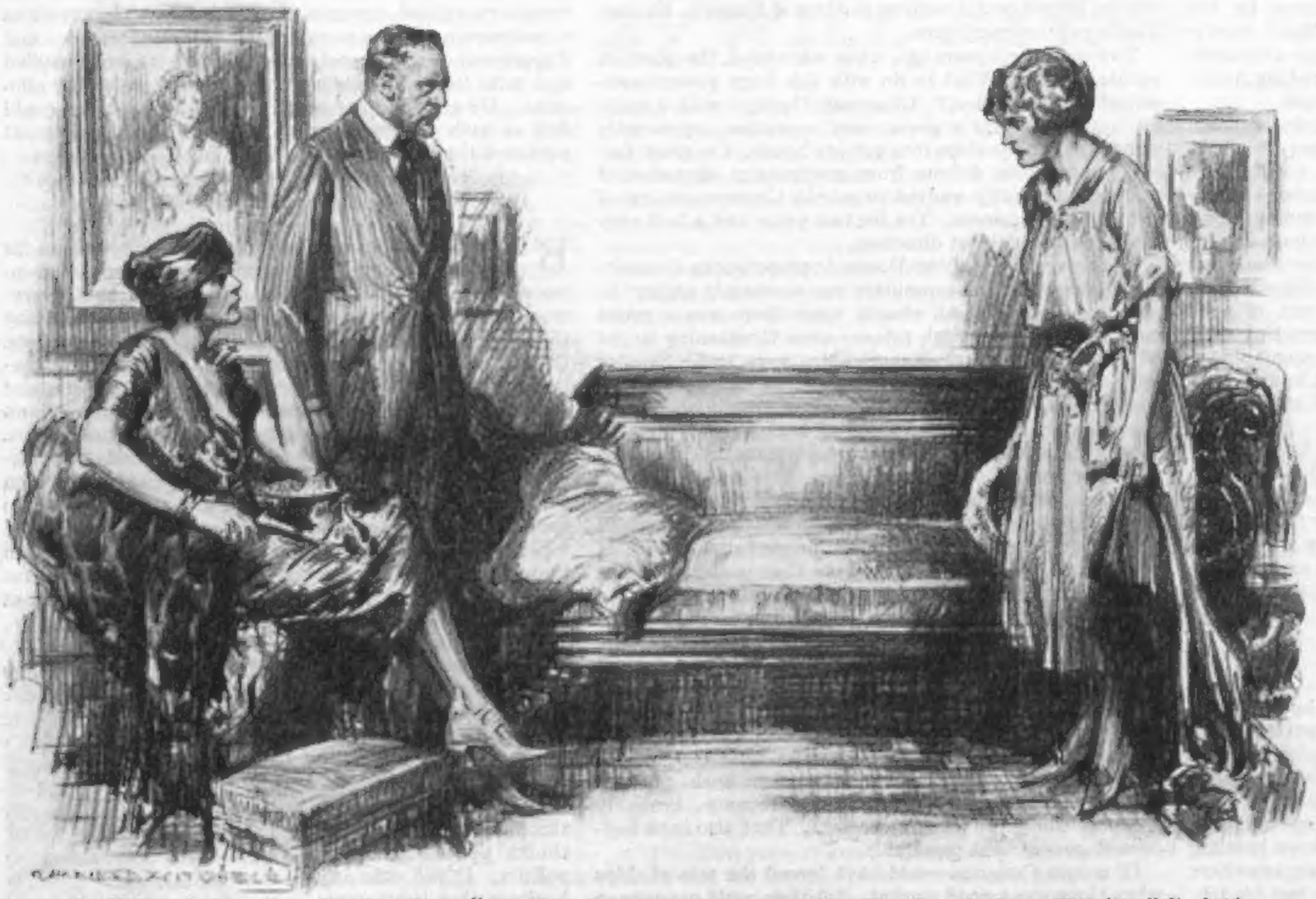
(Continued on Page 74)

HAVE A HEART!

THE FAT ANGEL

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



Mr. Millburn's Eyes Were Fixed on Tess. "You Must Have Been Eating Something That Doesn't Agree With You," He Said

TESS' father was a handsome man, and like most handsome men he was inclined to make a fool of himself whenever the ladies were concerned. From his father he had inherited the business of Merwyn, Inc., and so that you may better understand the adventures which presently befell poor Tess we will first glance in the windows of Merwyn, Inc., in the palmy days of that once exclusive firm.

Twenty-five years ago, if on a certain afternoon you had been walking along a certain side street in the Murray Hill section of New York you would have come to one of those rich-looking little jewelry stores where the windows are set out like altars in the Temple of Beauty. In the center, for instance, you would have seen a creamy velvet form, made in the image of a woman's breast, and on this form, without lettering or figures, was a diamond necklace of such exquisite fire that it might just as well have been accompanied by a written guaranty to make the feminine breath grow tremulous and the feminine heart go pitter-patter, pitter-patter, like rain on a canvas roof.

This necklace in itself was enough to kindle hope and excite vain yearnings; but around it, as the stars around Polaris, were other twinkling constellations—earrings which might have done duty for the Gemini, brooches to represent the Corona Borealis, solitaires with the white fire of the Virgin's Gem, bar pins that might have reminded you of the sword belt of Orion. In short, it was a window to warm the imagination, but probably no one viewed it quite so earnestly as the shopgirls and clerks who paused for a minute night and morning; shopgirls with turned petticoats who still dreamed of the time when romance, taken at its flood, would float them into Fifth Avenue mansions, and down-at-heel clerks who still clung to the future and knew that they had within them the makings of great men.

The jewels themselves, however, were only part of the show. Back of the window was a partition of inlaid mahogany bearing the chaste bronze letters "Merwyn, Inc.," and over this partition Tess' father was sometimes seen—classical features, beautiful brown eyes, drooping mustache and all—a fitting high priest to serve at such a shrine. At that time Tess was but a baby and wouldn't have understood the shopgirls' comments even if she had been there to hear them. "Say, Mame, honest," said one on the evening of the day which we have chosen, "ain't he the handsomest thing you ever seen in pants?"

"Huh-huh," said Mame. "Gee, Gert, look! He's rubbering right at us!"

Star dust in the window and Apollo beyond. Is it any wonder that the girls often stopped there? When those two had gone Apollo smoothed his mustache and looked at the clock.

"I'll leave you to close up, Bannerman," he said to his assistant. "My little girl's birthday to-day, and I promised to take her a present."

He picked up a large cardboard box, and half an hour later he entered one of the new apartment houses on Riverside Drive; but when he opened the door of Apartment 51, instead of being received by joyous laughter, he heard nothing but the muffled weeping of a broken-hearted child in one of the bedrooms.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked the maid.

"I simply can't keep her quiet, sir," she replied. "Mrs. Merwyn hasn't been well enough to go out to-day, and she's taken it into her head that she isn't going to get a present."

Tess' father opened one of the bedroom doors, and there lying on the rug with her arms clasped around a woolly bear as big as herself he saw an atom of humanity offering up an incoherent jeremiad that the prophet himself might well have envied. At hearing the door open the atom put on a louder pedal, and presently, probably wanting to see what impression her music was making, she turned around a face which was red from weeping and stricken with mortal woe.

"What a noise!" said Mr. Merwyn, frowning. "I've a good mind to give this talking doll to some other little girl and let you cry all night."

A talking doll! At the words the tempest ceased, the rain stopped, and two large forget-me-nots first opened wide and then began to twinkle in the sunbeams.

"Dolly!" exclaimed the atom. "Gimme!"

True to immemorial form, you see, even in miniature—such was Tess, the heroine of our story.

II

PELHAM MERWYN had chosen his wife for three reasons—first because she had piqued him, second because of her delicate beauty and third because of her family. It wasn't a rich family, but it was very old, and the maiden aunt who had brought up Tess' mother probably thought that, reënforced by the Merwyn money, the family might take a new lease of life and rise again like the phœnix.

"I must warn you of one thing, though," this aunt had told him. "Ethel isn't strong. Conceivably she may even become an invalid. I hope not—we all hope not, but of course we do not know."

"Invalid or not," said Pelham, "I shall love her just the same."

It was his grand romance—*e pluribus unum*—and he never lived a prouder day than the one in which he endowed his name and all his worldly goods upon the tall, quiet girl who stood by his side in pearly splendor—and almost seemed as much a stranger to him as on the day when he had met her.

Tess was the first child, and everyone said she took after her mother. Then came Claude—a quiet limb, and thoughtful—who slyly put his thumb in his mouth whenever he thought himself unobserved, and looked as though he were always cooking up secret designs.

And last came Dorothy, soon named Doll, who, everybody said, was the image of her father. When she was old enough to understand this she smiled with conscious pride and tossed her curls as good as to say, "That's me!"

Mrs. Merwyn didn't smile, though. She looked vaguely troubled, as though she were learning one of those obscure lessons of which life alone can be the teacher; but then she wasn't much given to smiling. Every week she seemed to grow quieter, pearlier, her eyes looking bigger against the whiteness of her cheeks. Whether or not some premonition warned her, she seemed to take Tess into a silent partnership, the business of the firm being to look after little Claude and Dorothy. Some of the precepts which our heroine learned at this time would probably amuse a modern child.

"Always think of others first"—that was one of them. "Never forget that there are two sides to every question"—that was another. And because Tess really took after her mother, it wasn't long before such thoughts as these had almost become a part of her nature.

Nor did her old-fashioned training stop there. As soon as her arms were long enough her mother began to teach her to play the harp, a noble instrument in ebony and faded gold which was an heirloom of the family and stood in one corner of the drawing-room.

As the years passed by Tess' father seemed to grow handsomer, and also fonder of the good opinion of the ladies. If he hadn't wished to shine so brightly in their eyes he might have admitted to his wife, at least, that his business was beginning to emulate the Roman Empire at the time immortalized by Gibbon—was beginning to decline and fall. Retrenchment might have saved him, but retrenchment in Pelham Merwyn's eyes meant a dulled luster for himself, and he wouldn't stand for that. *Via vanitatis*—more than one has stepped this way to the bankruptcy court.

Thinking it over afterward, Tess' father always drew a sigh of relief when he reflected that his wife never knew it. She hadn't been well for months, had become quieter than ever, her eyes larger and darker, the harp in the corner more neglected. And then one dreadful morning Tess, who was fifteen years old at the time, made her first acquaintance with sorrow, the greatest sorrow that can come into any girl's life.

A few weeks later it seemed like an anticlimax when her father told her the other bad news. Merwyn, Inc., had gone out of business. Bellamy & Co. had bought the stock. There was nothing left. To be exact, there was less than nothing, but Pelham didn't go into many details.

"We shall have to leave here," he said, walking the room and looking gaunt for the first time in Tess' memory. "I—I've taken a position with Bellamy & Co. It isn't much—only forty dollars a week, but of course I look for something better soon. Do you know how much it's been costing to run this apartment?"

"A lot, I'm sure," she quietly nodded.

"A thousand a month. The rent alone is four hundred. I'm going in now to tell the servants that we are closing up, and then I shall have to look around for a flat. That—that brings up another question which has been bothering me. Do you think—do you think you could look after the children for a while—till—well, say, till I find somebody else?"

Uneasy visions of somebody else flitted through Tess' mind.

"Oh, I'm sure I could!" she earnestly answered, speaking as well as she could for the lump that had come into her throat. "Don't—please don't look for anybody else!"

"Well," he said, staring at her, "we can try it for a while and see ——"

After he had gone Tess went over to the corner where the gold-and-ebon instrument ruled as queen, and leaning her cheek against its frame she lightly touched a string here and there, caressing them more than playing them, as

though, let us say, she were asking a gentle question and listening to the almost inaudible golden hum that seemed to answer her. She felt better then; but late that night when the house was still she suddenly found herself awake and staring up into the darkness.

"Somebody else!" she was thinking. "Oh, he never, never could!"

III

FOR all her quiet ways, Tess at heart had always been a proud little madam, and it wasn't exactly a red-letter day in her life when they finally moved to the place which her father had found for them. It was on the fourth floor of an old house which was situated on one of those streets which are generally afflicted with the word "respectable." Respectable children roller-skated and shouted to one another across the asphalt. Respectable ash cans stood on the sidewalks till nearly noon. A respectable smell of fried onions or liver and bacon was generally floating around the hall. And a respectable janitor's wife, who sneezed every time the wind blew, had a sovereign cure for colds which gave her the hiccups and caused her to throw milk bottles against the back fence when respectable cats came out at night to serenade the moon.

There is, however, in most old houses a spark of comfort which is inextinguishable, and when the furniture was settled and the pictures hung Tess began to warm up to her new home, partly perhaps because she was to be the mistress of it. The front room and one of the bedrooms had open fireplaces in them—prizes which Riverside Drive had never possessed—and on either side of the mantel in the front room was a built-in bookcase, the contribution of a previous tenant who hadn't taken them away. The rooms were large, the walls high, the windows and doors had character; and although much of their furniture had to be sold, they kept the things which they liked the best and found the weeding helpful. Over the front-room mantel was a model of a ship inclosed in glass, a ship whose rigging and straining sails seemed to breathe the spirit of adventurous mystery; and in a shadowy corner, ebon and faded gilt, stood the family heirloom like a ghost in lace and velvet from an age long past who has still a mission that must be accomplished before it can take its rest.

At first Tess had weeks of despair when she began to fear that she was harnessed to a load which was beyond her power to pull. The oatmeal burned, the milk boiled over, the eggs were either too hard or too soft, the coffee was thick, Claude was sulky, Doll wouldn't mind her, and even when she tried to adopt a cat it repaid her kindness by sharpening its claws on the back of the sofa and making the upholstery look as though it had been stricken with a woolly erysipelas. One day, after making her first attempt upon a steak, she was opening the door to let the smoke blow out when she found herself face to face with the woman who lived upstairs—a pink, pretty little woman who was getting on in years, but who still took pleasure in wearing coquettish hats and lisped a little when the weather was fine.

"My!" she said to Tess. "Sniff! Do you thmell thomething burning?"

"Yes," nodded poor Tess, one side of her face splotched red from the heat of the broiler. "It's our steak. I never tried one before."

Meanwhile they had been giving each other that look with which the ladies can weigh each other in the balance and find out if anything is wanting, and then they smiled, one a pleasant smile and the other shy and somewhat streaked with crimson.

"Do you mind if I come in," continued the woman who lived upstairs, "and let you thee how I do mine?"

"I wish you would," said Tess almost with tearful gratitude.

Fortunately she had ruined only half the steak, and while the other half was broiling properly the visitor introduced herself. She was Mrs. Brackett, a widow, whose husband had been a sea captain. She lived alone except when her sister came to stay with her, and she loved to cook. Before they parted she and Tess were friends, and seldom a day passed when Mrs. Brackett didn't drop in, smilingly lisping, to see how Tess was getting on.

Things began to improve after that. The oatmeal learned to burn not, the milk to boil not, the eggs to cook to a turn, the coffee to become nectar; and after a few sharp cuffs on the side of the head puss learned to purr without calisthenic exercises and kept his claws to himself. Even Claude and Doll fell into line. Tess became the custodian of Claude's pocket money, with power to bestow or withhold. And when Doll was cheeky Tess wouldn't curl her hair the next morning—a lesson which only had to be repeated twice.

The months and then the years went rolling by, and Tess began to develop into one of those quiet little housekeepers who have probably done more for the world than all the rest of the human race put together. She could never quite understand Claude, though, who grew more and more secretive with the passing years; and her father caused her many an anxious hour. He was still as handsome as ever, and though time was silvering his hair, if anything it only added to his appearance. Letters began to arrive for him in scented envelopes—letters which he read with a flattered smile when he thought that Tess wasn't watching him. Tempo increasing, the letters came more frequently until there was one every day—and, oh, how Tess' heart sank when she heard the postman bringing these messages from a possible somebody else! Then ritardo set in. The scented envelopes came less and less often, and a crescendo of square salmon-colored ones took their place. These in turn were superseded by mottled affairs with a monogram on the flap. Tess didn't worry so much then; but somehow after that, whenever she thought of her father, she had an uneasy feeling that life occasionally presents a puzzle which it were better to leave unsolved.

Doll Could be a Young Whirlwind in Long Silk Stockings, All Eyelashes, Laughter and Sprightly Repartee, and it Wasn't Long Before Freddy Was Eating From Her Hand

IV

BAFFLED thus by the gentlemen of the family, Tess turned her affections upon Doll, sewing for her, looking after her, dressing her like a little princess, curling her hair, going without shoes so that Doll could have an extra pair, and waiting on her, as the saying goes, hand and foot.

Doll developed a gift for drawing, and Tess encouraged her to the top of her bent. Not only that, but when the younger sister reached her eighteenth birthday Tess dressed her in her finest and sent her to call on the rich old aunt after whom she had been named. Doll stayed all day and came home with her eyes shining at the wonderful things she had seen at Aunt Dorothy's.

"And she's promised to pay for my drawing lessons!" she crowed. "Any school I want to go to! M-m-m, Tess, I wish we lived in a house like that instead of this poky little hole!"

Tess felt a wound—so much she had done to make the place comfortable—but her spirit of fairness burned as brightly within her as ever.

"I suppose it's only natural," she thought. "Young girls like nice things. I know I did."

With the same gift of seeing the other side, she excused Claude when he began to stay out till eleven and twelve o'clock at night.

"I suppose it's only natural," she thought. "If I were a young man I'd probably like to know what was going on in the world myself. I'm afraid it's pretty dull for him at times up here."

Then Doll began taking evening lessons in drawing three nights a week, and gradually her other nights were spent with girls who wore silk smocks in the evening and thought nothing of bobbing their hair or showing their knees when they sat down.

"Of course it makes it lonesome for me," thought Tess, "but I suppose it's only natural. As mamma used to say, there are two sides to everything, and I mustn't let my side stand in Doll's way."

Thus consoling herself, Tess grew quieter than ever—a gentle little housewife long before her time. Now and then when her father and Mrs. Brackett were joking together—widows and widowers generally being good company when they meet—she would vaguely ask herself how she would like it if Mrs. Brackett became that somebody else whom she had always feared.

"I don't know," she thought. "It would have seemed awful—once. But Mrs. Brackett is so nice—and safe, somehow. And then again, if she took care of dad perhaps I'd be able to do something—for myself." Which was vague enough, indeed, but her next thought was clearer. "I'm nearly twenty-three," she thought. "I'll be an old maid before I know it."

It wasn't long after this when, in rapid succession, three things happened, as three deaths will sometimes occur in a single family, or three dishes are smashed before the breakage stops.

One evening as Claude was going out he happened to say to his sisters, as matter-of-fact as you please, "I suppose I might as well tell you—I'm going to get married next week."

Tess and Doll stared at each other. Doll was getting ready to go out herself, and after they had said the things which any two sisters would have said under the circumstances, Doll added: "The funny part of it is, Nell

Shindler and I have just about decided to start up a studio if we can find the money. I'm going to see Aunt Dorothy about it to-morrow. Of course you know I've got to have a studio sometime, Tess," she continued, half in answer to her sister's pleading look, "if I ever expect to make big money. I might as well be dead and buried as stay here."

They were hard blows, but true to her training, as soon as she was alone Tess tremulously began to look for the other side.

"I suppose it's only natural—about Claude," she thought. "If he's found a girl that he really and truly loves, I suppose it's better for him to marry her now than to keep her waiting—and waiting. And Doll too. When you come to think of it, a girl who is studying illustrating ought to have the right kind of a place, where the light is right and models can come and things like that. Of course I shall be awfully lonesome, but I mustn't let that stand in the way of other people's happiness."

The third thing that happened, though, was an event of a different color. When her father came in that evening he heard the news at first with interest and then with growing abstraction.

"Yes, yes," he said. "You'll be pretty lonesome—for a time. Er—that reminds me, Tess. I'd like to invite a couple of friends here for dinner some night before long. Er—very particular friends. I'd like to make a good impression if we could. Do you think you could manage it all right?"

Even at that distance Tess could feel it in the air.

"Are they—men?" she asked.

"One is. It's—well, it's brother and sister, and the sister is a very clever woman. I'm sure you'll like her when you see her—a remarkable woman, remarkable in every way."

Tess turned as though to close the window.

"It's come," she told herself, drawing a deep breath as the cool air struck her cheek.

"It's somebody else! She's turning up at last!"

V

IN A WAY, one distraction helped Tess to bear the others. When Claude got married, the Sunday after he had warned his sisters of the coming event, Tess didn't worry over it half so much as she might have done, because she had so much else on her mind. Claude had managed his affair as slyly as he did everything else. Unknown to his family, he had rented a flat in Brooklyn, had furnished it partly on his savings and partly on the installment plan, and on Sunday afternoon he simply appeared before Tess and Doll with a bright-eyed girl on his arm and as simply introduced her as his wife.

"I don't like her," said Doll after they had gone.

"But you must, dear," said Tess. "I thought she was very nice, myself."

"No class," said Doll, busy with her own packing. "No lines. Just like Claude, though, to go off and do a thing like that."

The day before, Doll and Nell Shindler had found a wonderful studio near Washington Square, and Aunt Dorothy being amenable they had rented it the same evening and were to move into it the next day.

"Say, Tess," said Doll, "do you want to do something awfully sweet for me?"

Inwardly Tess quailed—knowing the signs very well—but outwardly she smiled a little, knowing just as well that she was going to do whatever was asked.

"Will you let me borrow the harp for a while?" continued Doll in her best wheedling manner. "It would make a dandy prop and would help me in my sketches."

"It would look nice—in the studio," thought Tess, seeing the other side, as ever, "and besides, it would remind her ——" She didn't trust herself to finish that, even to herself, for seldom had she missed her mother as much as in the last few days. "All right, dear," she said aloud. "Only you must promise to be careful of it."

The harp went the next afternoon, and oh, how empty the apartment seemed without it! It was bad enough without Claude and Doll, but Tess had gradually become accustomed to missing those two. But when the old heirloom followed them, swaying down the stairs like a figure from a bygone age making its last adieus ——

That was on Tuesday. On the Thursday evening of the same week Tess' father brought his company home. When he had first told her of the day they were coming she had had a moment of mutiny, and dim notions of a badly cooked dinner, badly served, had floated in her mind. But as every woman knows, there is no pride any keener than the pride of good housekeeping, and all day Wednesday and Thursday Tess worked and planned for the honor of the family. The windows were washed, the silver was polished, the place was cleaned till it shone again, the dinner was cooked to perfection; and when her father finally appeared on Thursday evening with his two guests Tess was wearing her prettiest dress, and to look at her then you would never have dreamed that such a shy, quiet little lady had lately been down on her knees scrubbing the kitchen linoleum or on her feet had been causing such culinary wonders to perform.

"This is my daughter Tessie," her father announced. "Tessie, these are my very good friends, Miss Millburn and Mr. Millburn."

Mr. Millburn was the nearest, and Tess looked at him the first—perhaps because he mattered the least. He was a gallant-looking man with a flowing mustache and imperial, and when he smiled he showed a set of very white teeth—probably much as Mr. Murdstone first smiled at David Copperfield.

"I am charmed to meet you," said he.

Miss Millburn stepped forward then—energetic, capable, perfumed and undeniably handsome in a bold sort of way. For one thing, she was wearing a moleskin cape, one of those romantic vampish effects—a cape which, it happened, Tess had long wished for in secret. For another thing, she had slipped her right hand out of her glove, and diamonds glittered from three of her fingers. For another thing, she had that air of "I have eaten bigger canaries than you; but don't be alarmed, my little dear, I'm all fed up just now," which every young woman understands so well.

And for a final item, she was a most pronounced brunette, while Tess was more of a blonde, and every girl who has blue eyes and fair hair will know what that means.

"I am charmed to meet your little daughter, Pelham," she said, half turning as she patted Tess' hand. As though for good measure then, Miss Millburn playfully patted Mr. Merwyn's hand, too, and playfully added: "Do I smell something to eat?"

For one dreadful moment Tess felt the temptation to burst out, "No! It's perfumery you smell!" but checked the thought in favor of a reflection which was far more overwhelming.

"Cooking dinner for this!" she almost passionately told herself. "Oh—how—I—hate—her!"

VI

IT WAS in that indeterminate period which is generally described as between night and morning that Tess made up her mind.

"I shall go out working," she told herself, which was her nice way of saying, "I shall get me a job," and darkly seeing herself as a poor little Cinderella doing up somebody's ashes she cried to her pillow as motherless girls have cried since time immemorial—and didn't feel much better when it was over.

"Yes, I shall! I shall go out working!" she repeated. "I'm not going to stay at home, and clean and cook—for her!"

At that she did feel a bit better, as though in some dim way she had just dealt a blow to that bold black thing in the moleskin cape.

"Still," she said, "I won't say anything about it till I've found something, because I would only look foolish if I talked about going to work, and then couldn't find anybody who wanted me."

But that proved to be the least of her troubles. When she went out to do the marketing the next morning she bought a newspaper in between a shoulder of lamb and a quart of dried peas, and after the lamb had been put on to stew and the peas had been put in to soak she opened the paper to "Help Wanted, Female," and almost immediately heard Opportunity knocking on her door. Bright young women were wanted for office work—previous experience unnecessary—fifteen dollars a week—apply in person between ten and twelve.

"I've just time to change a little and get there," she breathlessly told herself. "I wonder if I'd do!"

There was only one way, of course, in which this could be found out—and when her father came home that night Tess had news for him.

"It's in a big insurance company," she said, "and all I have to do is to read reports and make notes on them. And I'm to get fifteen dollars a week—fifteen dollars a week—for me! Isn't that wonderful?"

Her father stared at her, as men will stare when something tells them that they have reached a moment in life when one would do well to stop, look and listen.

"You—working!" he exclaimed at last. "Then who's to look after the house and—and everything?"

By "everything" he was naturally referring to the lord of the manor, but it occurred to Tess that he might possibly be thinking of that big black thing aforesaid.

"Oh, I think we'll get along somehow," she answered; and quietly emphasizing the number she added, "With only two in the family, I'm sure it won't be hard."

Whether or not he caught the emphasis, her father continued to stare at her, his jaw not far from dropping, as men of every age and clime have probably stared at the ladies since Adam awoke from the world's first operation, and saw for himself what had happened in his sleep.

VII

AS SOON as she could get over her habit of blushing whenever she felt that someone was looking at her Tess began to enjoy her job. It was very simple, and what was more it was one of those rare jobs which are almost as interesting as life itself.

"Every application for life insurance in this company," the assistant secretary told her, "is accompanied by a doctor's report, and in due course of time these applications reach your desk. So far, well and good; but the next step is to get a report upon the character of the applicant. That is your work. For this purpose we are subscribers to the Argus-Alpha Credit Association, an organization which is very little known, but which has its correspondents in practically every village and town of the United States. These correspondents are sometimes young lawyers, fire-insurance men, collecting agents—men, in short, who are well qualified for their work.

"Now as each application reaches your desk you forward the applicant's name and address to the Argus-Alpha company. About a week later you receive their confidential report. This you compare with the application and note any discrepancies. If the report is favorable you stamp it O.K. If unfavorable you send it to Mr. Finkelstein, Room 300, for further action."

An interesting place, as you can see, although as the correspondents of the Argus company had evidently been trained toward frankness and knew they would never be quoted, their reports often had such a spicy flavor that Tess' ears burned when she read them, and she hastily called Joe, the short-sleeved office boy, and sent the garrulous documents to Mr. Finkelstein p. d. q.

On the other hand, some of the reports made her smile. Each was on a printed form, and near the end was a blank for hobbies.

"Trying to keep a car on a bicycle income." That was one man's hobby. "Husbands." That was a lady's. "Too mean to have any—tighter than the bark on a young birch tree." That was a thrifty gentleman's. They weren't all facetious, though, and before the week was over it seemed to Tess that she must have made the acquaintance of nearly every hobby in the world.

"It must be nice to have one," she thought one day. "Like roses or fox terriers or traveling or Japanese curios—or something like that. I'll have to see if I can't think of a nice one—something that won't cost very much. I wonder if the other girls have hobbies," she continued, looking around the room. "Perhaps they'll tell me when I get to know them better."

It was a large room where she worked, with long lines of desks that seemed to disappear in the distance; and often in a lull of the work Tess found herself watching the girls around her. They were a miscellaneous collection, as any gathering of human beings is apt to be—tall ones and short ones, stout, lean, wise and cozy—and if you had been there you would have seen at once how unconsciously Tess was the queen of them all, taking after her mother as she did, with a budding, pearly sort of splendor and a well-nigh indefinable quality which the ancients tried to describe as distinction and the moderns generally refer to as class.

"It's funny," she thought one day, "how the young ones look so hopeful and the old ones look so sad. Perhaps they never had any nice hobbies—the old ones—or they didn't turn out very well."

She stopped there, because at the same moment the assistant secretary had stopped by the side of her desk. Every day he made a tour of the offices, and every day so far he had paused for a minute at Tess' desk to see how things were going.

The other girls were beginning to glance at each other when this happened—that glance with the rising inflection which says "Ah-ha!"

"Well, and how are we getting on to-day, Miss Merwyn?" he asked, looking down at her, tall, friendly and with a head of hair which might have faintly reminded you of a lion's mane.

"All right, I think, thank you," said Tess.

He drew up a chair and sat down beside her as though to examine the work on her desk, while all around them the other girls exchanged glances that made their eyes look like blue-and-brown-painted shuttles in sewing machines that were going at full speed, and their ears fairly seemed to cup themselves and veer around in an effort to catch every single syllable of what was being said. The young man fooled them though. Whether by nature or art, he had a low delivery which baffled the fans.

"Please don't think I'm too inquisitive, Miss Merwyn," he began, "but didn't I see you at the corner of my street last night—coming out of Lieberman's grocery?"

"Yes, sir; you may have done—I live near there," said Tess.

"Ah, yes. With your family, I suppose?"

"With my father. I keep house for him."

"I see. You find your work congenial here, I hope?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's good."

He arose, slightly frowning, knowing that at least full fifty eyes were on him; but he wasn't frowning to any great extent that evening when he happened to go down in the same elevator with Tess and stuck to her closer than a brother until he left her at her door. His name, she learned, was Frederick Webber. He was very fond of music, and by a strange chain of circumstances which he detailed at

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"THEM THAT WAS, AIN'T"

By BARON ROSEN

DECORATION BY HERBERT PULLINGER

IT SEEMS to be my fate every now and then to overhear remarks, quite innocently made and devoid of any further significance, which, however, to my mind convey a far deeper meaning than could by any chance have been intended by the speaker. So it was in the present case. One day in the beginning of last winter I happened to be present when a lady who was on a shopping tour on Fifth Avenue was being shown some very expensive furs. Having fancied a particularly handsome fur cape and been told its price, which, indeed, represented a rather stiff sum, she regretfully said, "Oh, this is far more than I can afford."

At this moment an ostentatiously prosperous-looking person, possibly the better half of a recently enriched war profiteer, who was standing near by, triumphantly declared to the salesman, "I'll take it," and turning round to the disappointed lady pronounced the above sacramental words: "Them that was, ain't."

This was said without any trace of intentional sneering, and seemed to be simply a somewhat naïve expression of the gleeful consciousness of recently acquired financial superiority over a person whose refined air and bearing stamped her as belonging to a class entitled to claim descent from a long line of distinguished and—in the past—presumably prosperous ancestors. Nor did this rather preposterous remark elicit from the lady to whom it was addressed anything but a good-natured smile, showing that, as no offense had been intended, so also none was taken.

On another occasion, while about to cross Fifth Avenue, and waiting for the green light to appear on the police traffic tower, I noticed a couple of workmen watching, like myself, the endless string of limousines rushing up and down the Avenue, and heard one of them say to his companion, "Gee, what a lot of rich people there are in this city!"

And this was not said at all—at least it seemed so to me—with any accent of envious hostility, but rather with a shade of civic pride in a town harboring so much wealth.

The Age-Old Strife

BEING deeply interested in the study of the so-called social question, which, I think, is not only an economic but also—and perhaps even mainly—a psychologic one, I cannot help feeling that similar little incidents throw an illuminating light on the, so to speak, unconscious attitude in regard to this question prevailing in the psychology of a given society. In the present case my impression of this attitude may have been to some extent colored by the cheery optimism to which I always so gladly surrender when breathing the inspiriting moral atmosphere of this happy land. And it would, of course, be absurd to pretend that in this country there exists no such thing as the perennial strife between those who have and those who have not, which is, always has been and always will be the lot of all mankind, or that the feelings which this strife naturally engenders do not at all affect the American people.

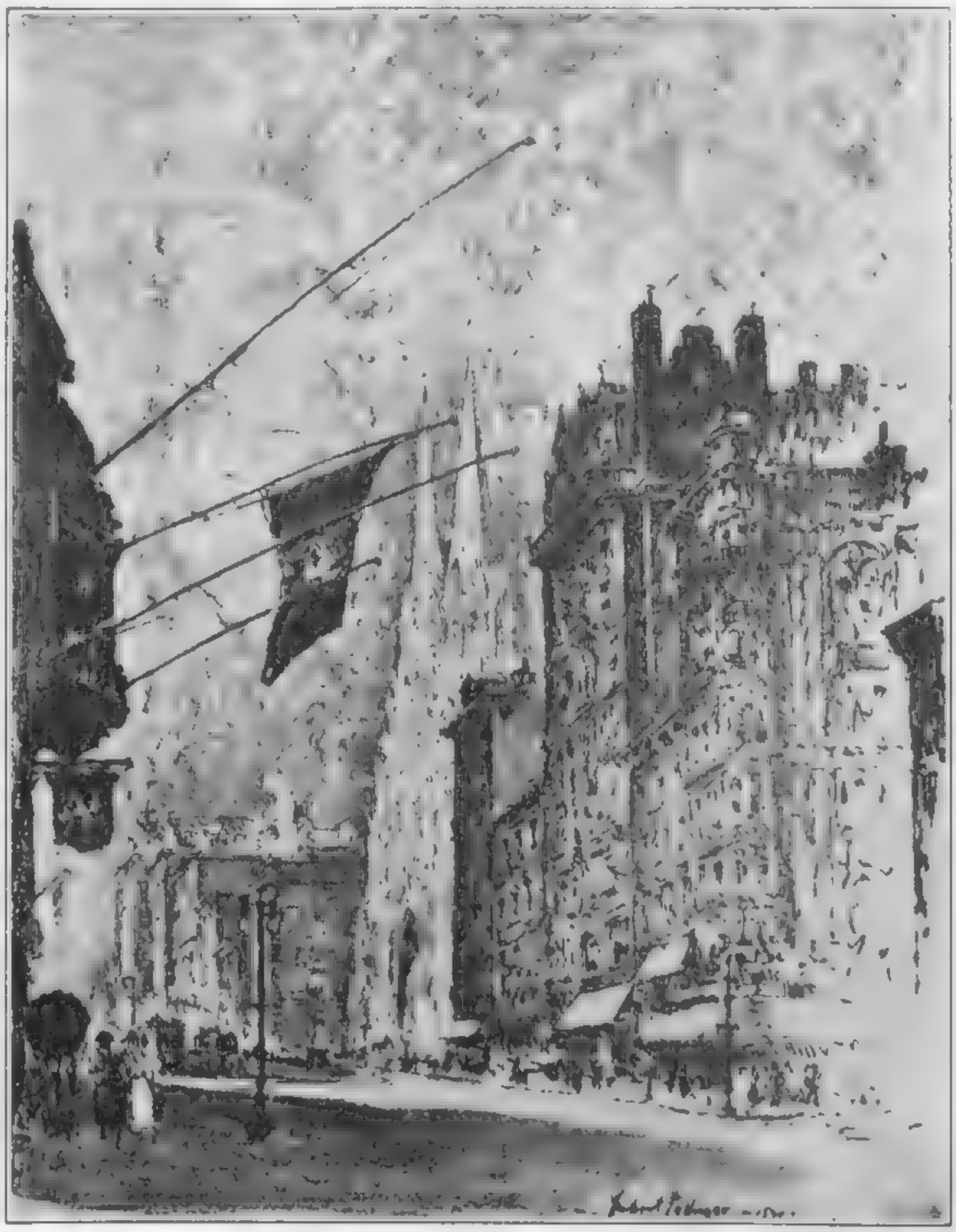
But I venture to think that these feelings affect the American people in a different way and in a different degree, different from the way and the degree in which inhabitants of less fortunately situated countries are affected by them. When I speak of the American people I do not mean to include those immigrants who are not yet thoroughly Americanized, and are still under the sway of inherited and inbred feelings of class hatred born of class oppression which this country has never known. What I mean to say is this: That here the spectacle of great wealth, even ostentatiously displayed, is less liable to excite in the breast of the less fortunate feelings of envious hostility, because in a land of unlimited opportunities open to all, and of boundless resources, where there are no artificial barriers to surmount or to smash, where there can be no need of seeking the prosperity of the many in the destruction of the wealth of the few, and in the restriction of its accumulation—in such a land envy of the wealthy is more likely to take the form of constructive emulation than that of destructive hostility.

It could hardly be questioned, I dare say, that the physical conditions in which the first settlers on the American continent found themselves, the vast horizons of their new home on the edge of almost illimitable space, even yet but sparsely settled, were bound to be reflected in their own as well as in the psychology of their descendants—a psychology presenting a marked contrast with that of European nations crowded in limited space and cramped in economic conditions, rendering the struggle for life a much harder and fiercer one.

Also, it was not on American soil that socialism, that most dangerous of all delusions which have ever swayed the minds of mankind, had its genesis.

The psychology of the American people has since proved refractory to its allurements, and it may be safely predicted that no amount of socialist propaganda, however insidiously conducted by foreign agitators and aided and abetted by deluded American sympathizers from the ranks of idle rich, unbalanced intellectuals or professional uplifters, will ever succeed in causing the American people to suffer any attempt to be made at a realization of the socialistic Utopia on American soil.

However safe this country may be from any danger of a socialistic upheaval, thanks to the sound common sense of the American people and to exceptionally favorable economic conditions which have made the United States the richest and most prosperous country in the world, it would be well to keep always in mind that direct as well as indirect propaganda of socialistic and near-socialistic doctrines is apt to exercise a most undesirable influence on the minds of the ever-growing, not yet assimilated—and perhaps hardly assimilable—population of foreign birth, and to foster social unrest among an element which is least prepared to withstand the lure of dreams of a Utopian millennium to be brought about by the overthrow of the so-called capitalistic system. Nothing could more conclusively demonstrate the baneful spell which mere empty words are capable of exercising over the minds of men than the importance acquired by that bugbear of our days, the slogan of the capitalistic system.



Verbal Hairsplitting

THE high priest of socialism, Karl Marx himself, could hardly have foreseen that in launching forth his doctrine of Das Kapital he had loaded a formidable mine whose explosion would some day destroy a mighty empire, ruin a great nation and might perhaps shatter a continent and bury under its ruins the civilization of the modern world. But those who thoughtlessly prate about the cruel tyranny practiced by and the fundamental iniquity inherent in the capitalistic system lose sight of the fact, pointed out by a recent editorial in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, that "it is the only system that has ever been devised for regulating the economic relations between man and man—the only system apart from slavery." The unavoidable conclusion that there is no other way of regulating these relations outside of the capitalistic system has received a fresh confirmation by the fact that the Bolshevist tyrants of Russia have had to resort to the introduction of industrial slavery, under the guise of conscription, in order to keep barely alive the very few industries their communistic régime had not killed outright.

The contention that Bolshevistic communism must not be confounded with Simon-pure socialism, that only hope of realizing the economic felicity of mankind after the hydra of capitalism shall have been destroyed forever, is manifestly nothing but wordy hairsplitting. Only the willfully blind can fail to see that Bolshevistic communism is but the realization in practice of the extreme doctrines of socialism as preached by Karl Marx, its high priest, himself, or that socialism as professed by its more moderate adepts is nothing but Bolshevism with mild reservations devised to befuddle the minds of the unwary and the obtuse.

Were it not that the only lesson which history teaches is that mankind can never be taught by the lessons of history, there might have been matter for congratulation to

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TEACHING PERKINS TO PLAY

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Of Course Spot Had to be Taken to the Stream for a Drink

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT WAS not the dog's fault, whoever may be blamed. The dog was having a hard time at best. An awful calamity was facing Spot; he was losing his gods; not just one god was going, the major god, the god they called Percy, the sophomore, who once loved him to death, but all the gods—the old ex-gods who grunted at a dog or sighed at his feet on muddy days, and even the joyous little hugging gods who took him to bed. All the gods were fading for all dogs all over the world. It was a terrible time for dogs—a dog crisis. The ancient lore of dogs told Spot that when his remote ancestor had another toe the gods came into their lives, back in the caves, before there were houses or clothes and not long after man lighted his first fire. And the gods were good and loved dogs and looked after them.

And now this god, the high and radiant creature who was Spot's special providence, was going away in the car, going away to leave Spot in whatever dog hell the summer might bring forth, with the man who mowed the lawn, and such rats and slops and incidental sleep as the neighborhood afforded. Spot's lot was the common lot of dogs; the blanching rumor in dogdom of the coming peril was made personal to him. He no longer blamed all dogs for running out to bark at all cars. The car was weaning away their gods, and fear dwelt in the hearts of dogs; for the gods were creating out of rubber and leather and iron a new toy that menaced the ancient love of dogs planted of old in the hearts of the gods.

But dogs are not alone in their consternation at a changing world. The high gods have their troubles. Steam and steel and copper things are taking their toll from the gorgeous beings called men—beings set high above childhood and youth, which have special godhood over dogs. And Percival Perkins, the elder, had received his sentence with a heart as bewildered and bedeviled as Spot's. They called it hardening of the arteries, and they told him to go and play; to be a dog, in fact. Percival Perkins called on his god for mercy. But larger things than Percival Perkins' arteries—the hardening heart of the world, for one thing—were engaging the Perkins god.

Anyway, Percival Perkins, banker, leading citizen, who in the eighties and nineties wore side whiskers as insignia of his calling and now was afflicted with one of its occupational diseases, was finding it as difficult to be a dog as Spot would find it to be a man. Mr. Perkins had never played; as a child he was taught that play was idleness, and as a man he knew it was a sin. His idea of play was to drive out to his model farm and worry about his fancy livestock, and annually to attend the meeting of the State Bankers Association. But to play as a business, all day, all week, all month, all summer—Perkins saw no justice in the edict. It was not as though he had sinned and deserved it. He had been a hard-working man, going down to the bank at eight, coming home at twelve, going down again at one and coming back at six, for more than thirty years. He had slaved and saved and tithed. Yet they said play or die. Get down your blood pressure, eat grass with Nebuchadnezzar; in short, be a dog. Spot was to be left at home to get his own food and shelter like a man. Perkins was banished to Colorado to cavort about, spending time and money for nothing, like a dog.

But he retained his business sense and decided to play as cheaply as possible, and he publicly proclaimed his decision to the family. He read the hotel prices and shivered. Hezekiah Knowles, remote uncle by marriage to the Perkins children through their mother's sister-in-law, while uncling around at Sunday dinner, interested Percival Perkins in the cottage life in the Colorado Rockies. Uncle Heck was planning to take an eighteen-year-old niece to Estes Park for the summer. Perkins had no trouble in deciding that he would be happier in a cottage at three hundred dollars for the season than with mamma and young Percy and the twins at a hotel at two hundred dollars a week, and that was the best rate he could get at a hotel in keeping with the dignity of Perkins of the First National.

He began his summer play by getting a vest-pocket notebook, in which he set down all the items of cost of the trip. His idea of fun was to post the price of the stamps used in corresponding with the hotel keeper and cottage agents. Then by way of gayety he figured up the stenographer's time and the overhead it took to light, heat, equip and superintend her while she was getting out his Colorado correspondence, and he put that down in his book.

The transplanting of Perkins was a difficult job, for his roots were deep if not wide. He was not mean, not even stingy. He lived in the best house in town and always headed the Commercial Club's subscription paper with the largest gift for any public cause. But the house was somewhat business. The public subscription had its business side. And the annual spring meeting of the State Bankers Association, to which he went in his best clothes and took Mrs. Perkins in a new spring outfit, was business concentrated. He never missed a paper or a discussion. And when every few years Perkins set out for the National Bankers Association meeting it was as a pilgrim of business going to the Mecca of business in a holy frame of mind. Deep and strong were his roots in the sacred soil of business.

Then fate decided to uproot him, and to adorn him with a capering dog; to caparison him with a frivolous girl with more than a suspicion of bare knees flickering from above her rolled stockings; to complicate him with a son just home from college, absent-minded, hungry as a pup, saturated with mad ideas, dressed like a ditch digger by day and a butterfly at night; to whiz him over rough mountain roads in the consecrated family car; to surround him far from his home in a cruel world with contentious twins and a rejuvenated wife bent fiendishly upon making him play. Perkins wilted at the very thought of this transplanting. He could stand the twins; even their quarreling amused him. Mamma Perkins, too, was endurable. Percy junior was a cross. But the dog and Uncle Heck's niece, the Hopkins girl, and the threat of taking the car, withered the roots of Percival Perkins in the transplanting. But the plans went on inexorably.

One morning he heard Uncle Heck say to young Percy: "You understand now, Perce, I'll go with you in the car, but it's thumbs down on that dog!" Uncle Heck always referred to Spot as "that dog"; just as he called the twins "that Buddy-and-Dicky"—impersonally, heartlessly. Uncle Heck had not been a dog's god since his setter died twenty years before.

Tradition gave him a love affair about that time with an unhappy ending, and a few years later he had become a professional uncle to all the children of his sisters and the brothers and sisters of the in-laws to the third and fourth generations.

So it was settled that Uncle Heck should take Percy in the car and leave that dog, the Hopkins girl and that Buddy-and-Dicky, who were more or less deified in dog heaven, to come with their elders on the train.

Perhaps if Spot had known how it was settled that he and the twins were to go on the train he would not have wriggled his deleted fox-terrier tail loose for joy. It was mamma who settled it after Papa Perkins had thundered from his throne, "Not an inch! No dogs! If he goes I stay; and besides, it will cost—oh, a lot of money—maybe five dollars!" And the heavens shook!

For in an orderly life traveling with a dog spelled disorder. And Perkins of the First National was forever reciting heaven's first law. But Mamma Perkins had thought and thought, and after the thunder had died down and it was settled that Spot was to stay Mamma Perkins made it clear to papa that all you have to do to take Spot is to put him in the baggage car and give the baggageman a quarter! And the twins wept and Percy junior argued, and a quarter was hardly enough ground for Perkins of the First National to stand on, though a quarter is, as everyone knows, six per cent interest on more than four dollars for a year. But mamma's insistence about the quarter to the baggageman finally won the battle, and Spot went, though Papa Perkins was vaguely conscious of impending disaster and grumbled at what he could not define; grumbled not at the twins, who were supposed to be dog worshipers more or less. But Papa Perkins contended, somewhat to Percy, but mostly to mamma, as if she had

made Percy out of rich garden earth and set him by the bird bath to dry in the sun and he was all her child, that after spending all that money on him to make a man of him Percy should grow up. What did a boy learn at college anyway!

"And," grumbled Papa Perkins, "it's bad enough to have the everlasting Hopkins girl along on the train!"

"But why everlasting, father?" protested Percy. "Cousin Diana May is only eighteen—hardly everlasting!"

"She's not your cousin, child!" mamma protested. "For heaven's sake don't let's take on the Hopkinses as cousins! But, papa, we've simply got to take her. She can't go with Percy and Heck in the car. And you know how her mother is if we don't take her!"

In due course they started; Percy and Uncle Heck in the car, at nine, when they had planned a five-o'clock start. But Percy did not get in from the dance until two o'clock and he had to have something to eat, poor boy, after that, having had nothing since supper but three malted milks, two sandwiches and some chocolates at the Polly Ann, and a hamburger at the owl wagon outside the dance hall. So of course he was hard to rouse. And he had to pack after they got him up, though for a week the whole family had been nagging at him to pack. And he couldn't find his route books and certain necessary volumes by Lenine, Carl Sandburg and Bernard Shaw, whose titles made papa shudder and whose contents made mamma blush. And his purple necktie was lent to George over on the other side of town, and his khakis were downtown in the garage, and at the last minute, after they were in the car at 8:30, he remembered that he had forgotten his tux! Uncle Heck had started the motor and shut it off seven different times in three hours waiting for Percy, but he kept his language going.

It saved wear and tear on the gears. It was high-powered language. Mamma always called in the twins when it started. And Papa Perkins, who was a Presbyterian elder of twenty years' standing—while he was on the note for the organ—hearing the language, wondered why Uncle Heck pretended to have any religion at all.

Spot stood by the curb waiting for his god, and as the god came running down the walk with the suit box containing his tuxedo, Spot prayed a convulsion in his tail; and the god chucked the tux into the tonneau and took the dog in his arms and began rubbing his cheek with the dog's jowl and crooning soft nothings until Uncle Heck released the cut-off of his language and the car at the same instant, and Spot went rolling over and over on the lawn and saw his god fade into the arch of overhanging elms.

And then two days later Spot went into the dog hell that grilled him and Papa Perkins for forty-eight hours on a common broiler. Possibly it was the everlasting Hopkins girl that put Papa Perkins in a state; he must have been in a state, for mamma was forever saying to the twins, "Now, children, remember! Papa is taking Spot, and you must not bother him." And she was shielding Diana May from papa's blighting glare. It was "them darn Hopkinses" with Papa Perkins all day—"darn" being the Presbyterian for "damn." Them darn Hopkinses hadn't got her a sleeping-car reservation, so she had to climb in with Buddy while Dicky crowded into the lower with Papa and Mamma Perkins, and at the station Papa Perkins found that them darned Hopkinses had bought her a one-way ticket to Colorado instead of taking advantage of the summer-excursion rate and saving 40 per cent of the cost. And no banker ever let the railroads make that much money; so Papa Perkins had to turn back the ticket and get a new one, and pay the difference himself, because the darn Hopkinses didn't bring any cash to the train; and moreover they had checked the trunk to Colorado Springs instead of Loveland. So what with mamma fluttering and the twins crawling under engine wheels and the darned Hopkinses getting everything wrong that they tried to do and leaving everything else to Papa Perkins; and what with Spot breaking away from the twins twice and making for the slop can in the alley back of the lunch counter, and wrapping his chain around the legs of Bishop Melton's sister, who had come down to the station to inquire if the Perkinses would reserve the bishop a room at Long's Peak Inn in Estes Park, Papa Perkins' cross was heavy. Then came the crown.

He took the twins and Spot to the baggage room while he checked the trunks, and while he was checking, the twins quarreled steadily over the right to hold Spot's chain.

And said the baggageman casually, "Want a ticket for the dog?"

"A ticket?" gasped Perkins.

"Yep," answered the baggageman; "a ticket. Dogs have tickets now. To Denver, seven-fifty; and he'll have to have a muzzle too!"

There is no joy in heaven like that of a man who puts his wife in the wrong. The quarter to the baggageman, with which Mrs. Perkins had beguiled him to bring Spot, began to shine in glory. He paid the dog's fare gladly, bought a dollar muzzle in a pleasurable delirium and hastened indecently back to his family to enjoy his reward. No small part of it was the sweet solace that if Mamma Perkins had fancied Spot was to cost eight dollars and a half she would have left him at home. In the Perkins family it was *pater* who talked big of saving money. It was *mater* who put the real pucker in the purse strings. With the subdued twins and the ticketed, muzzled dog he tramped back to the waiting room on clouds of glory, in celestial garments. He got his money's worth from Mrs. Perkins' expression when he told her the price of the ticket, and naturally he mentioned the quarter to the baggageman.

As the train whistled for the station the Perkins party became a tiny squirming unit among a score of Colorado tourists in the cosmic urge for the door. The twins had Spot's chain. Spot proudly wore his ticket on his collar, but seemed ashamed of his muzzle as of a detected crime. He wiggled himself among the lower levels of the crowd and like a needle threaded upon his chain, legs, suitcases, small children and odd packages dangling from excited passengers.

But although he was unhappy at being transplanted Perkins of the First National was, after all, a kind father, an indulgent husband and a good citizen. The twins loved him as Spot loved them. Indeed so great was their love for him that they remained in the Pullman without a whimper when he left them with mamma and the Hopkins girl and took Spot alone to the baggage car. The frown of the man in the baggage car cost Papa Perkins another dollar; he was no man to impose a dog upon a fellow creature without giving value received. Also it was worth something to vindicate a great principle; and mamma's quarter to the baggageman was beginning to be almost a cause with Percival Perkins. And this particular dollar was a dollar; exactly ten dimes, twenty nickels, or one hundred hard-earned and sadly spent pennies. One dollar would pay six per cent interest for a year upon sixteen dollars sixty-six cents, and it had its place in an orderly universe. So he brought back to the family in the Pullman the consciousness that the nine dollars and a half he had spent on Spot would pay the interest on more than one hundred fifty dollars, and that regularly compounded the sum would ——

As he entered the Pullman which was slowly moving out of the station, he saw an awful sight. The Hopkins girl was sitting in the section rouging and lip-sticking the twins. One painted horror was admiring himself in the mirror, the other was flowering under the artist's hands. And mamma met his bewildered gaze with the look that always meant silence or death. Papa Perkins sat beside mamma and tried to make idle talk, as, for instance, that he had tipped the baggage smasher a dollar for taking care of Spot, seeing that he had water and a place to sleep. But the Hopkins girl, having decorated and calcimined Dicky, began to bedizen her own features with the lipstick, powder rag and rouge pot as frankly as a cat cleaning herself on a hearth rug. Two traveling men across the aisle were chuckling at the show; the twins justified the chuckle. Papa Perkins looked helplessly at mamma, but she sat complacently on the lid. Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. He went to the smoker.

There for two hours he sat, sorry for himself. He was trying hard to play. But he could not act the lambkin. The cause called him—the cause of the quarter to the baggageman, and kept his emotions tense, and bad for blood pressure. It was hard to be a dog! He wondered if Spot in the baggage car, trying to accommodate himself to the ways of man, was having his troubles too.

In the environs of Hutchinson the twins appeared in the door of the smoking room and asked to be taken to see Spot during the stop for luncheon. Papa Perkins had sketched in a rather perfunctory breakfast. He was hungry.

"No," quoth the tumult and the shouting by the smoker door; "Cousin Diana May is hungry and she won't go. She wants to go to the dining room; but mamma said you would go with us to see Spot."

So he went. He bought precious food for Spot from the lunch counter, and thought of Hoover and the Belgians; also he considered the thirty-five cents—that made the investment in Spot nine dollars eighty-five cents to date.

But he did get the twins to a bubbling drinking fountain and did wash their faces. There was that comfort to assuage his hunger.

Spot's Heart Was Sore. The Twins Had Deserted Him for Chipmunks. He Crawled Up a Step Beside the Disconsolate Perkins

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GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT

By AN OUTDOOR CATERER

Friends of the Hot Dog—a College Crowd at Franklin Field, University of Pennsylvania

THOUGH fundamentally and sentimentally a seller of peanuts, hot dogs and lemonade, I do occasionally employ French chefs for the more elaborate eating places that I install for special highbrow events. These fellows get mighty shocked at my way of doing things sometimes, but they never leave me. One night during the last horse show at Madison Square Garden one of them actually burst into tears when he discovered that I had told one of the helpers to cut off three lamb chops and broil them for a friend who had just dropped in to talk over old times.

I was called into the kitchen to smooth down this affront to his temperament, and I did all that I could.

"But, *mon Dieu, monsieur,*" he exclaimed brokenly, tears running down his cheeks, "they have spoiled—mutilate, you call him—my beautiful lamb, my *pièce de résistance!*"

I was made to see that the helper had practically been guilty of sacrilege. There was but one thing to do. Though it was night the only way I could stop his tears was to send out and get my Frenchman another unmarked chunk of his beautiful lamb.

This chef is firmly convinced that Americans are the bravest people in the world. It is proved, he points out, by the things they eat and the hours at which they eat them.

The other day he came to my office under the grand stand at the ball grounds, while off duty, and brought me a magazine containing an article by an American scientist on dietetics. This article showed the importance of food to our national welfare, and the lack of attention we gave it. The writer expatiated at length on the superior wisdom of the French and Italians in preparing dishes that are not only palatable but are flesh, muscle and blood builders. The lack of thought in American and English cooking was almost as criminal as it was stupid.

Science at Fault

I COULD not make my point clear to the Frenchman, but if that scientist is correct I'd like to know why it is that America, England, Scotland and Ireland turn out the biggest and most powerful specimens of man that we have; why they are the best athletes and win all or nearly all the Olympic contests. Also I'd like to know why those best-fed French and Italians are small and often squatty.

If it is a dietetic crime to eat or encourage eating between meals I am one of the biggest criminals in the world. I feed more than a million Americans a year on what you might call snacks—that's what they called them when I was a boy. As a matter of fact I cater to more than three millions a year between meals. I assume, though, that not more than a third of them actually eat and drink outside their homes.

I have never been called to account for killing anybody, but that French chef stubbornly insists that my hot dogs and peanuts must have murdered them by the thousands. That fellow, and those scientists too, have got a lot of things to learn.

The chef and his magazine article were still in my office when one of the ball players, in uniform, came under the stand to get a bite to eat before the game. This big giant of a fellow ate two hot dogs and rolls, a small bag of peanuts, drank a large bottle of sarsaparilla and smoked a cigarette. The Frenchman threw his hands around in horror—they don't throw up their hands.

The ball game started in fifteen minutes. The hot-dog-eating ball player got a home run, a single and a two bagger, and stole two bases. On his trip around the diamond he could have carried that outraged chef in his shirt pocket.

On the same afternoon that crowd in the stands ate a thousand yards of hot dogs, twelve hundred ham sandwiches, four thousand bags of peanuts, four thousand ice-cream cones, two barrels of lemonade and three thousand bottles of sarsaparilla, ginger ale and trick beer.

The home team won, largely by the efforts of the ball player I have mentioned; those twenty-five thousand people were perfectly happy and went home to hearty dinners—probably cold.

No Gridiron Without its Hot Dogs—Even at Harvard

What the Fans Eat Between Meals

I AM always anxious to learn. Now I'd like to know from some scientist whether those peanut-and-sandwich-munching people are a menace to the physical future of our people or whether I am crazy. I think their carefree spirit is what makes the nation healthy and good-natured.

It is not my purpose here to tell folks what to eat and when to eat. I am no dietitian, though I am sixty years old and have never been sick in my life. I'm simply going to tell you what they do eat. If anybody can tell me what they'd like better I'm open to suggestion. It is the way I have made a fortune.

There is no possible means of estimating the stream of peanuts, hot dogs and lemonade that I have fed to the people of this country in the last thirty years. But if the scientist and the French chef are right I should think of it in fear and trembling. But I don't.

At present I have the catering privileges for five major-league ball clubs, three of the biggest race tracks in America and one in Mexico, the automobile and horse shows, and other amusement centers of a more changeable nature.

If you will calculate the baseball attendance on the basis that each club draws an average of five hundred thousand people a season, and then guess at the other sporting places, you will get a fair idea as to what chance I have to observe folks in mass.

I have not always had such an extensive field. Well do I remember when my catering

activities were limited to the selling of scorecards at the ball parks. That was a long time ago. When I started, for instance, a crowd of six or seven thousand was a whale of a gathering at a ball game. It gave us something to talk about for weeks. Big crowds like that were used by the peanut sellers to fix the dates of their record sales.

It has been said of me that I was the first man around sporting resorts to take the peanut-and-lemonade business seriously—to organize it, in other words. In a way I guess that is correct. Others have succeeded, but most of them have not stuck to the one field as I have. You can bet I took it serious, all right. Go through the ups and downs that I did and you'd take it serious too.

I got into the business in a rather odd way. With a wife and four children I had gone to the Middle West to start life anew. I was not a professional man and worked very hard at anything that came handy.

In my youth I was a hard student and always have been a great reader of current literature. My favorite reading, though, was Shakspere, and my knowledge of his works came in mighty handy. You may be surprised to know that a knowledge of Shakspere was a big asset in selling scorecards, peanuts and lemonade. I had learned my Shakspere so that I could quote at length from most any part of it. I still can. One day a young man came to my home to sell a book on the life of General John A. Logan. At that time General Logan was extremely popular in the memories of the people of that section of the Middle West. After listening a few minutes I got a notion that I could beat the young man selling that book.

Breaking In

IT WAS comparatively easy to get the opportunity, and in a few weeks I was a full-fledged book salesman peddling the Life of General John A. Logan to the people of his state. It was a job just to my liking. I went from place to place, house to house. I would breeze in, make a profound bow, tell them of the beauties of the literary work, take a few flowery shots at Shakspere, blending my oratorical efforts so as to keep General Logan, as well as myself, in their minds and wind up by placing an order.

It is not immodest to say that I acquired quite a reputation as a breezy book agent. My flowery talk on the general impressed some deeply, amused others. In the course of my rambles I got to know the governor of the state, later a United States senator. He seemed to like me, and proved it by giving me several letters of reference. Up to the time of his death, long after I had quit selling books, he was one of my dearest friends and counselors.

In the course of my travels I met other prominent people. One of these was a baseball man. He had heard my flowery presentation of the merits of the Life of General Logan, and declared it the best line of patter, as he called it, that he had heard. That night we had dinner together.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that you ought to make a big hit selling scorecards at one of the ball parks. There's money in that to a fellow who's got any originality."

I was somewhat of a baseball fan and the idea appealed to me immediately. I had no capital, and fortunately very little was required. At first, printing was about the only expense. I was willing to do all the selling myself. I took the chance.

Two weeks later I was on the job at one of the larger minor-league parks, mounted on a box just inside the grand-stand entrance. The very first day I was convinced thoroughly of the superiority of baseball scorecards over the Life of General John A. Logan as current literature. It did not require nearly so much Shaksperean oratory, and, what's more, the fans didn't buy a scorecard for life. They needed a fresh one every day. No learned explanation was required as to the contents. There it was with the blank squares, opposite each player's name, all ready to fill out. My main job was to attract people's attention to the fact that I had scorecards right there under my arm, and to make it clear that nobody could enjoy a game intelligently without one. I convinced myself that a man who tried to do that was lacking in class among the thirty-third-degree rooters. And being convinced of this myself I was able to convince others more forcibly. I've always found it true that you can't sell a thing well unless you believe in it firmly and enthusiastically.

My boys often laugh now when they picture me standing there in a little red coat impressing upon the incoming people in rhetorical flights the frightful mistake they were about to make in going to their seats without a scorecard. At intervals I would recite a passage from Shakspere, causing a laugh, but always attracting attention. Business grew so rapidly that one of my sons had to assist me. Later I engaged other boys to assist him. But—excuse the boast—I could always beat them all selling.

In time I got to know personally nearly every grand-stand patron. I would address them by name and they would so address me. That helped a lot.

Tennis Galleries Have Been Known to Score Heavily in the Consumption of Soft Drinks

I was not long in figuring that the way to make the scorecard privilege pay was to hustle around and get enough advertising to more than pay the cost of printing. It was good advertising too. Since then I have sold quite a lot of advertising and I have done so on the important principle I learned on my first job. Advertising that does not bring returns is never of much value to the man who is selling it, because it cannot be depended upon. If the medium is good the advertising will come, and remain a steady source of income.

While selling scorecards I noticed that men who had the refreshment concessions changed very frequently. I noticed also that they did not go at their business with enthusiasm and that most of them kept no check on their sales. This accounted for the numerous failures. In other words, they did not take their concessions seriously. Most of them were boys and they looked upon it simply as a chance to make a little extra summer money, only to be given up when something better offered.

I widened my acquaintance as much as possible and finally landed the concession for scorecards, peanuts, popcorn, lemonade and sandwiches at one of the big-league parks. That got me a real start. I made a little money for myself as well as for the baseball people and attracted the attention of club owners in other cities. Eventually I landed in New York, where most of my business is transacted to-day.

Though I am comfortably fixed now, financially and otherwise, I don't want to convey the impression that the building up of this rather odd business was easy sailing. Far from it. There have been times when I had to sell out a two-bushel sack of peanuts so as to raise the cash to pay for a second. In the first temporary restaurant I ran, in connection with a six-day bicycle race, I practically served steaks right out of a butcher shop. I didn't have enough money to stock up on high-priced meats, so I would serve one order and with the money from that go out and buy another one for the next customer.

I also learned a lot about folks. I found the study of people of much more importance than the study of business systems as laid down in the books.

A caterer can introduce all the novelties that he pleases and he can engage any number of fancy French and Italian cooks, but he can't make people eat and drink what they don't like. Moreover, he can't make them like what he thinks they ought to like. That's why people in this country will be eating hot dogs long after the French chefs have exhausted their arm motions and adjectives.

Ten or twelve years ago it was suggested to me that I was losing a lot of money by selling high-priced roasted peanuts when I could be feeding the fans buttered popcorn at a much bigger profit. In addition to the initial cost, it was pointed out that popcorn eaters left no shells to be swept up the next day. That, by the way, is quite an expense.

At that time the popcorn business in Chicago and St. Louis was flourishing. The idea certainly seemed a good one. After much deliberation I installed a popcorn popper that cost twenty-eight hundred dollars, at the New York ball park. It was a wonderful machine. We were so proud of it that we invited the baseball writers to see it work. It was lucky that we invited them early because the machine had very few subsequent workouts. It is now doing service in some park out West.

Peanut Hounds

WE POPPED and popped and buttered, and our sellers orated on the merits of this popcorn at great length. It was no use. New York fans simply would not eat popcorn and that's all there was to it. The same thing happened in Boston. The wonderful machine was dismantled, sold for the best price we could get, and we called it a day.

The so-called effete Easterners are not popcorn eaters at heart, and you can bet I am not going broke trying to change their appetites. They listened to the popcorn orations with a certain degree of amusement, then asked for a bag of peanuts and went on their way.

Out in the Middle West it is different. They are not so strong for peanuts, but their minds just naturally run to popcorn.

I was very anxious to get that popcorn started because estimating the profit in peanuts is like trying to guess at the price of cotton in advance. Selected peanuts have ranged in price from four cents to eighteen cents a pound. The only change we could make was from five cents to ten cents a bag.

The desire of New Yorkers and Bostonians for peanuts is just as regular as rent. At one park we keep eight electric roasters going constantly. For left-overs we have an electric heater—a huge bin fitted with big electric lights—to keep them warm an extra twenty-four hours. Once a peanut gets cold and soggy it is no more use. Peanut eaters are epicures too. They've got to have their peanuts, but they've got to have 'em right.

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THE YAWL

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I Suppose They Did Search You After All," He Complained. "No, They Weren't as Bad as I Thought," She Said, and Smiled

ON THE first of July his grandmother told Evan that Cousin Elizabeth Fowler was coming to visit. She gave him this notice with a stern addition—Sarah Fowler was coming with her mother. Evan looked out of the windows at Narragansett Bay and said "Oh, yes," politely. It was impossible to be rude to Mrs. Poole. She was a Quaker. She ruled him gently, and Evan endured Cousin Elizabeth from time to time with a fair patience. But Sarah, daughter of Cousin Elizabeth, was another matter. This virgin happened to be his junior by the space of one month, and Mrs. Poole regarded Sarah as a suitable playmate for Evan. It was Sarah's presence in the graystone house that had driven him to flight in 1864. He dreaded Sarah heartily.

"Thee doesn't look pleased," said Mrs. Poole.

"I'm not, dear," Evan admitted.

Mrs. Poole gave her small and chiming chuckle, then cut a thread from the shirt she was making and declared, "Thee's a silly boy, Evan."

Evan agreed with her and strolled out of the house. His home lay in a curve of the shore where woods were thick. His ancestors had nourished oaks and blue spruce to longevity on this slope of rocky meadow, and to make known their wealth had flung out a long pier above the brown beach. At the pier's end Evan's yawl rocked. He wandered down the warm planks and found Murdock mending the red cushions of the bench that made the deck luxurious when school friends came to stay over Sunday. Evan swung his legs from the stringpiece and considered his sailor.

Murdock was his confidential adviser. They had met on the U. S. S. Brooklyn off Mobile in 1864, when Evan was delivered to the cruiser's commander as a stowaway who wanted to be a man-o'-war's man. It was Murdock who had tattooed the deplorable bracelets of blue stars about Evan's wrists and it was Murdock who had escorted him home some months later by order of the Secretary of the Navy. The boatswain was maintained as an assistant gardener. Really he was Evan's shadow. Now the burly, tanned man looked up at his master and wrinkled his nose as if he smelled trouble.

"What's the matter, son?"

"I'm going to run off," said Evan.

"What for?"

"Mrs. Fowler's coming, and her daughter."

"That red-headed gal?"

"That one," Evan nodded. His plan evolved itself swiftly, now that he had come to decisions. "I've got twenty-five dollars. You take the boat into Wickford and get a lot of grub and things. Go ahead now."

Murdock rubbed his nose, which showed uncertainty.

"The old lady won't like it, son."

As it was three hundred yards from the house, Evan spoke out recklessly:

"I'm damned if I care! I'll be twenty-one the first of August. You do what I say!"

He watched the yawl drift off, and thought that on the first of August he would surely order a yacht of merit to replace this clumsy vessel. Then some of his fire waned and he went back to sit obediently under Mrs. Poole's admonitions.

"Thee ought to think of marriage, Evan. Thee has no reason against it."

"But I'm certainly not going to think of marrying Sally Fowler, dear," said Evan.

Mrs. Poole seemed slightly amused and fretted the edge of her cap for a moment. She gave her spectral chuckle again.

"Thee doesn't seem to be thinking of anyone else, Evan."

"I hate girls," he complained.

"Thee's very shy," Mrs. Poole said, and took up another shirt. "Where's John Murdock taken the boat?"

"To Wickford. I wanted some things," Evan stuttered.

He wished for competence. He was a poor liar. Last winter when an accident of champagne had left him unable to face breakfast his grandmother's offer of rhubarb and ipecac had been too instant and her lecture on frivolity too knowing. The old lady was inescapable. Now she peered at him guilelessly.

"Indeed?" she inquired. "What things, Evvy?"

"A lot of things," said Evan, and fled.

Six days later the yawl slid abreast of the piers by Grand Street in New York City. A dozen lads swam out through the sulky water and chaffed Evan for asking questions. He blushed on the suggestion that his hair needed trimming, and Murdock chuckled, steering the yawl across to the Brooklyn shore. The watchman of a brick dock agreed to look out for the boat and directed them to a ferry. Evan tried not to gape at New York. His life since the four months of seafaring had vibrated between Providence and the gray house on the bay. But the splendor of City Hall Park left him giddy and the heat made his curls flatten moist on his forehead. Murdock chewed a cigar and meditated on the fountain that rose in a cool mist against the jostle of Broadway.

"A mighty big town," he observed, "and bad as they make 'em. I ain't been here since I signed off the service. There was a nice kind of saloon in Vesey Street. Awful fine, it was—with pictures."

They crossed the park, where the green benches were full of hot idlers and wandering ladies. Evan wished that his jacket had braid on the cuffs and wondered about tailors. He had a secret fancy that his appearance made people smile and his blush rose when a lady stared from a carriage on the fall of Vesey Street. She beckoned—after her stare had filled him with alarm. The carriage stood at the curb and a coachman kept the trim horses motionless in their armor of netted white threads.

"Mr. Poole?"

Evan bowed witlessly and took off his straw hat. The lady leaned an arm on the glossy guard of the low door and smiled.

"You don't remember me, I'm afraid."

"No," said Evan, "I don't."

She laughed while he was trying to withdraw from his honesty.

"I don't suppose you do. I sat beside you at dinner last winter at the Wrenns' house in Providence and you told me all about Mobile Bay."

"Oh, yes, of course!" he said, remembering nothing.

The girl lounged in her mauve cushions and seemed to examine him for a little, then laughed.

"You look lost. What are you doing in town?"

"I came down on my yawl," he stammered.

"And how do you like New York, now that you're here?"

"I don't mind it."

"That's more than I can say," she frowned, and turned her examining eyes on Murdock.

Evan suddenly thought that his retainer should have worn a coat and fresh linen breeches ashore. The fine man looked rather wild facing the girl in her robe of pink flounces. Presently she returned her cruel gaze to Evan, and spoke again:

"You must come to dinner. One hundred and sixteen West Twelfth Street. Could you come to-night?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't."

"To-morrow night then?"

Evan gasped and nodded.

"At half after seven then. Good-by."

He walked on, then thought hopelessly that he didn't know the girl's name. As he turned a tall, slim man with light whiskers came across the sidewalk and jumped into the carriage. It rattled off, and Evan glared after it. On the sign above the nearest door was the legend "Vance & Co., Bankers and Brokers."

An old fellow was polishing the brass plate beside the open doors and Evan advanced on him carefully, with a smile.

"I don't suppose you could tell me who that lady in the carriage was?"

"I suppose I could," said the brass polisher. "That's Vance's sister."

Evan thanked him, then chewed his lip as he walked on. Murdock seemed unhappy. His nose wrinkled and furrows made his flat face woeful.

"I dunno you ought to let people talk to you like that, Evvy."

"I suppose I did meet her in Providence," said the wanderer, "but I can't remember names. She wasn't pretty."

The sailor wagged his head of hair, bleached to cream above his tan.

"Awful ugly, I'd say. But I never took to these black-headed folks. Well, you got to remember you're rich. Some girl's likely to snatch you off and marry you. And this town's full of gamblers and things. I was readin' in the papers it's worse'n San Francisco. I don't think you ought to go eat with her."

"I'm sure I don't want to," said Evan.

It was odious to escape Sarah Fowler and fall prey to a strange female in this city of refuge. Dark women frightened him, and the girl's face was square. It struck him that she would make a fine-looking boy.

"If she knows the Wrenns, though," he reflected, "she must be nice, you know."

The saloon of Murdock's happy memory was cool and quite dark, though many mariners were ranked along the bar, and blue uniforms made Evan homesick for the peaceful Brooklyn, where women did not figure save as topics and men had called him Lamb. He stretched his thick, rosy wrists on the battered table and mused, staring at his tattooed bracelets. He had been free and a warrior at thirteen. At twenty he was a prisoner to his grandmother. He was being led to matrimony, and flinched from it. In winter there would be dinners and dances. In summer Mrs. Poole lured young women to the country house for his inspection. It might be a good thing to go West, where women were scarce. He sipped his ale and sighed.

However, this Miss Vance could have no designs on him. She was probably rich, and New York was full of gallants. Some dandies in light breeches and braided coats were drinking at an end of the bar. Evan contemplated their polished shoes shyly. It was true, as Mrs. Poole asserted, that he dressed vilely, and now his shoes engrossed Evan, so he hardly noticed the beginning of a loud conversation:

"And I tell you Bill Tweed never did nothing for the poor! What's some steamboat excursions and a free picnic or two? Ain't he made millions off the schools and all? Ain't he ——"

"Hold your mouth shut!" someone bawled.

"I will not!" The Irishman pounded a hand on the bar and waved the other arm. "I will not hold my mouth shut! There's been too much holdin' mouths shut on this fellow! You show me a decent man—Republican or Demmycrat—that's got a good word to say for Bill Tweed! Him and his ring!"

"Say, Mr. Morrissey," cried the bartender, "we can't have that kind of talk in here!"

"Then you can sell your beer to somebody else, my boy," said the Irishman, and stalked out of the half doors.

"Gosh," murmured Murdock, "I thought there wasn't nobody that dared to say a thing about this Tweed, Evvy!"

Evan knew so little of the great boss who ruled New York that he sat silent, watching the crowd at the bar The discussion lapsed into separate mutters. The dandies in the corner whispered to each other, and fresh customers filed in from Vesey Street. The smell of cigar smoke pent between four walls made Evan's head swim soon and he thought four glasses of ale had done Murdock enough good.

"Let's go somewhere and get dinner," he said.

The waiter brought him change for a ten-dollar gold piece, and while Evan was putting the coins into his purse this man suggested that Salvati's Café in Bleecker Street was a good place to dine. As he was now off duty, he would guide them to Salvati's. Evan and his retainer walked up Broadway under this guidance and observed the world. Wilted men and boys were tramping north past the stately show windows of the street. A vast chatter of tired voices marched with them. The waiter pointed out notable persons in carriages and Murdock enjoyed the show.

But Evan had to think of to-morrow night, when he must dine with this strange girl. A quick-witted performer in words would have evaded the matter, he thought. But he had stumbled and fallen, as usual. He was going somewhere he didn't want to go. It was quite as well that he had a grandmother to look after him. At least she kept him out of unknown waters. He was paying her the tribute when the guide turned up a side alley.

"He's taking us a short cut," Murdock explained.

The short cut was unreasonably dark. Men leaned on the walls scrawled with random art and spotted with advertisements. The waiter dodged ahead, and Evan thought how terrible night must be in this shadow. There seemed to be no lamps set on the scant sidewalk and dreary people leaned in the windows above.

"A nasty kind of place," Murdock said.

Evan paused to stare at a poster proclaiming "Excursion! Free! Steamboat Mary Powell. July 18, 1871. Free to all members of ——"

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"Can You Take Me to Newport? You Must Take Me to Newport—to Mrs. Wrenn." Evan Sneezed. The Dew Chilled His Bare Feet

SAVING HIS FACE

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Mr. Hosmer Hesitated. "Might It Not be Better for You to Make an Exception for Once? This Mr. Tutt Can be Very Disagreeable ——"

WHETHER or not the Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank did save his face will be for the reader to decide somewhere further on. Perhaps this story should be more properly listed as Face, Attempt to Save His; or, His Face, Unsuccessful Effort to Save. It makes practically no difference. Once you get speculating about such things there's no end to it. For example, as I write, it occurs to me that there may be some connection between the Chinese expression of "saving your face" and the Irish one of "saving your presence." I wonder! Anyhow, the Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank had plenty of face—most magnates have—and he had also presence. Have you ever noticed how there is a tide in the affairs of men which reaches at the flood up around the chin, when there seems—to speak vulgarly—to be a rush of flesh to the face? There is. Pink flesh. And some of the surplus is deflected lower down—Johnny Bullish. It is the flush of fortune, rose-tinting the summits of success. A thin magnate is no magnate at all.

The Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank was a regular fellow, as most magnates have been. This was shown by the fact that he did not call himself A. Todhunter Wiltbank, which he had a legal right to do. He knew better. Neither did he wear a tall silk hat or drab burnsides, nor sport a gold-headed cane. No, he covered his bald spot with a green fedora, uncovered his neck with a turnover collar, and a pair of golden antlers sprouted from his lapel. He was no gilded lily; he was a power; not an old-fashioned multi-millionaire or profiteer, but an up-to-date, Lambs-Club and sheriff's-jury guy who owned an interest in the Giants and sometimes threw the ball into the arena at the opening game. A live one!

That was what made the situation so intolerable for those about him. For he had all the window dressings of geniality, with the disposition of Caligula; a breezy grouch, a smiler with a glassy eye—ice cream, so to speak, with hot-chocolate sauce. Smart as silk, running to fat and fifty-cent cigars, and with twenty thousand dollars' worth of hooch cached in his cellar he would have run away with it except for the pomposity, the self-satisfaction, the pink smugness that gets 'em all. He was hand and glove with both political parties, a regular Republican, but very close to the Democratic boss.

In a word or two, he was a heavy political and business swell, and what he said went. He was a special motor policeman, had a pass inside the fire lines, and could always get seats right down in front center. "Say, know who that is? That's Amos T. Wiltbank!" You know the kind. He had a box at the Polo Grounds, and on Saturday afternoons in the spring a short foul into it might easily knock the blocks off a number of persons high up in the city government who like as not would be sitting there. He brooked no interference with his will. He was a widower. His success had been the death of her.

The Honorable Amos T.'s office was on the very top—the thirty-seventh floor—of the office building of which the law firm of Tutt & Tutt were tenants—considerably lower down. He dwelt on an Olympus of Kurdistan rugs, smoked oak, mother-of-pearl push buttons, and best-quality imitation green-grained Spanish leather; they, amid the grime and dust of the New York Criminal Reports, Abbott's Practice and Forms, and the smoke of old Ephraim Tutt's poisonous stogies—all the difference, in fact, between the parlor floor and the kitchen, and in much the same way, the higher the colder.

But Tutt & Tutt were nothing in the life of Amos T., whose own lawyers were the great combination politico-legal firm of Vanderpoel, Callahan & Levitsky. Occasionally Amos T. would come up in the elevator with Mr. Tutt, but he did not know him. Contrariwise Mr. Tutt, who knew everything, knew Amos T., but did not like him. The cause of their difference lay in the imponderable trifle that one day, when Amos T. in getting out had tried to push in front of an old lady, Mr. Tutt had held him back. Later that morning Amos T. had fired two office boys and a salesman, and had made his stenographer cry. Yes, he had a mean streak, but he was it. He had all the immense dignity and solid self-possession, coupled with the petty arrogance, of a tyrannical judge. As Butler says:

Authority intoxicates and makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain, and make men giddy, proud and vain.

"So Can I!" Yelled the Apoplectic Todhunter. "Tell Him I'm the Most Disagreeable Man in New York"

It may be felt that we are overdeveloping the Honorable Amos T., but naturally we must inflate before we can puncture him. Those who have the habit of success are prone to imagine themselves immune to Nature's laws, and exceptions to all ordinary rules. They fall because they are unwilling to recognize the possibilities latent in the apparently insignificant. The grand dame waves her be-jeweled hand and the great gates swing back as if by magic, but next instant she may slip heavily upon a banana peel. Goliath mocked the little yokel David with his sling, and Germany scorned tiny Belgium. Yet Goliath has been dead these many years agone, and look at Germany! So it was with Amos T.

Many stories below where the magnate sat in grandeur, gazing across the glinting waves of the harbor, and on the same floor with Tutt & Tutt, and adjacent to their suite, was situate the modest real-estate office of Mr. Moses Icklebaum, who dealt in lands, tenements, hereditaments, messuages, rents and insurance of all kinds. It consisted of but a single room with two desks, at one of which, when he was there, he sat, and at the other a certain Miss Margaret Haggerty, aged twenty-two, his assistant. As often happens, Moses was the figurehead, but Maggie was the brains.

The sign on the door read:

MOSES ICKLEBAUM
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
M. HAGGERTY, NOTARY

It should have read:

MARGARET HAGGERTY
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
M. ICKLEBAUM

The Honorable Amos T. had never heard of either of them—yet Maggie Haggerty, with the inconspicuous aid of Mr. Ephraim Tutt, was the cause of a revolution in the magnate's character, the making of a man.

Far up among the hills of Dutchess County, Amos T. Wiltbank had built for himself a great estate. With his usual business acumen he had gone there ahead of everybody else, had bought up several thousand acres and, having utilized what portion of them he wanted for his lawns, gardens, farms and game preserves, had sold off the remainder to such as wanted it. Among the latter had been Ezra Carter, a young farmer, who had purchased fifty acres together with the house and barn standing thereon. Those transactions were in the days of Mrs. Wiltbank, and of course, as a matter of the simplest business precaution, all the land Amos T. had originally purchased he had taken over in his wife's name. Thus nominally Carter bought his farm from Mrs. Wiltbank, who was in turn to deed it to Carter's young wife.

It was a negligible affair to the magnate—that disposal of what was to him but a few acres of useless land. To Carter, on the other hand, it was a matter of the deepest moment, for it meant a livelihood, a home for his family, a future. The fifty acres cost him the savings of nine years. But the deal once put through, the magnate suffered the unsigned deed to lie upon his desk for days. The local real-estate dealer dictated a polite note to Mr. Wiltbank, who tossed it aside; Carter wrote in a childish humpbacked scrawl, asking the great man kindly to attend to having his wife sign the deed, but Wiltbank was too busy overseeing the building of his kennels to take the trouble to remember about it.

Then one morning the farmer appeared with his money in his hand and the proprietor called his wife over, showed her where to write her name, and signed his own as witness. Carter counted out the purchase price in soiled and crumpled bills, Wiltbank stuffed them in his pocket, and the deed was done—or, rather, delivered. The young farmer brought his wife to the farm; a child was born, a boy; and just as he had got the place in shape to make an honest living, Carter died.

This was all ancient history and only remotely connected—as a back drop, so to speak—with the little one-act comedy of which we write. And then Mrs. Wiltbank died; and Wiltbank himself gave up his country place in favor of a sort of second blooming in the city. Mrs. Carter struggled on, trying to run the farm, found herself not strong enough to do so, and offered it for sale. In due time a purchaser appeared, but when the day came to pass title it was discovered that Carter had never had the original deed to his wife recorded, and the county clerk now refused to do so, on the ground that Mrs. Wiltbank, the grantor, had not acknowledged it before a commissioner of deeds. Of course the buyer would not pay over his money until his grantor's title was clear on the records. There was only one thing to do, according to the clerk, and that was for Mrs. Carter, the grantee in the first deed, to go to New York and secure from Mr. Wiltbank, who had signed as an attesting witness, an affidavit—as provided by statute in such cases—to the effect that he had been present when his wife signed the deed, and saw her execute it.

Now this may seem to the reader a very simple thing. All the woman had to do, he may say, was to hop on a train, find the Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank and get him to put his name at the bottom of a paper. But that is the mockery of the law. What it requires may be the merest trifle a "yes" or a "no," the scratch of a pen, the delivery of a sheet of paper, the lifting of a hand. Yet the procuring of that "yes" or "no," that mark, that signature or that oath may involve difficulties rendered well-nigh insuperable by the ignorance, the poverty or the fortuitous circumstances surrounding the person obligated to secure it. It would

have been one thing for the Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank to shroud himself in his furs and motor at sixty miles an hour to New York, call up his lawyer on the telephone, and get an affidavit on any subject, executed by almost anybody, from the mayor himself up or down, in half an hour; it was quite another for Mrs. Carter to lock her house and barn, arrange for transportation for herself and baby seven miles to the railroad station, and, once in New York, to secure an audience with the great man and get from him the paper that she needed to make her record title to the farm complete She had been in the city only twice in her life, she possessed but a few dollars, she knew nothing of law or lawyers, and her only guide was a slip of paper given her by the local Dutchess County real-estate agent, with the name and address of Moses Icklebaum upon it. That is all this humble tale amounts to—the desperate situation in which she found herself simply by virtue of another human being's selfish pomposity, and the fall that a plucky little Maggie Haggerty took out of the pride-swollen Amos T., whereby he became a better-mannered man.

So let us take our stand on the sidewalk in front of a Broadway office building and watch our characters one by one as they emerge from the Subway and pass inside the revolving doors to play their parts. First Moses Icklebaum, thin, nervous, hurrying along with a bundle of fire-insurance policies in his hand; then old Lawyer Tutt, in his stovepipe hat, carrying his ivory-headed cane, pausing to scratch a match and light a long rat-tailed stogy before entering the building; then the crisp, brisk Miss Minerva Wiggin, Mr. Tutt's chief clerk and confidential assistant, or, as he often called her, his legal conscience, in tailor-made suit of gray, her leather brief case under her arm: next the Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank, emerging, ulstered and begoggled, from his automobile, puffing a cigar, authoritative, regal. Let us trail along with them. Behold the starter touch his cap as the great man stalks by! See him speed an elevator on its way, that the god may shoot up to Olympus, unsullied by contact with mere common mortals! "Right through to the thirty-seventh—Jim!" he says. Behold the pomp with which Amos enters and greets his creatures, the air with which the urbane clerk relieves him of his fur coat in the antechamber of his business suite, and the anxious celerity with which Miss Madden, his social secretary, indicates the relative importance of his mail. Note the atmosphere of sanctity that pervades the cubicle in which he sits, and the hush that has fallen upon the office. What is greater than greatness? There is but one Amos Todhunter Wiltbank—and this is it!

My name is Ozymandius—king of kings!
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!

Maggie Haggerty was late coming in from Flushing that morning. There had been a block on the B. R. T. and she had had to get out and walk. She did not really mind, for this had the advantage of giving her the opportunity of a moment's banter with Officer Dennis O'Leary on the corner. Some day, she knew quite well, she was going to marry Dennis—when he got to be a captain, maybe—but she had no idea of making it too easy for him. That would be fatal, later on. So almost always she held him at arm's length.

"Your easy day, is it, Maggie?" said he, holding up the traffic with a *dégagé* gesture to let the wisp of a colleen cross under his arm. "Sure, you look prettier than ever! If it wasn't right in the middle of Broadway I'd be tempted to steal a kiss."

Maggie dug into his heavily padded ribs with a fairy elbow.

"Hold your tongue, you big booby!" she scowled with a twinkle in her gray eyes. "I thought you were set to catch thieves, not to be one. You—steal a kiss! Don't make me laugh!"

He half lifted her to the sidewalk.

"For ten cents I'd do it this minute!" he grinned as he released her.

Maggie made as if to cuff him and darted across the sidewalk, but on the steps she paused and called back at him: "Why not drop in at twelve o'clock when you go off duty?"

He nodded assent, grinning over his shoulder at her as he waved the traffic onward. He was a big man, was Dennis O'Leary—six feet four of muscle, bone and sinew—one not to be trifled with when resolved. So fine a figure of a cop, indeed, that once a month the Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank regularly gave him a box of Havana cigars, thus supposing that he would gain immunity from arrest if he violated the traffic laws. Oh, vanity! What is a box of cigars compared to the love of a maid?

We freely admit that the Honorable Todhunter was about the limit. Whether he sat sternly at his smoked-oak desk in his green-grained cordovan-leather armchair or strode thoughtfully up and down the Kurdistan rug with a cigar between his teeth, his subordinates eyed him furtively, as they might the lion at the zoo, ready to jump out of their skins at his gentlest roar; and the sanctum in which he sat was guarded by a series of antechambers full of wild beasts. Actually to reach and see the Honorable Todhunter was an achievement akin to climbing the Matterhorn. Royalty was nothing to him. A cat may look at a king, but a common human animal couldn't get even a look at A. T. W. No insurance or book agent, no bill collector, missionary or bond broker could get over the threshold of the outer office—the first-line trenches. For a lynx-eyed intelligence officer sat at an advance observation post, and the minute an enemy appeared let him have it pointblank:

"Who do you wish to see? Have you an appointment? No? Mr. Wiltbank never sees anybody except by appointment. I'm sorry, but I cannot interrupt him. He is in an important conference. . . . Yes, you had better write him a letter."

Even if successfully past the O. P.—by appointment you were only tangled up in the wire, so to speak. You were grudgingly allowed to take a seat in the outer anteroom—Room 1—where you were told that Mr. Wiltbank would be free to see you in a few minutes. Here various suspicious persons, sauntering casually in, gave you the once-over to make sure you did not have homicidal mania or an infectious disease, or a subpœna, injunction or capias hidden up your sleeve. The thing the Honorable Amos T. most abhorred in this life was a subpœna. The mere sight of one would turn him green. Once they got you on the stand in one of these infernal investigations or John Doe proceedings, they could tear the very innards out of you! They were so beastly unfair.

Amos T. held that it was nobody's business whether he was an interlocking director, had a pooling agreement with other companies, had contributed to the campaign funds of both parties, or had promised somebody's wife's cousin's nephew a job if his concern got a government contract He regarded this prying into a man's private affairs as undemocratic, unconstitutional and contrary to the very principles of liberty upon which our Government was founded.

And no one had ever got to him yet. No one had ever slapped a subpœna on him. No one had ever made him hold up his right hand before a mahogany horseshoe draped with upstate legislators and quaver "I do" in

(Continued on Page 60)

"Of-fi-cer! Arrest That Man and Take Him to the Tomb!"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 6, 1921

Making the Boys Fit

WHILE we are reducing the size of our professional fighting forces with the first object of lightening the load on the taxpayer, we are also quietly going about the task of building up our young manhood into a body fit physically and by at least some understanding of the rudiments of military discipline and drill for the discharge of their duties should we be forced at any time into military action on a national scale. A beginning of this task is to be made in the series of citizens' summer camps which, under the direction of the War Department, will be conducted in the various army-corps areas the country over during this summer.

The ten thousand boys and young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five years who, it is expected, will attend these camps will have about thirty days under canvas or in barracks, in charge of officers selected especially for the job of intelligently developing their physical make-up and at the same time familiarizing them with the primary duties of the soldier, but without imposing on them hardships inseparable from the training camp of wartime. The immediate object of the camps, broadly stated, will be to make the boy or man stand straightly and squarely, to develop his body symmetrically, to strengthen in him the habits of personal cleanliness and good order, to teach him obedience and self-control, and finally to cause him to think and act quickly along a straight line and to answer always to the point—qualities no less essential to success in civilian pursuits than in the making of a soldier.

The influence of such experience should be helpful to our citizenship quite independently of what it may do for us in the way of furnishing material for a National Army. Recognizing this and also the need of freeing the training period, so far as possible, from what is irksome, the hours in camp devoted to purely military education will be fewer than the hours given to setting-up exercises and physical sports. The camps will be without expense to those attending and happily with only a minimum of cost to the country itself because of the existing army camps and camp equipment already in possession of the Government. Also attendance at the camps will entail no further military service obligation than is carried by the citizenship of every American.

Under the world conditions of uncertainty which now prevail and are likely to prevail for some time to come these citizens' camps, which it is proposed to enlarge and develop in 1922 and 1923, are a part of a rational and economical form of insurance against possible peril to the nation the scope of which no one can forecast. They are the logical complement to our National Guard and Army Reserve organizations already adopted, and offer themselves as a sort of primary school to that system of potential military preparedness in favor of which we declared ourselves not long ago with the successful execution of the Selective Service Act.

Gas Bills

DURING the past six or eight years a large proportion of the gas companies of the country, confronted by rising costs of coal, oil, labor and equipment, and by rate-making bodies that have reflected the popular disinclination to pay higher prices for gas, have been fighting for their very existence.

An important phase of their struggle is a campaign of publicity designed to win the good will of the public they serve and to put their case before it as a matter of equity and fair play. In the long run these policies are pretty sure to accomplish the desired results unless a receivership brings them to an untimely end; and yet the most enlightened programs of directors and high executives are sure to go awry when they cannot command the cooperation of their subordinates who come into direct personal contact with the customers whose good graces they are courting.

Gas-company officials have had so much to say about the hostility of politicians, city councils, public-service commissions and other rate-making bodies that they have sometimes given too little weight to the fact that their most dangerous enemies are men on their own pay rolls who are unfit either by temperament or training to carry out policies that require for their expression suavity, good nature and an honest desire to serve the public. The gas companies were by no means the first of the public utilities to be converted to the wisdom of establishing pleasant relationships with their customers, and they have not yet entirely weeded out the rough-tongued subordinates who here and there bring to naught the best intentions of their superiors; and yet they are no longer blind to the requirements of the situation in which they find themselves and there is no reason why, in time, they should not earn as high a place in the general esteem as the telephone companies, which have, over a long term of years, given abundant proof of the high valuation they put upon the good will of the public.

Whatever the consumer's personal feeling may be, it stands to reason that he must either be prepared to pay for gas as much as it costs to produce and distribute it or else make up his mind to go without it. Speaking by and large, there is no permanent advantage in buying at a price so low that it throws a loss upon the seller, unless, indeed, it is the buyer's avowed purpose to drive the seller out of business. Furthermore, the one employment in which a thousand men go broke for every one who gets rich is that of nursing old grudges and neglecting the really important affairs of life while waiting for a chance to get even with someone.

Relativity in Mild Doses

SOME five hundred years ago a few men of learning blessed with bold and vigorous reasoning powers were going to and fro in Europe telling the friends they could trust not to denounce them that the earth is not flat like a disk but is round like a ball. Presently the early voyagers proved their assertion, and the thinking world began, slowly at first, to abandon the pancake theory of terrestrial form and to accept the new notion.

And now comes Mr. Albert Einstein with his theories of relativity and his evidence in support of them, and makes the whole learned world gasp with amazement. For the most part his ideas have been received with the profoundest respect, and scientific writers have exalted him to the plane occupied by Aristotle and Newton; and yet we have among us lineal descendants of those contemporaries of Columbus who to their dying day insisted that the earth was flat. One gentle thinker has actually immortalized himself by a single letter to a London newspaper. This amiable scientist took pen in hand to put himself on record as believing that it would have been much better for the Royal Society to have adjourned its discussion of relativity "before bringing into the question the reputation of Newton, who was president of the Royal Society for the last twenty-five years of his life and raised the Society to the acme of its fame." There are bitter-enders to-day who will oppose the theories of Mr. Einstein just as doggedly as belief in the earth's globularity was opposed by fifteenth-century followers of the pancake school of thought. Theirs is an excellent example to avoid.

No matter how much has to be unlearned or how many exquisite theories have to be abandoned, everyone whose brain retains any vigor or resiliency should make an effort to find out a little something about the Einstein theories of space and time and gravity. These conceptions lie so deeply buried in the mazes of higher mathematics that the ordinary inquirer is automatically protected from the possibility of getting an overdose of relativity; and yet every discussion of it brings out so many amazing and easily understood deductions that it is a mistake not to treat oneself to a succession of mental thrills that may be had so easily. There are said to be only twelve men on earth who can get to the very heart and core of the Einstein cake, but there is no reason why the ordinary mortal should not nibble off a little of the frosting and tone up his mind while he is amusing himself.

The late Doctor Osler once advised a young medical interne to read a certain abstruse German work on the human understanding. After a fortnight's dogged effort the young man reported to his distinguished chief that he could not make head or tail of the book. "Neither can I," replied Doctor Osler with a full-throated laugh; "but what a book it is to harden the brain!"

Thanks to the enterprise of the publishers, anyone who desires to harden his brain by embarking on a series of novel and exciting mental adventures in relativity has a wide range of works from which to choose. There are simple, brightly written books from which a high-school boy ought to be able to get a great deal of entertaining basic information. There are more serious and difficult ones that will appeal to persons well-grounded in science, and there are dozens and scores of learned monographs in various tongues for those who have the linguistic and mathematical equipment with which to attack them. Every reader can find a book suited to his needs and understanding, one that will enable his intellect to shoot the chutes, bump the bumps and gaze into the magic mirrors to his heart's content.

For the man who has not previously heard that there is a greater unit of length than the mile there is something wholesome and tonic in the contemplation of the astronomer's celestial measuring pole. This superunit, known as the light-year, is the distance covered by a light wave in a year moving at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. One superunit suggests another. If we had a monetary measure containing as many dollars as the light-year contains miles, a single one of these superunits would more than suffice to express the deficits of the Shipping Board or, indeed, any of the vast sums likely to come within human ken.

The mind enlarges when it considers the statement that light speed is the ultimate velocity and that to exceed the heavenly speed limit would be to travel backward. The tired business man may find bracing interludes in reflecting upon the possibility of so-called parallel lines meeting in the outskirts of a warped universe or in attempting to understand how light rays can have weight and pick their way between heavenly bodies as rivers follow winding valleys to the sea. No mind was ever dwarfed and stunted by an attempt to conceive of a fourth dimension, and no man ever stepped down to a lower intellectual level when he stopped taking time and space for granted and began to ask himself what they really are.

There is no compulsion about it. The Constitution of the United States protects every adult American from being forced to learn about these new theories of the universe; but no one who refuses to do so is in a position to jeer at those who still declare that the earth is flat. A one-eyed man may still be ruler in the kingdom of the blind.

THE MANIKIN MAKERS

IX

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Have You Anyone in Mind?" Asked Norton. "We Have. In Fact, We Have You in Mind"

IT WAS the business of Richard Carthew to know everything about his clients—as much of everything as they told him and as much more as he could find out. Moreover, being a man of writing habit and of reflective mind, it was his purpose, along in his later years, when those clients were comfortably tucked away in their mausoleums, to produce a history of his own times, or a comment thereon, which should, discreetly and not to the discredit of those clients, disclose to the uninformed public just what made certain wheels go round at certain interesting and, indeed, momentous times.

He had no doubt that his tenure of life would be sufficiently long, barring accidents, to enable him to do this disinterestedly, because his long association with and study of leaders in finance and politics had taught him that those eminent citizens usually pop off twenty years or so before they should. He had noted, with an amazement that caused him to care painstakingly for his own personal upkeep, that men who could build a pipe line from New York to San Francisco and work it perfectly could not, apparently, look after their own few feet of arterial pipe line; that men who could manage ten thousand miles of railroads could not manage their own systems of nerves; that men who could feed a universe could not feed themselves intelligently; that men who could control a government could not control their own digestions.

He had seen them fighting their way through life, piling up money, annexing both financial and political power, crushing obstruction and obstructors, and apparently imbued with the idea, if they ever thought on the matter at all, that if any one of them should come to the place where he needed a new heart he could buy one. Why not? They had proved they could buy anything and everything else they wanted. He had seen them despairingly discover that there were no new hearts in the market, nor any soft arteries. He marveled at it all and made his notes about them, for they passed out with devastating regularity just when they should be at the top of their strides.

Cato Enderly was one of the most interesting of Carthew's clients—the most interesting, and in many ways the most useful. This fact made Alonzo Thane of equal interest to Carthew, because of the close linking of the two by their hatred of each other. Naturally, Carthew was concerned with that hatred. It was vivid to him because it was in direct relation to his work for Enderly, and the mainspring of many of his endeavors. Naturally, also, Carthew tried to find out what caused that hatred, and as he had intelligence, persistence and resources beyond most men who speculated about it, he did find out. Until Enderly and Thane began to be figures in finance and politics their careers were blank so far as record went. About all that was definite was that both were born in the Middle West, that both started business life in Omaha.

One day Carthew happened on a history of the early days of Omaha, written by a man who had been an outfitter there for the pioneers across the plains in the days before the railroads. He read these sentences:

"In the late sixties and the early seventies the Widow Gasteen kept a boarding house not far from the present site of the Burlington Station. Two of her boarders were Cato Enderly, now a United States senator, and Alonzo Thane, one of New York's money kings."

This gave Carthew a clew. He expanded a trip to Chicago to include Omaha, and found there a son and daughter of the Widow Gasteen who had lived in the boarding house when Enderly and Thane did, and remembered them both. From what they told him and from leads they gave him Carthew pieced together a story of the genesis of the feud, which he set down in his notebooks and which became public at the time of the Consolidated Securities affair years later through some annoying court processes.

This story, correct as to its main facts, was rounded out, of course, by deductions by Carthew of motives and thoughts of the principals based on his knowledge of the mental processes of the two men, and was as follows:

Both Enderly and Thane were born in Iowa, Enderly on a farm not far from Red Oak, and Thane in Council Bluffs. Omaha, then getting into its stride, was the largest city in their vicinity, and both of them began business life there. Enderly found a job in a wholesale grocery and provision house, and Thane, after working in one or two stores, landed in a bucket shop in the position of board maker or something similar, and presently came to be assistant manager of the place. Thane was a speculator born. He was a gambler by instinct. He had a cold nerve, a keen trading sense, and no other idea than to get the money; just the man for a bucket shop in those days of big deals in wheat and pork and corn, and so on. The bucket shop advertised connections with the Chicago Board of Trade, and did display quotations, but all orders were bucketed, and the play was big.

Enderly's farm birth, and his connection with a house that sold provisions, naturally gave him a knowledge of the commodities that were speculated in in Omaha at that time. He was a trader, too, and ambitious for money. It wasn't long until he was taking little flyers in pork and corn and wheat. He dealt in the bucket shop where Thane was working. That's the way the two men became acquainted. Enderly made his modest bets on the market and Thane took them. They were not much alike, but both were instinctive gamblers. Both had a passion for speculation. Both were after money, but Enderly was a lot more human in his adventures for wealth than Thane. Enderly was like a man who goes to a roulette table and spreads his chips all over the board, while Thane resembled the players who stick to the colors, with the zero as the only percentage against an even break. Still, Thane would bet when he figured himself a 51 per cent chance to win. And he had much the better of Enderly, because he was on the inside, and Enderly was outside, punting against that great edge.

Enderly was made a traveling salesman for his house, and his territory was all that part of Nebraska south of the Platte River. This kept him away from Omaha for periods of two or three weeks, and whenever he wanted to buy or sell a few bushels of wheat or corn, or a few barrels of pork, he used Thane as his representative and bet through Thane. So the two young fellows got on fairly close terms with each other, and finally came to live in the same boarding house, which was kept by a woman of the name of Gasteen.

That was in the early seventies, about eight or ten years after they began building the Union Pacific Railroad, which started at Omaha, and which gave Omaha her first real boost and boom. The city was a lively and interesting place when Enderly and Thane lived there.

The trouble that developed into this everlasting hatred began in this boarding house, and over a girl. Enderly and Thane were both about twenty-five years old when this girl appeared. She came from the East, and her name was Knowlton—Louise Knowlton. She was a singer, one of those pathetic figures so common in music, born with a voice that did not measure up either to her temperament or to her ambitions. She had hoped to be an opera star or a great concert singer, and had studied and worked for years, only to find that she could be nothing more than a mediocre artist, and had been forced to become a choir singer in order to make a living for herself and her dependent mother. The family had staked about all they had on the girl's future, and she was a failure. They are everywhere, these poor girls and boys who were held to be artistic prodigies by their relatives, and turned out, after all the money that could be scared up had been spent on their training, to be merely singers or players or daubers, with somewhat of an expensively acquired method, but without the fire of genius to support that method—without talent, mostly.

The people of Omaha fancied themselves in those days and had their rivalries and ambitions not only to outshine their neighbors but to outshine their neighboring cities as well. The churches were not immune. The enterprising Omaha churchgoers felt the need of exalting their places of worship just as much as they felt the need of exalting their commercial progress, their stockyards, their manufacturing, their various other claims for the desirability of Omaha as a place to live, work and become prosperous in. A number of business men who belonged to one of the churches determined to have a better choir than any other church in Omaha, and they sent East for singers. One who was engaged was Louise Knowlton, and there was much church pride when it was announced that a great soprano from Boston would sing exclusively in that choir. This was a tremendous coup. The members of the church where Miss Knowlton was to sing congratulated themselves on their enterprise, and the local papers referred to her advent as a distinct step forward in the project of making Omaha the musical center of the West. It was an artistic event of much importance at the time.

Miss Knowlton was a saddened sort of girl, who had been steeped in music all her life, and who realized that she was a failure so far as the career she had dreamed about and prayed for was concerned. She never would be an opera singer. She never would be a concert star. She was just a girl with a voice, educated and trained far beyond her vocal capacity, and compelled to get what she could out of that voice. Her father had spent nearly all the money he had on teachers for her, and conservatory fees, and then had died, leaving seven thousand dollars of insurance money to the girl and her mother. That was all they had.

So when the Omaha churchmen sent to Boston for a choir soprano she was glad to accept their offer, and came out to that hustling Western town to make her living and to help support her mother. She took a room at the Gasteen boarding house where the two young fellows lived.

She was pretty, cultured, dainty and Eastern, not at all fitted for life in a raw Western town that was in the making, but she was woman enough to adapt herself to her surroundings to some degree, was amiable, and careful to keep herself attractive. She dressed as stylishly as she could and had many Boston manners and graces not common in the Omaha of the time. She made a great impression on Enderly and Thane, who had never met any young woman like her before. They were beating out the beginnings of fortunes by main strength, fighting for money against other hard, cruel, merciless fighters.

Both became greatly interested in her, and a sort of rivalry for her favor came up between them. Enderly in his straightforward, two-fisted fashion was in love with her before she had been long at the boarding house, and outspoken about it; but Thane was secretive over his expression. She showed Enderly more favor than she showed Thane, but not much, although Enderly was the character of man to whom she naturally would turn, because of his virility and his hearty and honest manner as opposed to the devious Thane. Finally Enderly proposed marriage to her. She refused him gently, and said she could not marry because of her mother. Enderly protested that he could support both her and her mother, but she insisted that was out of the question. Meantime Thane was edging in when he could, and assiduous in his cultivation of her regard.

The refusal set Enderly harder to the task of winning her. He was determined to marry her. She explained to Enderly that her father and mother had spent nearly all they had on her musical education, and that all remaining to her mother was a few thousand dollars of insurance. She must win a competence for her mother before she could consider promising, or anything but work. That was her first duty. Enderly raved against this point of view, but she was firm. She liked him, she said, perhaps she loved him, but she would not marry him or any other until her mother was established with enough to support her for the rest of her life. She told Enderly she was saving every penny she could from her salary, which was a good one, and that she intended to give music lessons to increase her income, and she estimated that when she had the few thousand more that would be necessary she might accept him, an intimation that Enderly seized on and held close to his hope.

Enderly fought for her doggedly, and his persistence was having its effect. Miss Knowlton began to show an increasing regard for her impetuous suitor, and to discuss with him ways whereby she might get the money more quickly than by the tedious method of saving it a few dollars at a time.

Meantime Thane moved about furtively, himself in love with the girl. Thane was as persistent as Enderly, although he worked underground while Enderly fought for her out in the open. Naturally Miss Knowlton told Thane, too, of her great desire to make her mother a competence, and Thane, by that intuition that made him so remarkable in discovering motives in later life, instantly came to the right conclusion that if the girl could thus establish her mother she would marry Enderly. Furthermore, he saw that his suit was making no progress, and reasoning it out with that chilled-steel mind of his, that even then was functioning with the remorseless exactitude of his later years, he doubted if she would marry him if there was no Enderly in the contest.

The situation developed an intense jealousy of Enderly. So there it was: Love and its attendant jealousy, the strongest of emotions that from the first association of man and woman had been and, until the ultimate male and female on the earth, will be the motive that upsets, obliterates the power and dignity of human reason.

Thane, actuated by his jealousy of Enderly, determined to prevent Enderly from getting the girl. He knew that this resolve of Miss Knowlton's to provide a competency for her mother was a religion with her. She felt it a sacred obligation, and no argument that included the taking over of that obligation by another swayed her at all. Hence Thane doubtless concluded that if both girl and mother could be deprived of what money they had the marriage to Enderly would be delayed, and, further, that if he, Thane, should find a way to restore her the money, with sufficient added to it to fulfill her obligations to her mother, he might benefit by the winning of her regard.

As time went on Miss Knowlton gave evidence of increasing fondness for Enderly. It was apparent that she was in love with him now, really in love. She worked feverishly, giving singing lessons to the daughters of the rich, and using her talent in every way possible to increase her income and her savings. Enderly was prospering as a salesman, but his prosperity made his trips longer out from Omaha, and often he was away for a month at a time. It was during these absences that Thane changed his tactics, and set his trap.

Thane apparently reconciled himself to his failure to make her love him, and assumed the status of good friend. He showed an interest in her financial project, sympathizing with her and applauding her effort. He canvassed the situation with her, and she told him of the few thousand dollars her mother had and what her own savings amounted to. Then, slowly and with that ingenuity that made him the man he became in the Street in later years, he filled the girl's mind with stories of easy money-getting through speculation. He showed her how torturous accumulation is by saving, and how quickly money is found in the market. He recited to her the profits he was making on flyers in wheat and corn and pork. It was a devilish maneuver. The girl, eager to marry the man she loved, but uncompromising in her determination to provide for her mother—there's no explaining some twists of the feminine mind—listened breathlessly. After much hesitation she allowed Thane to invest a hundred dollars for her in wheat. He brought her forty dollars profit.

Thane seemed kindly and eager to help. Two or three times he made similar little investments for her, and each time returned her a profit. Thane continually cautioned her that she must not tell Enderly. The real reason for that caution, of course, was that Thane knew if Enderly found out what the girl was doing he would protest; and the reason he gave the girl was that it would be such a fine surprise to Enderly to be able, one day, to show him how successful she had been.

She, poor girl, thinking only of a short cut to happiness, kept silent, and was tremulously pleased and grateful when Thane showed her that by three or four little deals in wheat she had made as much—more—than all her hoarding of dollars, her scrimping and saving had accomplished. Thane told her there was no risk. It was a sure thing. The way seemed open to her. Thane painted her rainbow in even brighter colors than those of her dreams and desires, and held out hope of the needed pot of gold at the foot of it. His only motive, he said, was to enable her to be happy. And she believed him.

Then, just after Enderly had started on a long trip, buoyed with hints from the girl that their marriage might not be so long delayed, Thane sprang his trap. A great bulge in wheat was coming. It was the chance of a lifetime. He advised Miss Knowlton to put in all her savings, and to get her mother's money and invest that too. There was no possibility of failure. Probably she would triple her money, and that would be enough. Anyhow, the doubling of her capital was certain. All eagerness and excited over this chance for quick fortune and the satisfaction of her obligation, radiantly happy over the immediate comfort of her mother, and happier still over her love for Enderly and its apparent near consummation, she wrote to her mother and her mother sent all she had, some six thousand dollars. Miss Knowlton added her savings and gave it all to Thane as trustingly as a child.

Thane took the money. What became of it is outside the story. It is not probable he intended either to invest at the time or to keep it. His plan probably was to hold it and at the proper time make great show of getting it back for her, with an increase, and rest his claims to her hand on that maneuver. At any rate, three days later he came to Miss Knowlton with every evidence of contrite and sympathetic sorrow, and told her that his sure thing in wheat had gone wrong. Instead of the great bulge in price, which was predicated on certain reports of conditions that seemed authentic, the bottom had dropped out of the market, and her money as well as her mother's was swept away—lost.

He explained volubly how these things often happened in speculation, and told her that he had lost three times as much as she had in the same speculation—making a point of that as if to prove to her his honesty of purpose.

(Continued on Page 24)

He Called Thane Into His Room and Locked the Door. Nobody But the Two Men Knows What Happened There

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Take a real vacation!

Seize every means, big and little, to make the housekeeping easier. Keep supplied with Campbell's Beans. They will prove an almost daily help. Served either hot or cold, they are an ideal summer dish—appetizing, richly nourishing, wholesome, eagerly sought by hungry diners back from the beach or the woods or the open road. Ready almost instantly!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

Miss Knowlton listened dumbly. She didn't get the exact meaning of what Thane was telling her, and he was forced to more explicit explanation that her money was gone, and why, larded with his protestations of sorrow, and promises to help her recoup. Finally she fixed it in her dazed mind that she had lost; that all her money was gone. She didn't reproach Thane, nor talk much with him after she understood the extent of the calamity.

Presently she left Thane, who was still condoling with her and explaining how it happened, and went to her room. That night she shot and killed herself with a little revolver Enderly had given her for her protection when she was out at night, and had taught her to use. She left two short letters—one to her mother and one to Enderly. The letter to the mother asked for forgiveness, said she had lost the money, and could not face her mother again after putting this burden on her; that she was a failure, and better dead than alive. The one to Enderly bade him good-by, told him that she loved him, but that it was better so. That was all. She said nothing about Thane in either letter nor gave any details as to how the money was lost.

The suicide was a two days' sensation, but neither coroner nor reporters found any reason for the suicide other than nostalgia, despondency and ill health. The Gasteen woman and her boarders said nothing of what they might have known, and when the body was shipped home to Boston for burial the whole affair was soon forgotten.

Enderly was away out in what is now Dundy County, in the far southwestern corner of Nebraska, when he heard of the tragedy, and could not get back to Omaha for ten days. When he arrived he talked at length with Mrs. Gasteen, her daughter, the son and the other boarders. Miss Knowlton and the daughter of the house were of about the same age, and had come to be close friends. Miss Knowlton had confided her hopes and plans to the girl. She had been so happy over the idea that she was about to make her small fortune, provide for her mother and marry the man she loved that she had told the Gasteen girl everything.

Enderly said nothing to Thane for several days. He spent hours thinking the thing out, and clarifying and centering his suspicions. One night, about a week after he returned, he called Thane into his room and locked the door. Nobody but the two men knows what happened there. The Gasteens, suspicious of Thane, also, and knowing him as the agent through whom the money was lost, were terrified. They thought Enderly would kill Thane. He didn't. In about an hour Thane, white and shaken, came out and went to his own room. Later Enderly notified Mrs. Gasteen that he was leaving that night, and disappeared. Next day he sent for his belongings. The Gasteens never saw him again. Thane stayed for a time, and finally moved on to Chicago. Meantime Enderly had left Omaha also.

Carthew found the Widow Gasteen's son in Omaha, and through him traced the daughter, who was married to a carpenter named Johnson. The son, who was of an age of Thane and Enderly, was the source of some information, but Mrs. Johnson, whose memory of Miss Knowlton and her tragedy was vivid, told most, because Miss Knowlton had been her friend, had been kind to her, and was the first young woman from the East she had ever met or known. The tragedy was the outstanding thing that had happened in the life of Mrs. Johnson, and she was keenly reminiscent of it after Carthew had won her confidence. Carthew checked dates and the main facts of the story from the files of the newspapers of the period, and was satisfied that he had the genesis of the hatred. He filled in the skeleton of it with his own deductions, and at the end of it, as it appeared in his notebooks, he added these questions and tentative answers for elaboration when he came to amplify the story as a chapter for his book:

"Why didn't Enderly kill Thane? He is a man of courage, determination and action. Probably, because he felt that the killing of Thane would reflect on the girl, drag her name into an unpleasant newspaper sensation, especially as a murder following a suicide so closely in the same boarding house would start the reporters avidly on the story, and undoubtedly connect Miss Knowlton with it.

"Did Enderly even then show the vision that has characterized him? This may be. After all, the killing of a man who has injured you is the crudest and most bootless manner of revenge. It gratifies an instant and perhaps overpowering hatred, but, once dead, your revenge dies with the subject of it. Killing is the outcome of lack of imagination, the resort of the stolid mind that sees nothing but the immediate and climacteric satisfaction of anger or insult or hurt. Enderly was a young man at the time and may not have figured it out as philosophically as that, but probably the thought that he would smirch Miss Knowlton's name was his actuating motive.

"However, sometime along later in his life, even if not then, Enderly must have determined on a systematic campaign with revenge as its object. He tried to destroy Thane financially, and in every other way, especially in a political way, after Thane began to operate on the theory that a man with enough money, who will spend it, can control the Government. The theory was sound enough, possibly, but its operation was impeded by the opposition of Enderly, who had money and buying power himself, and that developed as Enderly developed."

Carthew often puzzled over those questions, and tried, on occasion, to lead Enderly into a discussion of the affair, but never succeeded. Enderly always told him: "Never mind what began it. Our job is to finish it."

x

THE Hon. Ewen Norton arrived in Washington on the day appointed for his conference with the President and went to the White House, where he was received by the secretary and asked if it would be convenient for him to come to luncheon at one o'clock and remain after luncheon for an hour or so with the President. Norton was pleased with his recognition, had prepared himself thoroughly on the subjects the President had mentioned for discussion, but was somewhat puzzled over his invitation at this time, because the topics the President had indicated were neither novel nor new, nor did they seem pressing. He walked over on the Mall and sat down on a bench near the Monument, considering his invitation casually, but not particularly concerned to find an explanation for it beyond his own standing and reputation. He was glad to be of assistance to the President if he could be, and interested in anticipation of what might develop.

Norton was a man of two expressions. There was enough of the serious and thoughtful about him to give the student impression, and there was a swing to his shoulders and a vigor in his walk that stamped him as an outdoor man also—that combined the library and the links in any assay of him. He was an inch, or a shade more, under six feet, well lunged, well set-up, well proportioned. His face was tanned, his hands muscular and his voice robust, while his eyes were the inquiring eyes of the student and his mouth the close-lipped mouth of the investigator. He was clean-shaven, gray-haired, of affable and agreeable manners, and with a wide interest in contemporaneous affairs joined with a capacity for analysis and deduction that functioned admirably through the medium of a well-trained mind. He was known to his intimates as an informed man, with an interest in politics, especially in the economic and sociological phases thereof; and to a certain section of the public as a citizen who in various capacities had demonstrated integrity and intelligence. Popularly he was ranked, when ranked at all, with the highbrows, and personally he was of conservative tendencies because of his birth and upbringing, and his associations and employments.

There were four other guests at the luncheon, which was a simple and expeditious function, consisting of bouillon, chops, potatoes persillade, a salad, orange charlotte and coffee. A white wine was offered. Conversation turned largely on recent experiments in aviation, the results of some Department of Agriculture experiments with the date palm, and a book on the future state of life recently put forth by a well-known and fervent investigator of psychic phenomena.

No politics was talked, nor any topic of governmental interest broached. The waiters, who served such luncheons nearly every day, were precise and practiced, and there was little delay. In three-quarters of an hour coffee had been drunk and cigars lighted. The President lingered until his guests were well along with their cigars, and then rose, made his good-byes, and indicated to Norton that he was to come with him. Within an hour of the time they sat down at luncheon Norton was with the President in his study.

At approximately the same moment the Hon. Cato Enderly telephoned from his office in the Senate wing to the Hon. Peter Hosmer, secretary to the President.

"Peter," he asked, "did Norton show up?"

"Yes, sir; he's up with the President now."

"What are you saying to the newspaper men about his visit?"

"Oh, that he came on especial invitation, was a guest at luncheon and conferred on important governmental matters. The usual thing."

"Can't you go a little stronger than that, Peter?"

"Sure I can, senator, if you will tell me what you want."

"Well, feed it out that Norton is a rather important personage in his line, that he is an authority on government and economics, and that he has been mentioned several times for high political place, but has always preferred to continue in private life. Put that in, Peter, and play it up a little. Make him a personage instead of just a person with a bid to lunch at the White House. Get me?"

"I do," answered the expert Peter. "I'll see that he is properly exploited."

"And, Peter, make it a little mysterious—just a shade of secrecy, you know. Be a bit evasive when they ask for the real reason for his visit; display that hesitancy that will make the correspondents curious and make Norton news—you understand."

"All right, if he doesn't do any talking himself."

"The President will attend to that. Thank you, Peter."

Peter Hosmer, secretary to the President, was a better politician than his chief, as should be and generally is the White House case. He puzzled a little over his conversation with Enderly, wondering what was in the wind, but as he knew the status of Enderly both with the President and in the party he began carrying out his instructions by telephoning over to the residence section of the White House and instructing the head usher to see to it that Norton went out the main door and was not brought out through the executive offices, where he would pass the press room and become subject to the ministrations of the correspondents. Then he prepared an ambiguous bulletin about Norton and his visit that intimated much and said little, and sent that out to the press room, knowing there would be insistent inquiry about it later.

Norton left at a quarter past two, and at four o'clock Hosmer received the correspondents. They asked about Norton. Hosmer was vague, hesitant; some important matters—couldn't say just what, but Norton was an international lawyer of high standing; might be those arbitration treaties—couldn't say; or possibly the Japanese question; also, there was a commission forming for investigation of various problems of capital and labor. "Norton is an economist, you know."

"Any politics?"

"Not that I know of, but you never can tell. Norton was mentioned for a cabinet place some years ago, you recall."

xi

THE result of Peter's conference with the correspondents was that next morning the Hon. Ewen Norton instead of getting a few lines in the papers as a luncheon guest at the White House got a good many lines as having been called in by the President for consultations on important and pressing matters. What those important and pressing matters were, and how important and how pressing, depended on the ingenuity and imagination of the men who wrote the various dispatches; and a large number of people who had never heard of Ewen Norton before read his name and the accounts of his visit to the President with greater or less interest.

In any event, Ewen Norton had his preliminary registration on the national public mind, and the Hon. Cato Enderly was highly pleased. He dropped into the White House next morning on his way to the Senate and saw the President in his office.

"How did my man stack up?" he asked.

"You mean Norton?"

"Yes."

"Well, Cato, if you are going to convert him to a usable instrument for your conservative radicalism, or radical conservatism, whichever it is, you'd better start right in, because while he is inherently conservative now in his manner of thinking his mind is not closed on the subject and he is not at all certain that a mild brand of scientific socialism would not be a remedy for a good many things he finds in need of correction. However, he has his doubts. His thesis, as I drew it out of him, is that while the preservation of our democracy rests on a successful fight against our present tendency toward centralized government, he thinks, at the same time, such a fight might easily result in mass centralization, or mass tyranny, as he calls it, that would defeat the object of the contest. As I size him up he is not a democrat, but is democratic in an intellectual sort of way."

"That's exactly what we need," said Enderly. "We couldn't use a real radical democrat because a real democrat, being of the people and understanding them in his heart, detests and despises them for their ineptitudes and unintelligences and lack of assertion of their power. Dig into any one of these champions of the masses and you will find that to be a fact. If he is an intellectual democrat we can steer him."

"Maybe so, but I warn you it will take capable steerers to do the job, because he's nobody's fool, has a wide range of information on many subjects, opinions of his own and ability to express them."

"Talk any politics with him?"

"Just enough to find out that he is regular and always has been, but no bigot."

"Looks like fairly good raw material for our purposes, then?"

"Possibly. The chief objection I see to him is that he isn't nationally known to the voters."

"We'll look out for that," said Enderly, "if we decide to go through with him. Carthew and the others can make him a national figure of considerable proportions in six months."

"How?"

"With publicity, my dear Jim; with publicity—that marvelous agent that makes Presidents, sells soap, destroys empires and induces people to buy mining stock."

"Have you talked to him yet?"

"Not yet, but I shall soon."

"What tack are you going to take with him?"

(Continued on Page 37)

Rob.t Burns
Cigar is
Full Havana
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PERFECTOS: 2 *for* 25c
INVINCIBLES: 15c *straight*
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NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

MANSLAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 5)

money to keep changing the policemen. Just as you reached a satisfactory arrangement with one of them you found yourself confronted by another. She wasn't in the least alarmed, though he was scolding her roughly—scolding, to be candid, very much as her own father had done. She did not object to his words, but she hated the power of the law behind them—hated the idea that she herself was not the final judge of the rate at which she should drive.

Now he was getting his summons ready. Glancing idly into her mirror, she saw far away, like a little moving picture, the governess cart come into view. She intended to settle the matter before those giggling, goggle-eyed children came abreast. She was a person in whom action followed easily and instantly from the decision to act. Most people, after making a decision, hesitate like a stream above a waterfall, and then, plunging too quickly, end in foam and whirlpools. But Lydia's will, for good or evil, flowed with a steady current.

She looked down at the seat beside her for her mesh bag, opened it and found that Evans, who was good deal of a goose, had forgotten to put her purse in it, although she knew bridge was to be played. Lydia looked up and saw that the officer of the law had followed her gesture with his eyes. She slipped Bobby's bracelet off her arm, and holding her hand well over the edge of the car dropped it on the road. She heard it tinkle on the hard surface.

"You dropped something," he said.

"No."

He swung a gaitered leg from the motorcycle and picked up the bracelet.

"Isn't this yours?"

She smiled very slightly and shook her head, once again in complete mastery of the situation.

"Whose is it then?"

"I think it must be yours," she answered with a sort of sweet contempt, and still looking him straight in the eye she leaned over and put her gear in first. He said nothing, and her car began to move forward. Presently she heard the sound of a motorcycle going in the opposite direction. She smiled to herself. There was always a way.

She found them waiting for her at Eleanor's, and she felt at once that the atmosphere was hostile; but when Lydia really liked people, and she really liked all the three who were waiting, she had command of a wonderfully friendly coöperative sort of gayety that was hard to resist.

She liked Eleanor Bellington better than any woman she knew. They had been friends since their school days. Eleanor had brains and a dry, bitter tongue, usually silent, and she wasn't the least bit afraid of Lydia. She was blond, plain, aristocratic, independent and some years Lydia's senior. Fearless in thought, she was conservative in conduct. All her activity was in the intellectual field, or else vicariously, through the activity of others. There were always two or three interesting men, coming men, men of whom one said on speaking of them "You know, he's the man ——" who seemed to be intimately woven into Eleanor's everyday life. A never-ending subject of discussion among Miss Bellington's friends was the exact emotional standing of these intimacies of Nellie's.

Lydia liked Tim Andrews too—a young man of universal friendships and no emotions; but most necessary of all to her enjoyment was Bobby Dorset, who came out to meet her, sauntering down the steps with his hands in his pockets. He looked exactly as a young man ought to look—physically fit, masculine. He was young—younger than his twenty-six years. There wasn't a line of any kind in his clean-shaven face, and the time had come had almost come—when something ought to have been written there. The page was remaining blank too long. That was the only criticism possible of Bobby's appearance, and perhaps only an elderly critic would have thought of making it. Lydia certainly did not. When he smiled at her, showing his regular, handsome teeth, she thought he was the nicest-looking person she knew.

Just as she had expected, the bridge table was set inside the house, and while she was protesting and having it moved to the terrace she mentioned that she was late because she had had a fuss with Miss Bennett.

"Dear little Benny," said Andrews. "She's like a nice brown-eyed animal with gray fur, isn't she?"

"Tim always talks as if he were in love with Benny."

"She's so gentle, Lydia, and you are so ruthless with her," said Dorset.

"I have to be, Bobby," answered Lydia, and perhaps to no one else would she have stooped to offer an explanation. "She's gentle, but marvelously persistent. She gets her own way by slow infiltration. I wish you'd all tell me what to do. Benny is a person on whom what you say in a critical way makes no impression until you say it so as to hurt her feelings, and then it makes no impression because she's so taken up with her feelings being hurt. That's my problem with her."

"It's everybody's problem with everybody," replied Eleanor.

"She likes to ask her dull friends to the house when I'm there to entertain them."

"Entertain them with a blackjack," said Bobby.

"She had two prison reformers there to-day—old women with pear-shaped faces, and I had a perfectly horrid morning in town trying to get some rags to put on my back, and—Nell, will you tell me why you recommended Lurline to me? I never saw such atrocious clothes."

"I didn't recommend her," answered Nellie, unstampeded by the attack. "I told you that pale, pearl-like chorus girl dressed there, and your latent desire to dress like a chorus girl ——"

"Oh, Lydia doesn't want to dress like a chorus girl!"

"Thank you, Bobby."

"She wants to dress like the savages in Aïda."

"In mauve *maillots* and chains?"

"In tiger skins and beads, and crouch through the jungle."

"I was so sulky I didn't give a cent to prison reform. Do you think prisons ought to be made too comfortable? I don't want to be cruel, but ——"

"Well, it's something, my dear, that you don't want to be."

"You mean I am? That's what Benny says. But I'm not. Is this ten cents a point?"

Eleanor, who like many intellectuals found her excitement in fields where chance was eliminated, protested that ten cents a point was too high, but her objections were swept away by Lydia.

"Oh, no, Eleanor; play for beans if you want; but if you are going to gamble at all ——"

Tim Andrews interrupted.

"My dear Lydia," he said, "I feel it only right to tell you that the Anti-Lydia Club was being organized when you arrived. Its membership consists of all those you have bullied, and its object is to oppose you in all small matters."

"Whether I'm right or not, Tim?"

"Everybody's worst when they're right," murmured Eleanor.

"We decided before you came that we all three wished to play five cents a point," Tim continued firmly.

"All right," said Lydia briskly. "Only you know it bores me, and it bores Bobby, too, doesn't it, Bobby?"

"Not particularly," replied Dorset; "but I know if it bores you none of us will have a pleasant time."

Lydia smiled.

"Is that an insult or a tribute?"

Bobby smiled back at her.

"I think it's an insult, but you rather like it."

Half an hour later they were playing for ten cents a point.

II

LYDIA had offered to drop Bobby at the railroad station on her way home, although she had to go a few miles out of her way to do it. He was going back to town. It was dark by the time they started. She liked the feeling of having him there tucked in beside her while she absolutely controlled his destiny for the next half hour. She liked even to take risks with his life, more precious to her at least for the time than any other, in the hope that he would protest, but he never did. He understood his Lydia.

After a few minutes she observed, "I suppose you know Eleanor has a new young man."

"Intensely interesting, or absolutely worth while?" he asked.

"Both, according to her. She's bringing him out at the Piers' this evening. She was just asking me to be nice to him."

"Like asking the boa constrictor to be nice to a newborn lamb, isn't it?"

"If I'm nice to her men it gives her a feeling of confidence in them."

"If you're nice to them you take them away from her."

"No, Bobby. It's a funny thing, but it isn't so easy as you think to get Eleanor's men away from her."

"Ah, you've tried?"

"She has a funny kind of hold on them. It's her brains. She has brains, and they appreciate it. I don't often want her men. They're apt to be so dreadful. Do you remember the biologist with the pearl buttons on his boots? This one is in politics—or something. He has a funny name—O'Bannon."

"Oh, yes—Dan O'Bannon."

"You know him?"

"I used to know him in college. Lord, he was a wild man in those days!" Bobby snickered reminiscently. "And now he's the local district attorney."

"What does a district attorney do, Bobby?"

"Why, he's a fellow elected by the county to prosecute ——"

"Look here, Bobby, if the Emmonses ask you to spend this coming Sunday with them, go, because I'm going." She interrupted him because it was the kind of explanation that she had never been able to listen to. In fact she had so completely ceased to listen that she was unaware of having interrupted the answer to her own question, and Bobby did not care to bring the matter to her attention for fear her invitation to the Emmonses might be lost in the subsequent scuffle. Besides, he esteemed it his own fault. Most people who ask you a question like that really mean to say, "Would there be anything interesting to me in the answer to this question? If not, for goodness' sake don't answer it." So he gladly abandoned defining the duties of the district attorney and answered her more important statement.

"Of course I'll go, only they haven't asked me."

"They will—or else I won't go. You'll come out on Friday afternoon."

"I can't, Lydia, until Saturday."

"Now, Bobby, don't be absurd. Don't let that old man treat you like a slave."

Lydia's attitude to Bobby's work was a trifle confusing. She wished him to attain a commanding position in the financial world but had no patience with his industry when it interfered with her own plans. The attaining of any position at all seemed unlikely in Bobby's case. He was a clerk in the great banking house of Gordon & Co., a firm which in the course of a hundred and twenty-five years had built itself into the very financial existence of the country. In almost any part of the civilized globe to say you were with Gordon & Co. was a proud boast. But pride was all that a man of Bobby's type was likely to get out of it. Promotion was slow. Lydia talked of a junior partnership some day, but Bobby knew that partnerships in Gordon & Co. went to qualities more positively valuable than his. Sometimes he thought of leaving them, but he could not bear to give up the easy honor of the connection.

It was better to be a doorkeeper with Gordon & Co. than a partner with some ephemeral firm.

It amused him to hear her talk of Peter Gordon treating him like a slave. The dignified, middle-aged head of the firm, whose business was like an ancestral religion to him, hardly knew his clerks by sight.

"It isn't exactly servile to work half a day on Saturday," he said mildly.

"They'd respect you more if you asserted yourself. Do come on Friday, Bobby. I shall be so bored if you're not there."

He reflected that after all he would rather be dismissed by Gordon & Co. than by the young lady beside him.

"Dearest Lydia, how nice you can be when you want to—like all tyrants."

They had reached the small deserted wooden hut that served as a railroad station, and Lydia stopped the car.

"I suppose it's silly, but I wish you wouldn't say that—that I'm a tyrant," she said appealingly. "I don't want to be, only so often I know I know better what ought to be done. This afternoon, for instance, wasn't it much better for us all to play outside instead of in that stuffy little room of Eleanor's? Was that being a tyrant?"

"Yes, Lydia, it was; but I like it. All I ask is a little tyrant in my home."

She sighed so deeply that he leaned over and kissed her cool cheek.

"Good-by, my dear," he said.

The kiss did not go badly. He had done it as if, though not sure of success, he was not adventuring on absolutely untried ground.

"I think you'd better not do that, Bobby."

"Do you hate it?"

"Not particularly, only I don't want you to get dependent on it."

He laughed as he shut the car door. The light of the engine was visible above the low woods to their left.

"I'll take my chances on that," he said.

As she drove away she felt the injustice of the world. Everyone did ask your advice; they did want you to take an interest, but they complained when this interest led you to exert the slightest pressure on them to do what you saw was best. That was so illogical. You couldn't give a person advice that was any good unless you entered in and made their problem yours, and of course if you did that—only how few people except herself ever did it for their friends—then you were concerned, personally concerned that they should follow your advice. They were all content, too, she thought, when her tyranny worked out for their good. Bobby, for instance, had not complained of her having forced the Emmonses to ask him for Sunday. He thought that commendable. Perhaps the Emmonses hadn't. And yet how much better to be clear. She did not want to go and spend Sunday with anyone unless she could be sure of having someone to amuse her. Suppose she had gone there and found that like Benny they were using her to entertain some of their dull friends. That would have made her angry. She might have been disagreeable and broken up a friendship. This way it was safe.

She did not get home until half past seven, and she was dining at eight, fifteen minutes' drive away.

A pleasant smell of roses and wood smoke greeted her as she entered the house. She loved her house, with the broad shingles and classic pilasters of the front still untouched. Ten years ago her father had bought it—a nice old farmhouse with an ornamental band running round it below the eaves and a perfect little porch before the door. Since then she had been becoming more and more attached to it as it became more and more the work of her own creation. She had added whatever she needed without much regard to the effect of the whole—a large paneled room, English as much as anything, an inner garden suggestive of a Spanish patio, a tiled Italian hall and a long servants' wing that was nothing at all.

She put her head in the dining room, where Miss Bennett in a stately tea gown was just beginning a solitary dinner.

"Hello, Benny! Have a good dinner. I forgot to tell you I'm going to the Emmonses for Sunday, so if you want to ask someone down to keep you company, do. I'm going to be late for dinner."

Miss Bennett smiled and nodded, recognizing this as a peace demonstration. Fourteen years had taught her that Lydia was not without generosity.

Fourteen years ago this coming winter the Thornes had entered Miss Bennett's life. Old Joe Thorne had come by appointment to her little New York apartment. The appointment had been made by a friend of Miss Bennett's—Miss Bennett's friends were always looking for something desirable for her in those days. Her family, who had been identified with New York for a hundred and fifty years, had gradually declined in fortune until the panic of 1893 had almost wiped out the little fortune of Adeline and her mother, the last of the family. Adeline had been brought up, not in luxury but in a comfortable, unalterable feminine idleness. She had always had all

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PACKARD

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Every Packard Truck owner also has the benefit of service facilities established nationwide for the maintenance of the Packard Truck at the highest possible level of earning efficiency.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT

Ask the man who owns one

(Continued from Page 26)

the clothes she needed to go about among the people she knew, and they were the people who had everything. The Bennetts had never kept a carriage, but they had never stinted themselves in cabs. The truth was they had never stinted themselves in anything that they really wanted. And Adeline, when she found herself alone in the world at thirty, with an income of only a few thousand, continued the family tradition of having what she wanted. She took a small apartment, which she contrived to make charming, and she lived nicely by the aid of her old French nurse, who came and cooked for her and dressed her and turned her out as perfectly as ever. She continued to dine out every night, and though nominally she spent her summers in New York as an economy, she was always on somebody's yacht or in somebody's country house. She paid any number of visits and enjoyed life more than most people.

Her friends, however, for she had the power of creating real attachments, were not so well satisfied. At first they were persuaded that Adeline would marry—it was so obviously the thing for Adeline to do—but she was neither designing nor romantic. She lacked both the reckless emotion which may lead one to marry badly and the cold-blooded determination to marry well.

She was just past forty the day Joe Thorne came. She could still see him as he entered in his blue overcoat with a velvet collar. A big powerful man with prominent eyes like Bismarck's, and a heavy dark brown mustache bulging over his upper lip. He did not expect to give much time to the interview. He had come to see if Miss Bennett would do to bring up his daughter, who at ten years was giving him trouble. He wanted her prepared for the social opportunities he intended her to have. It seemed strange to him that a person who lived as simply as Miss Bennett could really have these social opportunities in her control, but he had been advised by people whom he trusted that such was the fact, and he accepted it.

He was the son of a Kansas farmer, had left the farm as a boy and settled in a small town, and had learned the trade of bricklaying. By hard work he gradually amassed a few hundred dollars, and this he invested in a gravel bank just outside the town. It was the only gravel bank in the neighborhood and brought him a high return on the money. Then just as the gravel was exhausted the town began to spread in that direction, and Thorne was arranging to level his property and sell it in building lots, when a still more unexpected development took place. Oil was struck in the neighborhood, and beneath Thorne's gravel lay a well.

If Fate had intended him to be poor she should never have allowed him to make his first thousand dollars, for from the moment he had any surplus everything he touched did well. In one of his trips to the Louisiana oil district he met and married a local belle, a slim, pale girl with immense dark-circled black eyes and a skin like a gardenia. She followed him meekly about the country from oil wells to financial centers until after the birth of her daughter. Then she settled down in Kansas City and waited his rare visits. The only inconsiderate thing she had ever done to him was to die and leave him with an eight-year-old daughter.

For several stormy years he tried various solutions—foreign governesses who tried to marry him, American college girls who attempted to make him take his fair share of parental responsibility, an old cousin who had been a school-teacher and dared to criticize his manner of life. At last his enlarging affairs brought him to New York, and he heard of Miss Bennett. He heard of her through Wiley, his lawyer. Wiley, a man in the forties, then attaining preeminence at the bar in New York, had been thought by many people to be an ideal husband for Adeline. They were old friends. He admired her, wished her well, and thought of her instantly when his new client applied to him for help.

The minute Thorne saw Miss Bennett he saw that she would do perfectly. He made her the offer of a good salary. He couldn't believe that she would refuse it. She could hardly believe it herself, for she was unaccustomed to setting up her will against anyone's, least of all against a man like Joe Thorne, who had successfully battled his way up against the will of the world. The contest went on for weeks and weeks. Poor Miss Bennett kept consulting her friends, almost agreeing to go when she saw Thorne, and then telephoning him that she had changed her mind, and bringing him round to her apartment—which was just what she didn't want—to argue her into it again.

Some of her friends opposed her going to the house of a widower whose reputation in regard to women was not spotless. Others thought—though they did not say—that if she went, and succeeded in marrying him, she would be doing better than she had any right to expect. Perhaps if Miss Bennett could have fallen in love with Lydia she might have yielded, but even at ten, Lydia, a black-eyed determined little person, inspired fear more than love.

Poor Adeline grew pale and thin over the struggle. At last she decided, after due consultation with friends, to end the matter by being a little bit rude, by telling Thorne that she just didn't like the whole prospect; that she preferred her own little place and her own little life.

"Like it—like this cramped little place?" he said, looking about at the sunshine and chintz and potted daisies of her cherished home. "But I'd make you comfortable, give you what you ought to have—Europe, your friends, your carriage, everything."

He went on to argue with her that she was wrong, utterly wrong to like her own life. Her last card didn't win. She yielded at last for no better reason than that her powers of resistance were exhausted.

Thorne was then living in a house on a corner of upper Fifth Avenue, with a pale-pink brocade ballroom running across the front and taking all the morning sunshine, and a living room and library at the back so dark that you couldn't read in it at midday, with marble stairs and huge fireplaces that didn't draw—a terrible house. Some years later, under Miss Bennett's influence, he had bought the more modest house in the Seventies where Lydia now spent her winters. But it was to the Fifth Avenue house that Miss Bennett came, and found herself plunged into one of the most desperate struggles in the world. Thorne, whose continuous interest was given to business, attempted to rule Lydia in crises—by scenes, scenes of a violence that Miss Bennett had never seen equaled. As it turned out, her coming weakened Thorne's power; not that she wasn't usually on his side—she was—but she was an audience, and Thorne had some sense of shame before an audience, while Lydia had none at all.

Many a time she had seen him box Lydia's ears and, mild as she was, had been glad to see him do it. But it was his violence that undid him. It was then that Lydia became suddenly dignified and, unbroken, contrived to make him appear like a brute.

There is nothing really more unbreakable than a child who considers neither her physical well-being nor public opinion. An older person, however violent, has learned that he must consider such questions, and it is a weakness in a campaign of violence to consider anything but the desired end.

And on the whole Thorne lost. He could make Lydia do or refrain from doing specific acts—at least he could when he was at home. He had not permitted her at eight to keep her great Danes nor at thirteen to drive a high-stepping hackney in a red-wheeled cart which she ordered for herself without consultation with anyone.

The evening after that struggle was over he had asked Miss Bennett to marry him. She knew why he did it. Lydia in the course of the row had referred to her as a paid companion. He had long been considering it as a sensible arrangement, particularly in case of his death. Miss Bennett refused him. She tried to think that she had been tempted by his offer, but she was not. To her he seemed a violent man who had been a bricklayer, and she always breathed a sigh of relief when he was out of the house. She was glad that he did not press the point, but in after years it was a solid comfort to her to remember that she might have been Lydia's stepmother if she had chosen.

But it was in the long-drawn-out contest that Thorne failed. He could not make Lydia keep governesses that she didn't like. Her method was simple—she made their lives so disagreeable that nothing could make them stay. He never succeeded in getting her to boarding school, though he and Miss Bennett, after a long conference, decided that that was the thing to do. But that failure was partly due to his failing health.

That was their last great struggle. He died in 1912. In his will he left Miss Bennett ten thousand a year, with the request that she stay with his daughter until her marriage. It touched Miss Bennett that he should have seen that she could not have stayed if she had been dependent on Lydia's capricious will. It was this that made her position possible—the fact that they both knew she could go in an instant if she wanted; not that she ever doubted that Lydia was sincerely attached to her.

III

WHEN Lydia ran upstairs to dress everything was waiting for her—the lights lit, the fires crackling, her bath drawn, her underclothes and stockings folded on a chair, her green-and-gold dress spread out upon the bed, her narrow gold slippers standing exactly parallel on the floor beside it, and in the midst Evans, like a priestess waiting to serve the altar of a goddess, was standing with her eyes on the clock.

Lydia snatched off her hat, rumpled her hair with both hands as Evans began to undo her blouse. She unfastened the cuff, and then looked up with pale startled eyes.

"Your bracelet, miss?"

"Bracelet?" For a second Lydia had really forgotten it.

"The little diamond bracelet. You were wearing it this afternoon."

Something panic-stricken and excited in the girl's tone annoyed Lydia.

"I must have dropped it," she said.

The maid gave a little cry as if she herself had suffered a loss.

"Oh, to lose a valuable bracelet like that!"

"If I don't mind I don't see why you should, Evans."

Evans began unhooking her skirt in silence.

Twenty minutes later she was being driven rapidly towards the Piers'. These minutes were among the most contemplative of her life, shut in for a few seconds alone without possibility of interruption. Now as she leaned back she thought how lonely her life was—always facing criticism alone. Was she a bully, as Ilseboro had said? Perhaps she was hard. But then how could you get things done if you were soft? There was Benny. Benny, with many excellent abilities, was soft, and look where she was—a paid companion at fifty-five. Lydia suspected that ten years before her father had wanted to marry Benny, and Benny had refused. Lydia thought she knew why—because Benny thought old Joe Thorne a vulgar man whom she didn't love. Very high-minded, of course, and yet wasn't there a sort of weakness in not taking your chance and putting through a thing like that? Wouldn't Benny be more a person from every point of view if she had decided to marry the old man for his money? If she had she'd have been his widow now, and Lydia a dependent stepdaughter. How she would have hated that!

The Piers had built a perfect French château, and had been successful in changing the scrubby woods into gardens and terraces and groves. Lydia stepped out of the car and paused on the wide marble steps, wrapping her cloak about her with straight arms, as an Indian wraps his blanket about him. She turned her head slightly at her chauffeur's inquiry as to the hour of her return.

"Oh," she said, "eight—ten—bridge. Come back at eleven."

The mirrors in the Piers' dressing room were flattering as she dropped her cloak with one swift motion into the hands of the waiting servant and saw a reflection of her slim gold-and-green figure with the emerald band across her forehead.

She saw at a glance on entering the drawing-room that it wasn't a very good party—only eight, and nothing much in the line of bridge players. She listened temperately to Fanny Piers' explanation that four people had given out since six o'clock. She nodded, admitting the excuse and reserving the opinion that if the Piers gave better parties people wouldn't chuck them so often.

She looked about. There was Tim Andrews again. Well, she could always amuse herself well enough with Tim. May Swayne—a soft blond creature whom Lydia had known for many years and ignored. Indeed, May was as little aware of Lydia's methods as a mole of a thunderstorm. Then there was Hamilton Gore, the lean home wrecker of a former generation, not bad—a little elderly, a little too epigrammatic for the taste of this day; but still, once a home wrecker always a home wrecker. He was still stimulating. The last time she had talked to him he had called her a sleek black panther. That always pleases, of course. Since then Fanny Piers, a notable mischief-maker, had repeated something else he said. He had called her a futile little barbarian. She disliked the "futile." She would take it up with him; that would amuse her if everything else failed. She would say, "Hello, Mr. Gore! I suppose you hardly expected to meet a barbarian at dinner—especially a futile one." It would make Fanny wretched, but then if Fanny would repeat things she must expect to get into trouble.

And then, of course, there was Eleanor's new best bet—the intensely interesting and absolutely worthwhile young man. Lydia looked about, and there he was. Dear me, she thought, he certainly was interesting and worth while, but not quite from the point of view Eleanor had suggested—public service and political power. He was very nice looking, tall and heavy in the shoulders. He was turned three-quarters from her as she made her diagnosis. She could see little more than his mere size, the dark healthy brown of a sunburned Anglo-Saxon skin, and the deep point at the back of his neck where short thick hair grew in a deep point. Eleanor, looking small beside him, was staring idly before her, not attempting to show him off. There was nothing cheap about Eleanor. She spoke to him now, preparing to introduce him to her friend. Lydia saw him turn, and their eyes met—the queerest eyes she had ever seen. She found herself staring into them longer than good manners allowed; not that Lydia cared much about good manners, but she did not wish to give the man the idea she had fallen in love with him at first sight; only it just happened that she had never seen eyes before that flared like torches, grew dark and light and small and large like a cat's, only they weren't the color of a cat's, being gray—a pure light gray in contrast with his dark hair and skin. There was a contrast in expression too. They were a little mad, at least fanatical, whereas his mouth was controlled and legal and humorous. What was it Bobby had said about him in college—a wild man? She could well believe it. During these few seconds Eleanor was introducing him, and she was casting about for something to say to him. That was the trouble with meeting new people—it was so much easier to chatter to old friends. Benny said that was provincial. She made a great effort.

"How are you?"—this quite in the Ilseboro manner. "Are you staying near here?"

You might have counted one-two before he betrayed the least sign of having heard her. Then he said, "Yes, I live about ten miles from here."

"Oh, of course! You're a judge or something like that, aren't you?"

Was the man a little deaf?

"Something like that."

She noted that trick of pausing a second or two before answering. Ilseboro had had it too. It was rather effective in a way. It made the other person wonder if what he had said was foolish. He wasn't deaf a bit—quite the contrary.

"Aren't you going to tell me what you are?" she said.

He shook his head gravely. Then her eye fell on Gore standing at her elbow and she couldn't resist the temptation. She turned her back on Eleanor's discovery.

"Hullo, Mr. Gore! Did you expect to meet a barbarian at dinner—especially a futile one?"

Gore, unabashed, took the whole room in.

"Now," he said in his high-pitched voice, "could anything be more barbarous than that attack? Oh, yes, I said it; and what's worse, I think it, my dear young lady—I think it!"

She turned back to O'Bannon.

"Would you think I was a barbarian?" she said.

"Certainly not a futile one," he answered.

They went in to dinner. It was a fixed principle of Fanny Piers' life to put her women friends next to their own young men, so that Eleanor found herself next to O'Bannon at dinner. He was on his

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WHAT makes a car owner's satisfaction complete?

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They are the things Hupmobile owners enjoy, and from which they derive the deep-rooted satisfaction now regarded as a tangible part of Hupmobile ownership.

Jim Henry's Column

I am a Member of Two Clubs

One is chiefly used by middle-aged and elderly men—fine old boys, all of us. The other is an athletic club—young fellows mostly.

In the interest of science, I recently investigated the shaving technique of fifty members of each club. Nine out of fifty elderly men use Mennen Shaving Cream, and thirty-seven of the fifty young sports.

I suppose there is a great psychological or philosophical truth concealed in the above fact, but I am chiefly concerned with the problem of brightening the sunset trail of my old friends by blasting them loose from their addiction to hard soap.

It's a terrible thought, but I wonder if we all reach an age when the intake valve of the old idea reservoir gets all rusted and refuses to open any more.

Anyway, it's not a tendency to be encouraged. Every man ought to take out his habits and prejudices now and then and dust them off and scrutinize them to see if they measure up to the standards of youth.

No matter what sacrifice of preconceived ideas is involved, a man cannot afford to grow old.

Washington and Napoleon and Alexander the Great had no choice—they had to use hard soap or raise beards—preferably the latter.

But every man who ever made the daring experiment knows that Mennen's is so infinitely superior to old-fashioned soap that even now, after months or years of gorgeous Mennen shaves, he still shudders when he recalls the old bloody combats with his beard.

and afterwards-Mennen Talcum for Men-it doesn't show

A man is young so long as he will try a better way. So I earnestly beg you to send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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hostess' right, Gore on her left, then Lydia and Tim and May and Piers, and Eleanor again. The arrangement suited Lydia very well. She went on baiting Gore. It suited Eleanor even better. She had known Noel Piers far too long to waste any time talking to him, and as this was the arrangement he preferred, they were almost friends. This left her free to talk to O'Bannon. Her native ability, joined to her personal interest in him, made her familiar with every aspect of his work. He talked shop to her and loved it. He was telling her of a case in which labor unions, with whose aims he himself as an individual was in sympathy, had made themselves amenable to the law. That was one of the penalties of a position like his. Piers caught a few words and leaned over.

"Well, I'm pretty liberal," he said—that well-known opening of the reactionary—"but I'm not in favor of labor."

"Not even for others, Noel," said Eleanor, who did not want to be interrupted.

"I mean labor unions," replied Piers, who, though not without humor in its proper place, had too much difficulty in expressing an idea to turn aside to laugh about it. "I hope you'll be firm with those fellows, O'Bannon. I hope you're not a socialist like Eleanor."

Piers had used the word "socialist" as a hate word, and expected to hear O'Bannon repudiate the suggestion as an insult. Instead he denied it as a fact.

"No," he said, "I'm not a socialist. I think you'll find lawyers conservative as a general thing. I believe in my platform—the equal administration of the present laws. That's radical enough—for the present."

Piers gave a slight snort. Everyone, he said, believed in that.

"I don't find they do—it isn't my experience," answered O'Bannon. "Some fellows broke up a socialist meeting the other evening in New York, and no one was punished, although not only were people injured, but even property was damaged." Eleanor was the only person who caught the "even." "You know very well that if the socialists broke in on a meeting of well-to-do citizens they would be sent up the river."

Piers stared at his guest with his round, bloodshot eyes. He was a sincere man, and stupid. He reached his conclusions by processes which had nothing to do with thought, and when someone talked like this—attacking his belief that it was wrong to break up his meetings and right to break up the other man's—he felt as he did at a conjurer's performance: that it was all very clever, but a sensible person knew it was a trick, even though he could not explain how it was done.

"I'm not much good at an argument," he said, "but I know what's right. I know what the country needs, and if you show favoritism to these disloyal fellows I shall vote against you next time, I tell you frankly."

Lydia, hearing by the tones that the conversation across the table promised more vitality than her waning game with Gore about the barbarian epithet, dropped her own sentence and answered, "No one really believes in equality who's on top. I believe in special privilege."

O'Bannon, who had been contemptuously annoyed with Piers, was amused at Lydia's frankness as she bent her head to look at him under the candle shades and the light gleamed in her eyes and flashed on the emeralds on her forehead. Beauty, after all, is the greatest special privilege of all.

"That's what I said," he returned. "No one honestly believes in my platform—the equal administration of the present laws."

"I do," said Piers. "I do—everyone does."

O'Bannon glanced at him, and deciding that it wasn't worth while to take him round the circle again let the sentence drop.

"Do you believe in it yourself, Mr. O'Bannon?" asked Lydia, and she stretched out a slim young arm and moved the candle so that she could look straight at him or he at her. "I mean, if you caught some friend smuggling—me, for example—would you be as implacable as if you caught my dressmaker?"

"More so; you would have less excuse."

She laughed and shook her head.

"You know in your heart it never works like that."

"Unfortunately," he answered, "my office does not take me into Federal customs, or you might find I was right."

"The administration of the customs of the United States," Piers began, but his wife interrupted.

"Don't explain it, there's a dear," she said, and oddly enough he didn't.

Lydia was delighted with O'Bannon's challenging tone.

"I wish you were," she said, "because I know you would turn out to be just like everyone else. Or even if you are a superman, Mr. O'Bannon, you couldn't be sure all your underlings were equally noble."

"What you mean is that you habitually bribe customs inspectors."

"No," said Lydia, as one surprised at her own moderation—"no, I don't, for I never much mind paying duty; but if I did mind—well, I must own I have bribed other officers of the law with very satisfactory results."

O'Bannon, looking at her under the shades, thought—and perhaps conveyed his thought to her—that she could bribe him very easily with something more desirable than gold. It was Gore who began carefully to point out to her the risk run by the taker of the bribe.

"You did not think of him, my dear young lady."

"Yes, I did," answered Lydia. "He wanted the money and I wanted the freedom. It was nice for both of us." She glanced at O'Bannon, who was talking to Mrs. Piers as if Lydia didn't exist. She felt no hesitation in interrupting.

"You couldn't put me in prison for that, could you, Mr. O'Bannon?"

"No, I'm afraid not," said O'Bannon, and turned back to Fanny Piers.

After dinner she told Eleanor in strict confidence the story of the bicycle policeman, and made her promise not to tell O'Bannon.

"I shouldn't dream of telling anyone," said Eleanor with her humorous lift of the eyebrows. "I think it's a perfectly disgusting story and represents you at your very worst."

When they sat down to bridge Lydia drew O'Bannon, and whatever antagonism had flashed out between them at dinner disappeared in a perfectly adjusted partnership. They found they played very much the same sort of game; they understood one another's makes and leads, and knew as if by magic the cards that the other held. It seemed as if they could not mistake each other. They were both courageous players, ready to take a chance, without overbidding. They knew when to be silent, and, with an occasional bad hand, to wait. But the bad hands were few. They had the luck not only of holding high cards but of holding cards which invariably supported each other. Their eyes met when they had triumphantly doubled their opponents' bids; they smiled at each other when they had won a slam by a subtle finesse or by patiently forcing discards. Their winnings were large. Lydia seemed as steady as a rock—not a trace of excitement in her look.

O'Bannon thought, after midnight when he was totaling the score, "I could make a terrible fool of myself about this girl."

When they were leaving he found himself standing on the steps beside her. The footman had run down the drive to see why her chauffeur, after a wait of more than an hour, wasn't bringing her car round. O'Bannon, who was driving himself in an open car, came out, turning up the collar of his overcoat, and found himself alone with her in the pale light of the waning moon, which gave, as the waning moon always does, the effect of being a strange, unfamiliar celestial visitor.

O'Bannon, like so many strict supporters of law, was subject to invasions of lawless impulses. He thought now how easy it would be to run off with a girl like this one and teach her that civilization was not such a complete protection as she thought it. What an outcry she would make, and yet perhaps she wouldn't really object! He had a theory that men and women were more susceptible to emotion in the first minutes of their meeting than at any subsequent time—at least in such first meetings as this.

She was standing wrapping her black-and-silver cloak about her with that straight-armed Indian pose.

"It's a queer light, isn't it?" she said.

He agreed. Something certainly was queer—the greenish silver light on the withered leaves or the mist like a frothy flood on the lawn. Just as she spoke two brighter lights shone through the mist—her car coming up the drive with the footman standing on the step.

"Is that yours?" he asked.

She nodded, knowing that he was watching her

"Why don't you send it away," he went on very quietly, "and let me drive you home? This is no night for a closed car."

He hardly knew whether he had a plan or not, but his pulses beat more quickly as she walked down the steps without answering him. He did not know whether she was going to get into her car and drive away or give orders to the man to go home without her. Then he saw that the footman was closing the door on an empty car and the chauffeur releasing his brake. When she came up the steps he was looking at the moon.

"I never get used to its waning," he said, as if he had been thinking of nothing else.

She liked that—his not commenting in any way on her accepting an invitation not entirely conventional from a stranger. Perhaps he did not know that it wasn't. Oh, if he could only keep on like that—maintaining that remote impersonality until she herself wanted him to be different! But if he wrapped the lap robe about her with too lingering an arm, or else, flying to the other extreme, began to be friendly and chatty, pretending that there was nothing extraordinary in two strangers being alone like this in a sleeping, moonlit world ——

He did neither. When he brought the car to the steps the lap robe was folded back on the seat so that she could wrap it about her own knees. She did so with an exclamation. The mist clung in minute drops to its rough surface.

"It's wet," she said.

He did not answer—did not speak even, when as they left the Piers' place it became necessary to choose their road. He chose without consultation.

"But do you know where I live?" she asked.

"Be content for once to be a passenger," he replied.

The answer had the good fortune to please. She leaned back, clasping her hands in her lap, relaxing all her muscles.

On the highroad she was less aware of the moon, for the headlights made the mist visible like a wall about them. She felt as if she were running through a new element and could detect nothing outside the car. She was detached from all previous experience, content to be, as he had said, for once a passenger. This was a new sensation. She remembered what Ilseboro had said about her being a bully. Well, she'd try the other thing to-night. She only hoped it wouldn't end in some sort of a scene. She glanced up at her companion's profile. It looked quiet enough, but she decided that she had better not go on much longer without making him speak. Her ear was well attuned to human vibrations, and if there were a certain low tremor in his voice—well, then it would be better to go straight home.

"This is rather extraordinary, isn't it?" she said. This might be interpreted in a number of ways.

"Yes, it is," he said, exactly matching her tone.

She tried him again.

"Did you enjoy the evening?" It seemed almost certain that he would answer tenderly, "I'm enjoying this part of it."

"It was good bridge," he said.

That sounded all right, she thought. His voice was as cool as her own. She could let things go and give herself up to enjoying the night and the moon and the motion and the damp air on her face and arms. She felt utterly at peace. Presently he turned from the highroad down a lane so untraveled that the low branches came swishing into her lap, and came out on a headland overlooking the Sound. Over the water the mist was only a thickening of the atmosphere which made the lights of a city across the water look like globes of yellow light in contrast to the clear red and white of a lighthouse in the foreground. He leaned forward and turned off engine and lights.

Lydia found that she was trembling a little, which seemed strange, for she felt unemotional and still. And then all of a sudden she recognized that she was really waiting—waiting to feel her cheek against his rough frieze coat and his lips against hers. It was not exactly that she wanted it, but that it was inevitable—simple—not her choice—something that must be. This was an experience that she

(Continued on Page 32)

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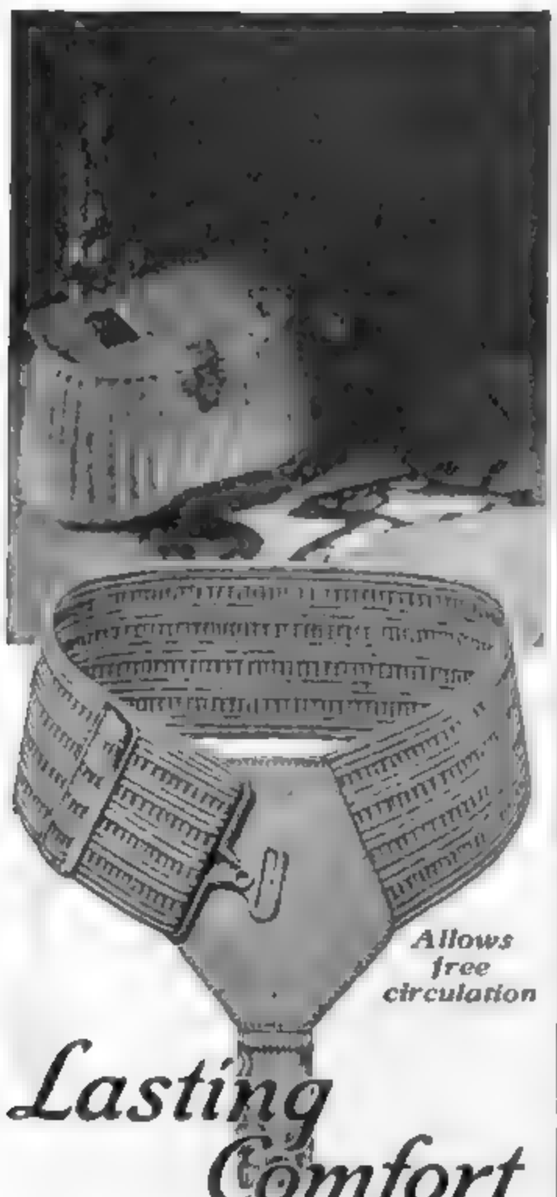

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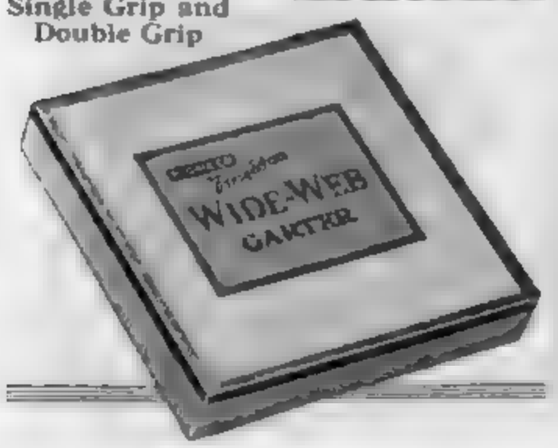

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had never had before. In the silence she felt their mutual understanding rising like a tide. She had never felt so at one with any human being as with this stranger.

Suddenly he moved, but not toward her. She saw with astonishment that he was turning the switch, touching the self-starter and the next instant backing the car out. The divine moment had gone. She would never forgive him.

They drove back in silence, except for her occasional directions about the road. His jaw was set like a little vise. Never again, she was saying to herself, would she allow herself to be a passenger. Hereafter she would control. It didn't matter what happened to you if you were master of your own emotions.

She remembered once that the husband of a friend of hers had caught her in his arms in the anteroom of a box at the opera during the darkness of a Wagnerian performance. She had felt like frozen steel, so sure of herself that she hardly hated the man. She felt more inclined to laugh at him. But this man who hadn't touched her left her feeling outraged, humiliated, because she had wanted him to kiss her, to crush her to him.

They were at her door. She stepped out on the broad flat stones under the trellis on which the grapevines grew so thickly that not even the flood of moonlight could penetrate the thick mass of verdure. The air was full of the smell of grapes. She knew he was following her. Suddenly she felt his hand, firm and confident, on her shoulder, stopping her, turning her round. She did not resist him. She felt neither resistant nor acquiescent, only that it was all inevitable. He took her head in his two hands, looking at her in the dark, and half drawing her up to him, half bending down, he pressed his lips hard against hers. She felt herself held closely in his arms. Her will dissolved, her head drooped against him.

Then inside the house the steps of the faithful Morson could be heard. He must have been waiting for the sound of an approaching motor. The door opened, letting a great patch of yellow lamplight fall on the moonlit mist. Morson peered out. For a moment he thought he must have been mistaken—there appeared to be no one there. Then his young mistress, very erect, stepped out from the shadow. A tall gentleman, a stranger to Morson, said in a voice noticeably low and vibrant, "At four to-morrow."

There was a pause. Morson, holding the door open, thought at first that Miss Thorne had not heard, and then she shocked him by her answer.

"No, don't come," she said. "I don't want you to come."

She walked into the house and indicated that he might shut the door. As he bolted it he could hear the motor moving away down the drive. Turning from the door, he saw Miss Thorne standing still in the middle of the hall, as if she, too, were listening to the lessening drum of the engine.

There was a long pause, and then Morson said, "Shall I put out the lights, miss?"

She nodded, and went slowly upstairs like a person in a trance. She seemed hardly aware of Evans waiting to undress her, but stood still in her bedroom, as she had stood still in the hall, staring blankly in front of her. Evans took her cloak from her shoulders.

"It's quite wet, miss," she said, "as if it had been dipped in the sea; and your hair too."

Miss Thorne did not come to life until in unhooking her dress Evans touched her with cold fingers. Then she started, exclaiming, "What is the matter with you, Evans?" she cried. "Do go and put your hands in hot water before you touch me. Your fingers are like ice."

The girl murmured that she had been upset since the loss of the bracelet—she felt responsible for Miss Thorne's jewels.

Lydia flung down the roll of bills and checks that represented her evening's winnings.

"I could buy myself another with what I've won to-night. Don't worry about it."

The idea occurred to her that she would buy herself a sort of *memento mori*, something to remind her not to be a weak, craven, female thing again, nestling against men's shoulders like May Swayne.

Evans did not answer but gathered up the money and the jewels and carried them into the dressing room to lock them in the safe.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"THEM THAT WAS, AIN'T"

(Continued from Page 11)

the rest of mankind, outside of unhappy Russia, in the fact that socialism should have been put to the test of realization, and, armed with unlimited power over a great nation, should have conclusively demonstrated to the whole world its absolute, colossal and tragic failure by having buried under the ruins of a once mighty empire a noble-hearted, simple-minded, generous people in a catastrophe of ruin and misery such as has never before been witnessed throughout the history of the world.

But the appalling fact remains that it was possible for a small band of exiled revolutionary conspirators and demented fanatics, who for years had been discussing among themselves their plans for the regeneration of mankind by the destruction of the social fabric of the civilized world and by the erection on its ruins of the fantastic edifice for their socialistic dreams—that it was possible for them to grip by the throat a nation of some one hundred seventy millions, to destroy from top to bottom the whole political and social fabric of a once mighty empire, and to cause more than two millions of their unfortunate victims, among them hundreds of thousands from the ranks of the educated classes, to seek in flight to foreign lands escape from the régime of terrorism unparalleled in the history of the world.

Let those who thoughtlessly hailed the advent of the Russian revolution and the downfall of so-called czarism as the dawn of a new era of liberty and democracy—let them reflect that what they were acclaiming really was the passing of one of the greatest civilized states.

Let them also reflect that the overthrow of the monarchy and the extinction, partly by bodily extirpation, partly by enforced flight, of the theretofore ruling minority, drawn from the landed gentry and other propertied and educated classes, has left the power—and for the matter of that, a villainously tyrannical power such as even Ivan the Terrible never wielded—in the hands of another minority, recruited from the dregs of the populace, the so-called proletariat, under the leadership of a small group of demented fanatics aided by a following of murderous bandits and defended and sheltered from the Russian people's wrath by Pretorian Guards of Chinese, Lettish and other foreign mercenaries.

And lastly, let them reflect that the triumphant ousting from power in the state of the bourgeoisie, or propertied classes, and the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat by the Bolshevists constitute an achievement which in itself, quite apart from the question of socialism or communism, is sufficient to suggest the tempting possibility of a successful imitation to the proletariat in other lands ignorant of or disbelieving in the condition of unspeakable wretchedness to which the triumph of the proletariat in Russia has reduced a once great and prosperous nation.

Verily, in Russia "Them that was, ain't," and those who ousted them gloat in fiendish glee over the discomfiture of their betters, not realizing that their passing forebodes the end of their common country.

Unless one clings to the belief that human events are governed by an inexorable fate, and that no human will or effort can have any share in shaping their course, one cannot help pondering on the deep-lying causes which have led up to the world catastrophe, and which, continuing to operate to this hour, stand in the way of European mankind's return to sanity and to real peace.

These causes are of a psychological nature, and must be traced back to the intellectual movement at the end of the eighteenth century and its powerful far-reaching influence in undermining the two fundamental principles of authority which for centuries had been governing the political and social life of Europe—the divine right of legitimate monarchy and unquestioning faith in the truth of revealed religion. The waning faith in these principles of authority, which had been the moral cement that held society together in Europe, opened the door to that political and social unrest which might be said to have been the main characteristic of the nineteenth century, and whose further—maybe fatal—development is yet in store for us in the twentieth in a direction we are at present unable to foresee.

The political unrest was the natural consequence of the great political upheaval of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, whose shock so profoundly unsettled the minds of men, and it confronted European statesmanship with the momentous task of devising policies apt to deal wisely with the rising tide of democracy, as well as with its corollary, the newborn question of nationalities.

On the other hand, the social unrest born of the economic distress, which was due to the same causes, found ample nourishment in the conditions brought about by the phenomenal growth of industrialism consequent upon the invention of the steam engine. This phenomenal development of industrialism, although it was accompanied by a corresponding growth of national wealth and general well-being, brought in its train—or rather was rendered possible only by—the corresponding growth of a class of laborers detached from the soil, depending for their precarious livelihood on the daily wages earned by their toil in factories, mines, on railroads, and the like—in other words, an industrial proletariat. And it was this class that the prophets of the new faith, socialism, found possessed of a mind easily receptive in regard to their teachings, whose phenomenal success has only been surpassed by that of the teachings of Mohammed and would be inexplicable except as a problem of psychology. For, however valueless as an economic doctrine, as a religious belief its power is great, and would be irresistible and might conquer the world were it not that, unlike those of Mohammedanism, its promises could be put to the test of realization, as they have been by the Bolshevists, and have been found to be fatal delusions.

It would, however, be a great mistake to believe that the tragic failure to realize in practice its fundamental doctrines had definitely sounded the death knell of socialism. The masses of mankind have never been able to live without a religious faith responding to the craving of the human soul for consolation and support in the trials of life. The waning faith of the toiling masses in revealed religion is a lamentable fact that cannot be ignored or got out of the way by a flat denial. Its total disappearance would leave a void which only a new faith could fill, and that new faith would seem to be socialism. There is the danger, and that is why the walls of Moscow are plastered by the Bolshevists with placards denouncing religion as the opium of the bourgeoisie, invented to befuddle the minds of the proletariat in order the better to enslave it.

The danger is great, and within the last five or six decades has been a constantly and ominously growing one. It has its source in the psychology of the laboring masses as influenced by the conditions in which their lives are cast. It can be counteracted only by improving these conditions in the largest possible measure within the power of the state and compatible with the interests of the nation as a whole. It should therefore have been the most important, all-absorbing task of statesmanship to gain a deeper insight into the causes, and their relative importance, of the chronic discontent which affects the psychology of the laboring masses.

What, then, are these causes, and how far would it be within the power of the state to remove them or to mitigate the hardship of their incidence?

Dissatisfaction with prevailing rates of wages is obviously apt to be always one of these causes. But in the last resort rates of wages are subject to economic laws whose operation may be temporarily interfered with to some extent, not always with gratifying results, but which the state is powerless to abrogate.

Likewise, the complaint of capitalistic tyranny in the conduct of industrial enterprises could never be silenced by any

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THE GREAT THINGS OF LIFE—CHUMS

The seventh of a series illustrating "The Great Things of Life"—painted by Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott. © E L W of G E Co

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camouflaged plans of the so-called democratization of industry, whatever that may mean. If such democratization of industry is to mean the placing of the conduct of industrial enterprises in the hands of the employes, the success achieved by the Moscow Bolshevists in destroying Russian industries by this means would seem to demonstrate conclusively its inapplicability in a civilized industrial community. It remains to be seen whether the modified plan, apparently adopted by the Italian Government, of allowing a certain degree of control over the conduct of industrial enterprises to be exercised by representatives of their employes will produce more satisfactory results.

There is, however, it seems to me, a cause of discontent common to the laboring classes everywhere, quite apart from unsatisfactory rates of wages or dissatisfaction with the absence of democratic control over industrial enterprises, and that cause is a purely psychological one—the profoundly depressing sentiment of insecurity in regard to the future, when illness or old age shall have incapacitated the laborer for the task of earning a livelihood and providing for those dependent on him.

Although believing myself always to have been fairly innocent of callous indifference to human suffering, I am ashamed to confess that I have never realized the depth of distress of mind and unremitting anxiety which this insecurity of the future is bound to cause to those untold millions who have never known the meaning of a sheltered life until I found myself and mine sharing the cruel fate of hundreds of thousands of unfortunates whom the revolution and the destruction of our country have left stranded in foreign lands, helpless and hopeless, deprived of all they possessed and counted upon to protect those near and dear to them from want and despair. In the light in which I have come now to regard this condition of material insecurity which is the common lot of all wage earners, I cannot help considering it to be really and moreover legitimately the main source of the chronic discontent of the labor proletariat, whose numerical growth had been keeping pace with the phenomenal development of industrialism, and whose disposition and frame of mind, for this reason alone even if for none other, should have been the object of most watchful care on behalf of far-seeing statesmanship. That this grievance is a legitimate one could hardly be denied. At any rate, it is evidently regarded as such by the laboring classes. That its removal, at least to some extent, by a system of insurance against loss of work through illness, and of old-age pensions, is within the bounds of possibility has been demonstrated in a country which has been indebted, presumably in no small degree, to well-considered labor legislation for the extraordinarily rapid and successful development of its industries.

The Wastes of the World War

It might, indeed, be urged against a similar policy that in that particular case it has failed to arrest the growth in size and power of the socialistic parties whose influence it was designed to disarm; and that, being practically nothing but a form of state socialism, it is objectionable in principle on that account. But it must be borne in mind that this particular form of state socialism has been in practice for a long time in regard to other classes whose claim to have their material existence in old age rendered secure has always been recognized as just and equitable, as a claim to a reward for labor and services given to the state. Since—speaking of conditions prevailing in all European countries—the justice of this claim has never been questioned in the case of the enormous army of servants of the state, is it to be wondered at that the laboring classes should consider themselves entitled to the same privilege, their labor and services being of no less importance to the welfare of the nation?

Another objection to the application on a large scale of a policy such as is outlined above might have been raised on account of its costliness. But then, aside from the axiom that no price can be too high to pay for the elimination of causes of social discontent, is it not plain that such a price would have represented but a small part of the colossal treasure wasted unproductively on ever-growing armaments in preparation for the World War which all those in the know saw coming, of which all the peoples of Europe stood in fear and awe, and whose advent was welcome but to an infinitesimally small group of ambitious statesmen, strategists, politicians and journalists in all the countries concerned? And was it not the vague and instinctive consciousness in the popular mind of the anomalous and iniquitous character of the policies which had brought about such a state of affairs that favored the rise and growth of revolutionary socialistic internationalism with its striking slogan—"Proletarians of all countries, unite"?

Small wonder, indeed, that revolutionary socialism should have hailed the outbreak of the World War as a unique chance for attempting to deliver their long-meditated assault against the fortress of capitalistic or—to use a more comprehensive term—bourgeois society divided against itself in an internecine war for political and economic supremacy.

Smaller wonder still that this assault should have met with instant and complete success in a country where society proved neither capable nor apparently even resolved to defend itself.

The Warnings of the Past

But what is one to think of this triumph of Bolshevism—that is to say, revolutionary Marxian socialism—and the menace to civilization which it implies? What is to be said of the truly tragic situation in which the professional classes find themselves placed in all formerly belligerent countries—the brain workers, on the efficiency of whose labor civilization itself is dependent; a situation infinitely worse and more hopeless than that of the laboring classes, who with the aid of their powerful organizations are able to force up the rate of wages more or less to the level of the cost of living, whereas the professional and clerical classes are seeing the purchasing power of their earnings reduced to a third or a tenth or even in some countries to a hundredth of their former value? What of the 3,500,000 starving children in Central and Eastern Europe—exclusive of unhappy Russia—who are kept alive by the unexampled charity of this great and generous nation?

It seems incredible that such an appalling catastrophe could have overtaken the European world, apparently without its approach having been sensed from afar by those in whose hands was placed the direction of the policies of the leading nations, and without any really effectual efforts having been attempted to avert it. It had been a very long time in coming. Its premonitory symptoms had marked such years as 1830, 1848 and 1871, but were not heeded as they should have been. They were not heeded because the menace they conveyed was apparently not understood in all its ominous significance. European statesmanship was blind, but its blindness was not a willful one. The times had moved too fast.

Europe's leading statesmen were called upon to act in the psychological atmosphere of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, but their psychology was the psychology of the eighteenth. They failed to deal wisely with the rising tide of democracy, alternating between stubborn resistance and panicky surrender. They bungled the delicate problem of nationalities awakened to self-consciousness and eager to assert their claims. But the most fatal blindness they displayed in their failure to realize fully the causes and the meaning of the rise and growth of socialism.

In the eyes of European statesmanship Europe was still a chessboard on which the game of high politics could be played by professionals of the art, a game whose stakes were conquest, supremacy, prestige, and which was played with pawns represented by the inarticulate peoples always ready to respond to the call of what was held out to them as the cause of patriotism. It was in the interest of this game that national feuds and hatreds were kept alive, fomented and fanned into flame when required; that alliances were sought, concluded, dissolved, remodeled; that formidable armaments were maintained, increased in constant emulation and used to keep the world in terror of the ever-present specter of threatened war.

It would, however, be unjust to lay the blame exclusively on statesmanship. So-called public opinion, that is to say, the opinions expressed in the press and in public speeches reflecting the psychology of large bodies of writers and leaders of thought—in other words, of so-called intellectuals—must be held to bear a large share of responsibility for the policies which they either inspire or zealously support. As long as that psychology holds sway over the minds of men which sees in the cult of force, of domination, of supremacy, the noblest expression of patriotism, the high priests of this cult will rule the destinies of nations; and in spite of the obligatory lip service generally rendered to the ideal of peace and good will among mankind, the pursuit of a policy aiming at the preservation or restoration of these blessings will be branded with the opprobrious term of "pacifism."

But the adepts of this cult appear to be blind to the fact that they are a minority, comprising mainly the nonproducing elements in a nation, and that however much they may thrive in an atmosphere of international hatred and strife, the overwhelming majority in all nations—the producing elements, the farmers, the peasants, the laborers, the industrials, the traders—have one predominating interest in common, and that interest is peace.

The day may be near—and indeed that is the only hope of salvaging civilization and the economic structure of the world—when these producing elements in all nations will awaken to the necessity of calling a halt, of bringing to bear the whole weight of their power on their rulers, the statesmen, the politicians, the writers, the thinkers, and to compel them to return to sanity and to real peace. But the danger of delay is great.

With the spread of socialistic propaganda among the masses and their gradual awakening to a realization of the part they were made to play in the world's affairs, the estrangement between the masses and the classes had been constantly growing and had begun to assume the character of bitter class hatred, which in Russia from the very first days of the revolution had been finding its vent in numberless murders and acts of the most brutal savagery committed on representatives of the bourgeois classes, culminating finally in the most sanguinary civil war the world has ever seen.

Errors of Statesmanship

This ominously growing sinister current of popular feeling had, indeed, for a time been diverted by the outbreak of the World War into the supposedly safer channel of international hatred. But, as one of the ablest leaders of Bolshevism had pointed out in a pamphlet said to have been published in Switzerland in the beginning of 1915, the fact that almost the whole male population of the belligerent countries was being "put through the school of war, fearful in its social realism, was creating a new human type and was bound to give rise to profound changes in working-class psychology and radically to cure the workmen of the hypnosis of bourgeois legality, a condition of which the propertied classes would soon, to their horror, have occasion to convince themselves."

This warning, uttered indeed by a then obscure and unknown political exile, was not heeded. Nor did European statesmanship on either side of the fence seem to realize that after the French victory on the Marne the war would necessarily become a long-drawn-out war of attrition and slow butchery of indefinite duration, which could only lead to the sacrifice of millions of lives of the flower of the manhood of the warring nations, and in the end was bound to bring about financial and economic ruin which neither side would be able to escape.

Or if statesmen did realize it—and to maintain that they did not would mean to cast a perhaps undeserved doubt on their competence and their enlightened patriotism—they lacked the courage to obey the dictates of reason and of their own better judgment, or else they were unable to lay the formidable ghost of hatred and revenge they themselves had raised and whose slaves they had become.

But the responsibility could not be said to be theirs alone. In the creation of the atmosphere in which alone tens of millions of naturally peaceable people could be made to endure for years the horrors of a war of mutual extermination, an atmosphere the influence of which makes itself felt to this hour and stands yet in the way of a return to real peace, they were aided and abetted and perhaps even to some extent dominated by what a prominent statesman of the last century used to call the sixth great power—the daily press.

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THE MANIKIN MAKERS

(Continued from Page 24)

"I haven't decided exactly. I've got to take soundings first on the broad and fascinating proposition of what he thinks of himself as a presidential possibility, and why; with some discreet intimations that we, as organization leaders, may have a few such thoughts concealed about us. We'll let that circulate around in him for a while, and when it is well into his system we'll proceed. We must plow and harrow before we plant, you know."

"Be careful of your seed, Cato, be careful of your seed, because ——"

Further conversation was enjoined by the entrance of Secretary Hosmer with the information that a delegation of lemon growers was outside, by appointment, desiring to urge the President to use his good offices with Congress to obtain for them a higher tariff protection for citrus fruits; the pauper lemons of Italy were about to ruin them, it was pathetically put forth.

The first thing Enderly did after he reached his office was to write a letter asking Carthew to send him a list of the most important banquets, the chief conventions, the largest conferences and other public gatherings with an economic, sociological, uplift, progressive or popular-welfare angle to them that were to be held in New York within the next two months.

The reply came promptly, containing a list of a dozen or so functions of the character required, for it was part of Carthew's business not only to keep in touch with these phases of public activity and intellectuality and effort but to utilize them for the purposes of that business.

Enderly studied the list carefully with a view to the possibilities of the units of it as advantageous forums for a man who might have something to say, selected three or four as prospects, and had his secretary look them up for him, getting details of membership, objects and news interest. The first article of his political creed was: "Never write a letter to any person that could not be printed in every newspaper and pasted on every billboard in the world without compromising the writer or discovering his plans," and he waited until he was in New York a few days later and went in to see Carthew.

"Dick," he asked, "do you know Ewen Norton?"

"Yes; I know him pretty well. He's a neighbor of mine over at Great Neck."

"What do you think of him?"

"Why, he's a solid, substantial sort of a chap, with a fine reputation in his profession, well connected, of a good American strain, naturally conservative, but somewhat tinctured with the idea of progress."

"What do you mean by 'the idea of progress'?"

"Why, I mean the belief in progress, which is quite a different thing from progress itself, and is about all there is to it so far as the world goes."

"I don't get you yet."

"Let me explain it this way: There is a wide chance for debate over the proposition that what we term progress is any more than the idea of progress, the belief in it, rather than the thing itself. It is a comparatively new subject, because the Greeks had a few glimmers of what we call progress, and the Romans looked on society as static and stabilized. The Europe of the Middle Ages had no conception of it, and even the belief in it did not get to be more than a furtive one until the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Then the race began to think they were progressing, whether they were or not, and from that thought developed what is the present-day belief in progress, which is what we term uplift; and now we have it all over the place, virulently in some quarters, moderately in others, and with reservations in others."

"You think progress is mostly mental, then?"

"Largely; as you can find out for yourself if you will go to the trouble of analyzing, historically and philosophically, what we term progress; but that's stuff from away over in the back of the book. What about Norton?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Dick; I want to get some high-class publicity for Norton."

"That's easy. He's a good subject, respectable and able. What for?"

"We might want to put him in the running as a candidate for President."

"Whew-w-w!" Carthew whistled. "Seriously?"

"It may be."

"Is he big enough for the job?"

"Any man is big enough for the job who can get it, and a good many who can't get it, also."

"You ought to know."

"I do. What I am getting at is this: There is a presidential election coming. We—meaning the organization—must have a candidate. We must have our own kind of a candidate. We must have a candidate who will, in a discreet but effective manner, be a people's candidate also. None of our fellows fills the bill. We cannot take a chance with outside men—popularly acceptable, it might be, but impossible in an organization sense. Therefore, not having our sort of a candidate in stock we must lay one in."

"Meaning Norton?"

"Tentatively. Maybe we can't build him up to our liking. However, he looks like good material. How much has that idea of progress you talk about got him? How earnest is he about it?"

"Oh, from what I know about him he's academic in it yet; thinking, you know, and talking a bit, but not acting. Intrinsically, I don't think he is any more of an uplifter than we are. At that, his mind may be open."

"Well, I wish you would make an intensive study of him for me, and get at the roots of his mind if you can. Meantime, can you fix it to have him speak at these gatherings?"

Enderly handed Carthew a paper on which were written the names and dates of two national meetings and a banquet to be held in New York within the forthcoming two months.

"Easily," Carthew answered, after he had read Enderly's little list. "I'm already in touch with the arrangement committee of one of those affairs, and can get in touch with the others without trouble. They are always eager for talent."

"Well, hand them Norton, but he mustn't know it."

"He won't; don't worry about that. He'll think his invitations are a tribute to his position and renown. What do you want him to talk about?"

"Anything germane to the objects of the gatherings he will address. Suggest two or three topics that will induce him to spread himself a little so we can get a line on his public measured thought without supplying an incentive. What I particularly want to know is how open his mind is on this progress idea, how much of a radical he is, how far he leans over on the popular side of trusts, taxation, conservation of natural resources, nationalization, government ownership, direct primaries and all that sort of thing."

"Suppose he spills the beans?"

"If he does he loses a chance to be President."

"You don't want him given a hint, then?"

"Not a hint. This must be his own thought. If we take him up we can regulate him thereafter. This is a tryout."

"All right," said Carthew. "I understand. I'll fix it for him, and after that it is up to him."

"Yes," said Enderly, "except for the publicity. You can get advance copies of his speeches, of course?"

"Sure."

"When you have them let me know, and if they read all right we'll start something for him. Otherwise he sinks back to his former status as a leading citizen with no followers to speak of. Heard anything more about that Mexican business?"

"It's coming off next week. Parara has gone down there, and I've had several code wires from him. He says it is all set, and that it will happen as per schedule."

"What about Thane?"

"Sylvester is still there, but Parara says he doesn't seem to be doing anything. What is there for him to do, when it comes to that?"

"I don't know," Enderly replied as he rose to leave, "but you'd better wire Parara to watch carefully. Lon Thane ramifies like a devilfish. His tentacles are out in every direction."

Enderly had luncheon at a downtown club with some of his financial friends, and cheered them by telling them there was no need to worry about the Constable bill, saw a few political visitors at his hotel, and at six o'clock called the Hon. Ewen Norton on the telephone at his home on Long Island.

"Sorry I didn't see you when you were in Washington," he told Norton. "I would have enjoyed renewing our acquaintance. Glad to note that the President is taking counsel of such men as you. We need your advice and ideas. Hope to see you sometime soon, and please make it a point to let me know next time you are in Washington. I'd like to talk with you."

All of which as agreeably impressed Norton as Enderly hoped it would.

XII

THE Hon. Ewen Norton received pressing invitations to take part in the programs of the two national meetings selected by Enderly. Also, in due course, he was asked to be one of the speakers at the banquet. The subjects tentatively assigned to him were How Far Should National Conservancy Go? for the first meeting, and Is the Convention System Undemocratic? for the second. It was suggested that the diners would like to hear him discuss, within limits, the question of tax adjustment in its relation to corporation earnings.

He was pleased to accept each invitation, as the matters proposed for topics came within scope of his thought and study, and he set about preparing his papers. Presently, advance copies of his remarks reached the various secretaries of the associations he was to address, who asked for them for distribution to the press, and presently, also, duplicates of them reached Carthew.

They were carefully read and briefed by that expert, who made a syllabus of each for Enderly, and with these in his portfolio he went to Washington some days in advance of the first appearance of Norton.

"Here are the thoughts of your potential President on these burning topics," he said, producing his digests.

"How do they strike you?" asked Enderly.

"Nothing sensational about them. He seems to be a solid, conventional sort of a thinker. He leans somewhat to the customary—the present, prescribed order, but there are a considerable number of places where 'and then on the other hand' occurs."

"Sort of a middle-of-the-roader—is that it?"

"Not exactly. He proceeds just a shade to the right of the middle instead of the left. For example, his idea about conservation of national resources is that while there is crying need for such conservation, at the same time due attention must be given to the rights and claims of those who, up to this time, have made developments. He is opposed to nationalization, *per se*, but thinks that regulation and great care in giving permits are advisable. He thinks that the raw things of the earth—coal, oil, water, ores, timber—primarily belong to the people of course, but that there should be no discouragement of the capital that has utilized and developed those raw things thus far for the benefit of the people when otherwise they would have remained dormant. He has a tender regard for capital, mingled with a genial appreciation of the popular rights."

"Pondevero will love him," commented Enderly.

"As to direct primaries he concedes that at points the convention system has failed because it has developed the boss function in politics and is not representative, save of the wish of the politicians. He thinks that direct primaries might well be utilized for state and local candidacies, but it is his opinion that the Fathers were wise when they set forth in the Constitution that senators should be selected by the legislatures of the various states, because, with the House of Representatives as the popular body, springing from the people, the restricted selective medium for senators maintains a check and balance in the Upper House that otherwise might make Congress more or less susceptible to the emotions of the mass instead of studied and logical conclusions."

"Safe and sane, isn't he?" asked Enderly.

"Eminently. As for his speech at the economic dinner, he considers that the growth of legitimate corporations should not be hampered by excessive taxation, but that a careful schedule of their gains by fiscal years should be computed, and their

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taxes be regulated on a sliding scale commensurate and just with relation to those gains. He points out that it would be unjust to penalize bona fide investors in the securities of these corporations for financial and economic offenses of the managers and directors of them by taxation that would affect dividends of earnings that led to these investments, but points to the steadily increasing budget of the Government and admits that there must be tax adjustment and extension to meet these increased national demands."

"Any conclusions?"

"None, except that as capital and the employment of it are the foundation of all national prosperity great care must be taken before any steps to limit its operation are taken; but that as wealth must bear the greater burden, inasmuch as it is due to opportunity offered by this country under our Government, some scientific way should be found to impose that burden that will not destroy capital, and that at the same time will hold the people equably responsible and liable for their reasonable imposts."

"By George!" exclaimed Enderly. "I wonder if that man has an idea of being a candidate off his own. Sounds like it to me. He can go any way he chooses from those starting points."

"I don't think so. He isn't far enough along yet. What he is doing is playing safe. That's his natural tendency. He's really conservative and highly respectful of property rights and vested interests, and so on; but he sees clearly enough to know that there are causes for popular complaint, although he hasn't made up his mind yet how just those causes are."

"You may be right, Richard. Anyhow, this increases my regard for him as the man we need. He's open-minded, and has the required feet-on-the-ground basis. Now, then, what we've got to do is to popularize him a little, get his head up in the clouds a bit without removing his feet from the earth, and play both ends of him against the classes on the one side and the masses on the other. Can you get some of that stuff printed?"

"Yes, some of it. Not as much as if he had been entirely reactionary or flamingly radical, but enough to give him some space. It will all be advertising."

"That's what we've got to have, Richard—advertising. You can't nominate a man for President, or elect him, without advertising any more than you can sell chewing gum or rubber boots or grand pianos."

"Which fact is the meal ticket for the Carthew family," said Carthew.

Norton made his appearances and Carthew succeeded in getting a good showing for him not only in the New York papers but in the dispatches that were sent out and appeared in the other newspapers throughout the country. Enderly let the conservation paper go by without comment, but after the paper on the primary question he sent a discreet note of congratulation and approval to Norton; a few lines that, prudently but with cordiality and sincerity, as it seemed, praised the thought of the distinguished speaker. Norton responded to this, telling of his gratification that what he had said had attracted the attention of Enderly, and expressing the hope that they might meet at some convenient time to discuss these important matters.

Then came the banquet. Enderly had secured a card to that, and dropped in at the dinner at half past nine, as Carthew had told him that Norton was third man on the speaking, and also that Constable was to be one of the speakers. He found a vacant chair in the rear of the room and looked around. There were several hundred people in the room, at tables of a dozen or fifteen each, and the speakers' table was elevated on a platform that ran across the upper end of the room. Enderly looked along the solemn white-shirted row of notabilities, most of whom were presently to rise and exude thoughts even solemner than were predicated by their portentous appearances.

He picked out Norton in the third chair from the toastmaster, on his right. The face of the man in the second chair was turned away from Enderly. This man was in earnest conversation with Norton. Presently he shifted in his chair, and Enderly saw that he was Constable.

"Aha," thought Enderly, "Constable has him in tow, has he? I wonder what they are talking about."

While he was speculating on this topic the solemn person who was speaking completed his exudation to a burst of hand-clapping, and the toastmaster introduced Norton, who made his speech. He talked easily, had a good voice, and made his points convincingly. He was well received. Constable followed. He advocated his corporation bill, with a clear, concise explanation of its provisions, and a direct, forceful and expertly brief statement of its necessity. He hammered his points home with seasoned argument, and stopped when he was through, which is the most difficult achievement of after-dinner speaking. The diners applauded him heartily.

Enderly sat patiently while the other speakers had their say, and as the last man on the list concluded he made his way to the speakers' table through the disintegrating dinner, to where Norton and Constable, standing, were talking; or, rather, to where Constable was talking to Norton, evidently having a final word, and emphasizing what he was saying with slaps of his right hand on the palm of his left. Constable saw Enderly and stopped.

"Hello, senator," he said. "I didn't know you were here. Why so modest? If we had spied you we would have made room for you here on the platform."

"Oh, I'm a shrinking violet," laughed Enderly. "And you know what the poet says distance does?"

"Lends enchantment, as I recall it. Well, maybe so. Also, it gives one a chance to go outside for air now and then. You know Mr. Norton, of course."

"I do," said Enderly, extending his hand to Norton, "and I am glad to see him again. I came up here to congratulate him on his speech."

"Good speech, wasn't it? I don't think he goes far enough, of course, but I fancy it suits you."

"It does." Enderly turned to the pleased Norton. "I think it was an admirable speech. Of course, there are some points in it that I might debate with him, if occasion offered, but I congratulate you, Mr. Norton, on your grasp of a most difficult problem. As for you, Arthur ——"

"As for me," interrupted Constable, "I'm incorrigible—is that it?"

"No, hardly that; mischievous, perhaps."

"Oh, senator," protested Constable smilingly, "say not so. Why, mischief is farthest from my thought."

"Glad to hear it. I may ask Mr. Norton to bear witness to that assertion one of these days. However, I must be getting along. Congratulations again, Mr. Norton. I hope we may have a chance to forgather one of these days. Good-by, Arthur. See you in Washington."

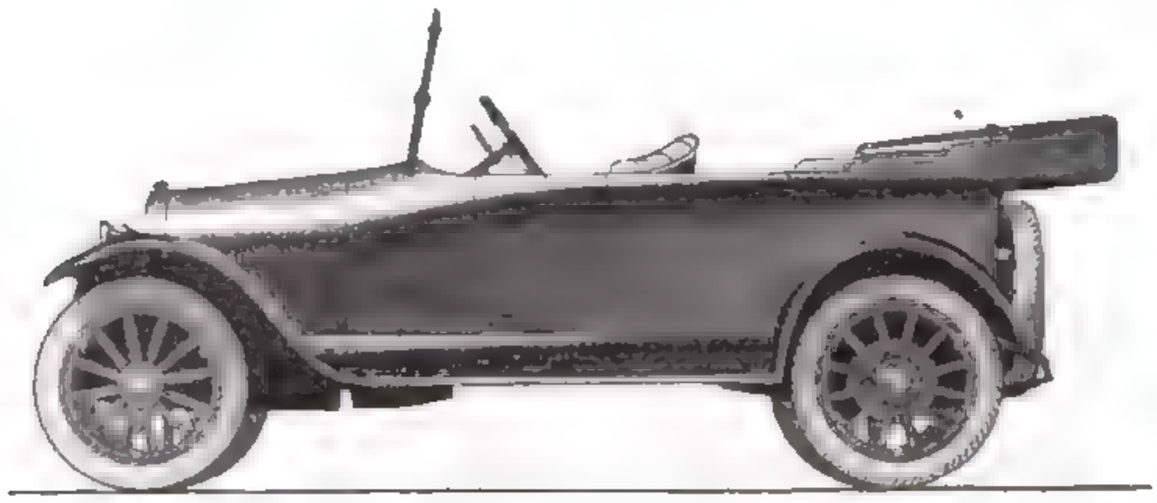
He turned to greet some other friends, and walked with them to the elevator. As he sat in his room in his hotel that night, smoking the cigar that always preceded his going to bed, he ran over the Norton speech and the Constable speech, and the four hours the two had together.

"I must find out what Constable was talking about," he said as he took a final puff on his cigar. "If we are going through with Norton we don't need any assistance from Constable, nor any obstruction, either."

Enderly had instructed Carthew to furnish Norton with as many and as varied newspaper clippings of the notice given his speeches as could be obtained, which was easily within the line of Carthew's endeavor and would be helpful, even though Norton was a subscriber to a clipping bureau himself, which he probably was. All publicists, after a certain point, revel in newspaper clippings about themselves. Carthew was to do that as a neighborly act, and an entirely nonulterior one, because he maintained a most complete and far-reaching clipping himself. Clippings were his vouchers to his clients in many cases. That done, Enderly decided to let Mr. Norton contemplate himself for a time, but had asked Carthew to keep the fire going—if there was any sign of a blaze in Norton—by congratulatory and commendatory conversation when he delivered the clippings to his neighbor; and afterwards.

Also, Enderly had some planning to do with Hollister and Pondevero; and some convincing, also. Neither of his associates was cheering loudly for Norton as yet, although Enderly knew that Hollister would accept him if the organization thought best, just as he would accept John Smith or James Robinson. Hollister's

(Continued on Page 40)



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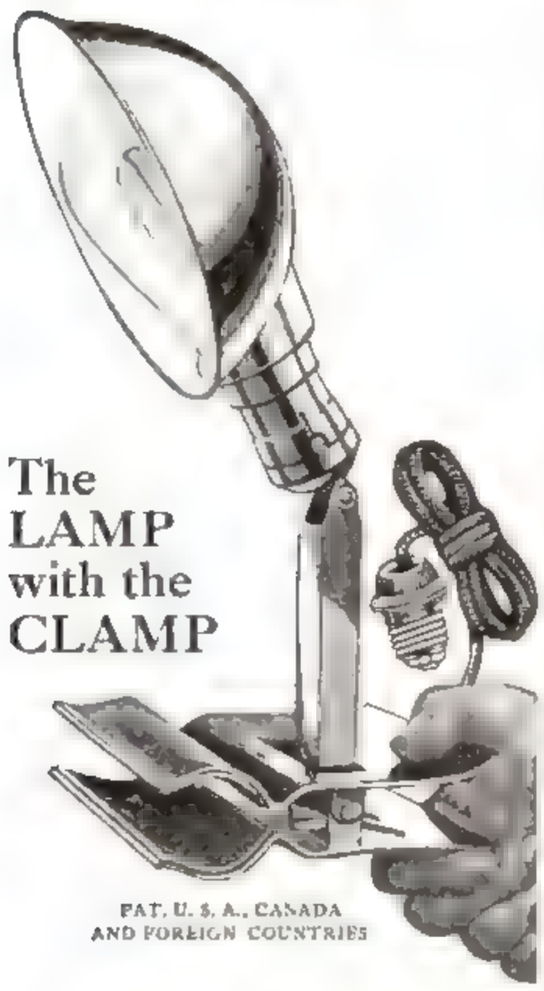

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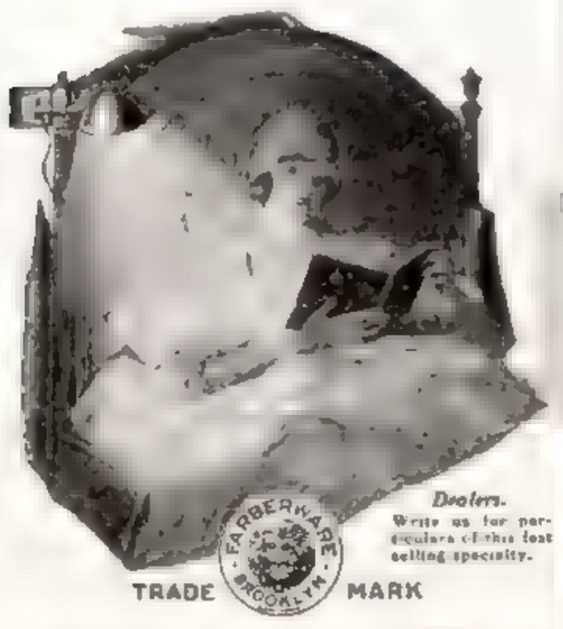

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(Continued from Page 38)

rule of political conduct and action was that the organization view, expressed by a majority of its leaders, was the law; and he also held that any man who gave orders should be willing to take orders when his time came to take them from the majority.

XIII

CATO ENDERLY'S practice of high politics was based on his interpretation of the law of political supply and demand and on the obverse and reverse of that law as he put it into execution. If there was a demand and no need, he supplied the need. If there was a need and no demand, he supplied the demand. When need and demand were absent, and he deemed both necessary, he had ways of furnishing both to his countrymen. At present the need of the people and of his party, as he conceived it, was the right sort of candidate for President, which, as he also conceived it, meant his sort of candidate. Therefore it was his project to supply this need, but it was farthest from his thought to appear as the creator of the demand. That was the part of the party, the people. That he would in reality be the person who laid the foundations for the demand, and possibly the person who would build it up to the first story, was one thing; that he should be discovered as that person was entirely another.

Enderly was well aware that his public part in the selection of a candidate for President, his apparent status, was to be neutral and to swing his organization, as the party machine and servant, in behind the man whose candidacy found greatest favor with the rank and file of his party. He had no intention of departing from that public line of conduct. His organization, like every other political organization, was in reality not only the executor of the commands of the party but the instigator and creator of those commands; seemingly the servant but actually the master, for the simple reason that the party—the voters—allowed it to operate thus. Organization politics is all based on party complaisance, and Enderly knew that his party, at the time, was complaisant to the point of fatuity. It was accustomed to being bossed, disciplined to direction, and he had no fears of a revolt, provided he maintained the fiction that he was executing orders instead of giving them, meeting a demand instead of making it.

Enderly argued his plan out with Hollister in the course of two or three sittings and overcame that rigid regular's objections, although he never did succeed in creating any but a party and not partisan enthusiasm for Norton in Hollister. It was more difficult with Pondevero. He dodged conclusions. He was not sure that Norton would do. He was afraid that Norton wasn't conservative enough or was too conservative. He was torn between his two estimates of the man. He admitted that neither of his choices, Westacott and Turnbull, was feasible, because of the close identification of both with the organization; and he seemed to have a lingering hope that he would some morning find exactly the right man growing on a tree somewhere or left on the doorstep of the triumvirate by some helpful organization fairy.

Finally Pondevero gave in to the importunities of Enderly that at least a trial with Norton should be made, but only with the reservation and stipulation that Norton must perform in strict accordance with the specifications made and provided.

"If he begins to think for himself we are gone," he told Enderly. "We must censor everything he says and does."

There were some weeks of preliminary skirmishing of this sort by Enderly, with the object of establishing in the mind of Norton the idea that Enderly considered him a leader in thought and to lay the ground for a forthcoming proposal that Norton should become a leader in action as well. His whole idea was to get Norton into a frame of mind that would grasp his own political availability—which was Enderly's function as party leader—and would respond to the request that he should become a candidate; which request would not be an organization request as such, but would come from various quarters inspired by Enderly, but, to the public, seemingly independent of organization influence. He was planting the seed of availability in Norton's mind by judicious appreciation and compliment in order that Norton might not think of the ultimate proposal in any other way than as justified by his own personal fitness.

Enderly discussed really innocuous but ostensibly important political policies with Norton and talked over congressional problems with him. He had him invited to another White House luncheon. After five or six weeks of this Norton and Enderly were on intimate terms, and Norton was pleased at being in the confidence of the dominant leader. Their discussions had taken a wide political range, and Enderly was glad to discover that although Norton was theoretically inclined to liberality of thought and to mild progressivism, his personal reactions were generally those of the inherent conservative. His ideals outran his idealism. He conceived this and that and the other to be wrong, but he was at no decision as to remedies; or at least at no detailed decision.

One afternoon, when Norton had concluded an argument before the Supreme Court, Enderly and he rode over to New York together on the Congressional Limited. Enderly had a stateroom, and the two men talked for the five hours of the trip without even a dining-car interruption, as Enderly had some food served in the room. In that talk Enderly took the position that there was considerable justice in the complaint of the people over the sort of political government they had, and that to preserve the democracy there must be a widening of the sphere of popular influence in political and governmental affairs.

He pointed out to Norton such excellences as he conceived there were—guardedly but with apparent conviction—in such innovations as direct-primary laws, the initiative and referendum, the recall, the commission form of government, and even said something in favor of the short ballot. He dwelt on the inequalities and injustices of taxation, on the relations between capital and labor with a somewhat pronounced leaning towards labor, and especially on the necessity for the curbing of trusts and combinations in restraint of trade. He discussed the tariff in its relations to production, and production in its relations to distribution.

He showed where, in his expressed opinion, there could be a serviceable supervision and regulation of transportation, and had considerable to say about the financial requirements of the country in the way of a Federal banking-reserve system and an abolishment of interlocking directorates and domination by Wall Street, and decreased living costs to the people by an expedition of both distribution and the elimination of combination in middle handling between producer and consumer.

Enderly went a considerable distance along the path of political progressivism during that ride, and he was gratified to find that his progressivism, though conceded in as a whole, was combated at many specific points by Norton. Enderly was a skilled and facile protagonist of any cause he espoused, an adroit debater, and capable of imparting an air of sincerity and conviction to his statements that had carried many a point for him. The opposition of Norton to some of his propositions caused him to extend himself considerably. He grew both earnest and impressive. Norton listened, debated point by point, and when they reached New York suggested Enderly ride out to his home with him, stay overnight and continue the conversation. This suited Enderly, and he went.

They took up the arguments in Norton's library, and Enderly found by midnight that he had made his impression and was winning Norton around to his views. He then cast his mind backward over what he had been saying, and concluded it was time to stop, for though it was his desire to convince Norton in favor of a certain radicalism he had no intention of making a radical out of him.

He felt sure he had Norton hooked, but he wasn't quite sure he wanted to land him at the moment. He went up to his room at midnight and thought it all over before he went to bed.

He had gained certain concessions from Norton by his arguments along his presented lines of progressivism. He resolved to watch his convert to see if he had the zeal of the newly led, which is usually too much zeal, or whether he still retained the essential reactionary background which was as necessary to Enderly's plans as was the superstructure of progressivism he had sought to build. He concluded he would wait a bit for results. He decided to see just how the seed he had sown would sprout, if at all. They had breakfast together and drove to town, but talked on casual matters.

"Dick," Enderly told Carthew later in the day, "I have about made up my mind to have a try with Norton. I think he'll do."

"I'm glad of that," said Carthew. "He's a big man. I find on digging into his career that he has done a number of sizable things in the way of nonpartisan public service, and his reputation as a lawyer and publicist is first class. He's much better known than I thought he was before I began digging into him, and has always been regular politically. Of course he's never held public office ——"

"That's an asset, not a liability," interjected Enderly. "We can promote him on the basis of his independence of political pottage—his refusal of pay-roll or office-holding distinction. That always goes well with the people."

"Does Norton know what is going to happen to him?"

"Not yet. There are some preliminaries to be arranged before the news is broken to him."

"Funds, I suppose."

"Oh, yes; but funds will be the least of my troubles. I can get those after a certain amount of haggling in some quarters and exaction in others. The principal thing is to start him independently of us; to make the call for him a loud, clear summons to public service by a suitable and hand-picked section of the public, instead of a nod and a wink and a whisper from the organization."

"I wonder how he will take it."

"How would you take it? Or any other American? He'll take it with a progression of emotions and reactions that will range from astonished joy along the entire gamut of self-appreciation to the firm conclusion that he is a man of destiny. That's human."

"You're pretty sure of him."

"Of course I am. I know some men, fitted to be President, who would not start themselves in a fight for a presidential nomination with a possible presidency attached; but I know no man—and I know them all too—who would not allow himself to be started if the prospects seemed fair. That's human too. I've heard a good many statesmen declare they would not take the nomination, but that refusal was always based on the exact knowledge of the refusers that there was no way on earth they could get it. I think we can get this nomination for Norton. Wherefore I am absolutely certain that when that is made clear to Norton he will perform. Politics is based on the operations of human nature, and human nature is based on considerations for self."

"Where does that leave our altruists?" asked Carthew.

"With the exception of a very few of them it leaves them right in the ruck with all the rest of us. Their stock in trade is different, but their business is the same."

"That's a rather cynical view of the human species."

"Not cynical, but philosophical. A cynic estimates in terms of prices, but a philosopher bases his conclusions on values. However, I didn't come in to be either cynical or philosophical, but practical. Let's discuss publicity for a while, which is the most practical thing I know about."

They had a long talk over the part Carthew was to play, which resulted in Carthew's shaping the material he gathered into quantities of press matter concerning Norton, his history, career, personality—the intimate details of him; his views as they would be handed to him by Enderly; his picture; extracts from his written and spoken words germane to the situation; his admirable fitness and his convincingly enumerated qualifications. Carthew instructed half a dozen of his most trustworthy and expert assistants in the art of publicity and hired quarters for them in a building some distance from the one in which his staff was housed, in order that there might be no seeming connection between Carthew the promoter of publicity for millionaires and the machinery they used in the manufacture of their millions, and Carthew the publicity agent for Norton, the man he would seek to make a popular figure. He arranged his mailing lists, his files, his duplicating machinery and his reference materials.

Enderly sent him a political journalist named Sawyer, who was skilled in political history and precedent. Sawyer was to be

(Continued on Page 43)

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 40)

the ostensible publicity chief of the movement, as he had no known alliance with Enderly although he was in close private connection with him, and Carthew to be director behind the scenes, because of his long experience and great ability, and for the purpose of making use of Carthew's highly organized distribution facilities. In six weeks the Norton publicity bureau was ready to function, and prepared to supply every available medium of publicity, from newspapers to billboards, from magazines to handbills, from rostrums to street corners, from lyceums to music halls, from stereopticon to half-tone—with subtle material for each medium and all proclaiming Norton as the man of the hour.

Great care was taken that this material should hold Norton in an advanced position on current political topics and policies, but that that position should not be too advanced. He was judiciously balanced as the hope of the masses, but not entirely hopeless to the classes, and he was skillfully sectionalized. Sawyer's minute knowledge of the currents and cross currents of American political thought set Norton forth in Middle Western terms for the Middle West, in Northwestern terms for the Northwest, with New England appeal for New England, and so all over the country.

The fundamentals were the same, but the wise American politician realizes that the American people do not think or act nationally except in tremendous emergency, and only then after repeated assault on the dominating influences of their environments, and do normally think and act by localities; that they are citizens in the United States, but not of the United States, and that what the Southwest considers imperative the Northwest may consider impossible. Sawyer was a wise politician. He accommodated his various enthusiasms concerning Norton to the thought and conceptions of the localities where they were to be sent and used. Political publicity in an enterprise such as Enderly's, or in any great political enterprise, has two sides—the outward and visible, and the secret and professional. Carthew and Sawyer were preparing the visible manifestations, which are always continuously supplemental to the politically professional endeavors.

While Carthew was organizing his publicity bureau Enderly went after the required campaign funds. He made his preliminary estimates and set about securing sufficient guaranties for those, knowing that once he was under way he could demand in many places where at first he deemed it wise to cajole. He held a series of conferences with his chief contributing sources that taxed his energy, made great drafts on his patience, and at times wore his temper to shreds. He had discovered, long since, that just as the average rich man thinks the ability to buy pictures makes him an art connoisseur, or the money to hire a palace built makes him an architect, so his contribution to the political funds makes him a politician.

Enderly had to deal not only with contributors but with puffy and pompous political strategists who exploited their views on just what must be done before they allowed him to exploit their check books. His main argument was that unless the organization took command of the situation, recognized the popular unrest, and seemed, at least, to accept it as vital and cater to it, a candidate would arise who would be real instead of pseudo on his radicalism; and he allowed his hearers no illusions as to what real radicalism would mean to them, their enterprises and their emoluments. He guaranteed that the man he suggested, Norton, would be safe—progressive enough to satisfy the voters but not enough to annoy the contributors.

After he had made his case he dwelt patiently on the matter again and again, because he knew his clients and was aware that they would demand almost interminable reiteration of each proposition before they would completely assimilate it. Some, of course, saw the thing clearly at once, and acquiesced in it as a feasible method for self-protection; but Enderly had sat in too many board meetings not to be fully aware of the talking over and over that is required before the average millionaire absorbs an idea about spending money that is not based on the great incentive of all millionairish efforts and endeavors—interest.

He worked patiently and steadily, let the amateur politicians give vent to their views, but never departed from the object of each meeting, which was funds. About the time that Carthew was ready with his publicity Enderly had his campaign chest satisfactorily filled.

XIV

ENDERLY'S task was comparable to that of the producer of a great show, and he was a master political showman. With his preliminary publicity in readiness and his financial backing assured, his next concern was for a suitable list of patrons. Although he was a producer, stage manager and dramatist he knew that it was essential that he must seem to be producing his show and selecting his star at request, as an agent, instead of on his own initiative—that he must launch Norton from the outside of the organization rather than from the inside.

Enderly was too frank with himself not to understand that the surest way to damn a candidate publicly was to make suggestion and promotion of him a purely and intrinsically organization enterprise. That this was an organization enterprise was one thing, but that it should not appear to be, in its beginnings, was another and vital one. It was the part of the organization to appear to bow to the mandate of the people, and carry it out, not to issue the mandate.

Speculation on the identity of forthcoming candidates for President is perennial in the press. Political writers begin their surmises long before there are any active campaigns in progress. Candidates promote themselves, either openly or secretly. Sons of various states seek to become the favorite sons thereof. During Enderly's maneuvers, and before, there had been demonstrations of this sort. Several men were in the field, at least receptively, and Enderly had been besieged by interviewers for his opinion of the availability of this statesman or that, as well as besought by the same statesmen for indorsement or approval.

He was consistently noncommittal, telling all interviewers that the matter of a candidate as successor to Conisby was in abeyance until there was a concrete expression of popular approval or evidences of a wide popular demand, for, as he always said when talking for publication, he and his colleagues as leaders of the organization were merely the servants of their party, and, rather than seeking to dictate, were waiting to learn what the imperative order should be.

Therefore the third essential to Enderly's plans was that there should be an outside suggestion, or demand, for the nomination of Norton, emanating from men of sufficient importance in the public view to make it of consequence, but men apart from practical and professional politics. Like every other great organization leader Enderly had at his command a number of eminent citizens, of high respectability and of excellent reputation, unselfish and patriotic friends of the people, who were willing, even anxious, to lend their names to such an enterprise because of their desire to continue in the public view, for the advertising they got out of it themselves.

He used these men, who were judges, publicists, retired statesmen, prominent citizens in various capacities, to give a required tone to his affairs, to impart a superior and nonprofessional atmosphere. They served on advisory committees, presided at meetings, were ostentatiously called into consultation, and were mouthpieces for him on occasion. They were leaders in their communities, exponents of the best thought, and publicly esteemed as such; above practical politics, of course, and always with public welfare at heart, but privately eager to be in the show window, and amenable as to instructions on how to get there.

A suggestion of Norton for President from Enderly and his organization would be held by the people to be practical politics, and, hence, suspicious politics; but a suggestion of Norton for President by a body of these eminent citizens would have weight, because it would savor of public welfare rather than of private political promotion. Also, coming from such a source, it would give Enderly an excuse to capitalize it and use it as a guide for his financial determinations. So with infinite care Enderly collected a body of these august patrons for his show, and urged Norton on them with such arguments as were necessary, but primarily with the lure of active participation in the campaign and consequent gratifying publicity.

He worked rapidly on this, because he was afraid of premature exposure of his plans. It is almost impossible to restrain an eminent citizen from talking eminently when he has something to tell wherein his association and participation will add to his eminence if known; and difficult to restrain him even when he has nothing to tell.

There was no danger of a leak from Carthew's end, and the fund providers understood that the less the public knew of their participation the surer they were of benefits in the long run, and were discreetly silent in quarters where their conversations might be overheard or repeated; but eminent citizens have little but the maintenance of their own eminence to think about, and Enderly, after using every precaution with them, hurried to arrange their part, for fear of disclosure.

The plan was not novel, although not generally understood by the public. It has been used politically for many years. All there was to it was the collection of these eminent citizens, who were to act as a supposed voluntary committee with the public good at heart and write a letter to Norton urging him to fill a want long felt by the writers of the letter, and become a candidate for the nomination for President, for reasons set forth in the letter. The necessity for this procedure would be explained to Norton, and if he consented to it, as Enderly had no doubt he would as a necessary political maneuver, the letter would be sent to Norton and issued simultaneously to the press, with Norton's acceptance to follow, and the start would be made, apparently outside of the organization.

No meeting of the eminent citizens was necessary, for their function consisted in signing on the dotted line, and Enderly knew where to go to secure dotted-line signers of public standing and importance. He took no chances on allowing his signers to express their views. He and Sawyer and Carthew prepared a ringing call to the people to rise and shout for Norton as the one American who could lead them to higher things.

Finally, one day in early April, fourteen months before the national convention, everything was in readiness. The publicity was arranged, the treasury satisfactorily replete, and the eminent citizens were straining at the leash.

"Well, boys, it's all set," Enderly told Hollister and Pondevero.

"Shoot!" boomed Hollister.

"Are you sure?" whispered Pondevero.

"It's all set," Enderly repeated. "All we have to do now is to lead the horse up to the water and find out whether he is thirsty or not."

"He'll be thirsty, all right," said Hollister.

"But perhaps he won't drink," added Pondevero.

"We'll see. It's an alluring expanse of water I'm going to lead him to. I think he'll drink, all right. I'm going over to see Norton to-morrow. It may take a couple of days with him. Then if he is amenable the eminent citizens who look on Norton as the hope of the people, the bulwark of the nation for the next four years, and the logical candidate, will issue their manifesto. After that the publicity bureau will begin dinning Norton into the ears of the people, and we'll sit back and await developments, prepared to bow to the will of the proletariat when it comes our cue to bow."

"Good luck," said Hollister.

"Be very careful," urged Pondevero.

Enderly had arranged an appointment with Norton through Carthew for the next day. Norton suggested that Enderly come out to his house and dine with him and spend the night, and Enderly was glad to do this because of the opportunity for privacy it assured. He took a noon train from Washington, had a car waiting for him at the station in New York, and drove directly to Great Neck. They talked of indifferent matters until dinner was over and Mrs. Norton had excused herself and left them to their cigars and coffee.

The President's name came into the conversation.

"You've seen Conisby twice recently," said Enderly. "How does he wear on closer acquaintance?" he asked, his mind busy to find a method of seemingly incidental approach. Usually forthright in speech, direct to rawness on occasion, this time circumlocution suited his need.

"He impresses me very favorably," Norton replied. "I do not think he will be

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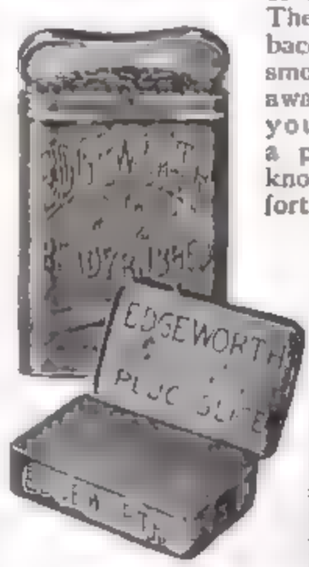

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"That is important," commented Norton.

"Very; but not always possible of attainment. For example, there are several men in Congress now who would make admirable Presidents but who would be impossible candidates for President."

"In what way?"

"I mean that if we could elect them they would be efficient and useful, but unfortunately we cannot elect any of them."

"Why not?"

"For various reasons, chiefly political. You see, Norton, so long as we have a government by parties the presidency must be political. There is where the party organization comes in. On the other hand, the presidency must have certain nonpolitical aspects—that is, while the people are partisan and political in their voting they do not want the candidate offered to them for the presidency to be too political and partisan in his affiliations. They like to delude themselves with the idea that they are voting for the man rather than for the party candidate.

"Of course they are not, but the thought persists so strongly in our political affairs that the professional politician, closely identified with an organization in a leading capacity, makes a poor candidate; while the candidate indorsed by those very leaders who would be poor candidates themselves seems absolved of the taint, in the popular view, provided he has the required aspect of nonprofessionalism. Now these men I speak of are all organization men, and always have been. Not to put too fine a point on it, take my own case. I know how to be President. I would be a good President, and could be nominated easily, through organization politics, but I couldn't be elected and wouldn't be, not because I would not be a good President, but because I am and have been one of the so-called bosses.

"The people will take a man that we bosses nominate, but they won't take any of the bosses. They accept the works, but not the workers, as a general rule. It is obtuse, of course, but it is the fact. Wherefore the organization, unable, let us say, to nominate any of its own leading members, however worthy, is usually compelled by the political exigencies to go outside its own membership for a candidate, and that is a matter that is giving us great concern at present."

"Have you anyone in mind?" asked Norton.

"We have. In fact, we have you in mind."

Enderly expected some display of astonishment, at least, on Norton's part, but Norton took the news with complete serenity.

"Me?" he repeated, with an inflection that indicated not much more than polite concern. "That is interesting. Why me?"

Norton's calmness indicated to the acute mind of Enderly one of two things—either Norton had thought similarly of himself, or he had an inkling of what had been prepared. Enderly immediately back-tracked.

"Among others, I mean," he said. "You see, it is our duty to canvass all available material, and in the course of our discussions your name came up. How do you feel about it?"

"I am highly gratified, of course," Norton replied, "and intensely interested and complimented."

"But not surprised?" added Enderly, and instantly he wished he had not said that, for Norton stiffened a bit at the irony. However, what was said was said, and Enderly waited for the reaction.

"Not particularly," said Norton, "because the matter has been mentioned to me by others."

"May I ask what others?"

"Certainly. There is no reason for concealment. A few days ago Mr. Hugh Sylvester came to see me, and suggested the same thing. He said he represented a body of eminent citizens, headed by Mr. Alonzo Thane. You know Thane?"

"I do," Enderly replied evenly, but only after a supreme effort to restrain a violent outburst. His mind was working with rapidity and precision. He saw clearly that in some way Thane had discovered what was planned in relation to Norton, and had tried to break down those plans by forestalling them—a typical Thane endeavor. "What did Mr. Sylvester propose, may I ask?"

"Why, he said that Thane and his associates felt that the next President should not be a political candidate, but should be a candidate representative of the best thought of America. You will pardon that, of course; I am merely repeating what he said. He pointed out that the interests of the three dominant classes of our citizenry—the producers, the consumers, and the men who finance both production and consumption in the way of capital for the producers and wages for the consumers—would be best conserved by the selection of a man for President who might approach the great problems now pressing upon us not from the restricted viewpoint of any one of the three, but from the viewpoint of a man whose mind was open, unprejudiced, unaffiliated, nonpartisan, and of such caliber as, he was pleased to say, my mind is held to be by his principals."

Enderly listened attentively, and gave no outward sign of the turmoil within him.

"That is an interesting development," he commented. "Of course, Norton, I do not want to pry into your affairs, nor the affairs of Thane and his party, but if the question is not too personal, and if you can answer it without betraying a confidence, may I ask what you said to Mr. Sylvester?"

"Certainly. I am under no seal of confidence. I told him that what he suggested was quite out of the question, for a reason that was clearly apparent to me and should be to him, and which was that any promotion of my candidacy by interests represented by Mr. Thane and his friends would naturally place me under great obligation to those interests, no matter what assurances from Thane might be given, and that even if those obligations were not entailed and did not exist, they would be naturally assumed as existing by the people, and I would be branded as a tool of Thane's, and every action judged by that popular criterion. The opposition would see to that. Besides, I could not and would not be a candidate of any interest or set of interests. You agree to that, I assume?"

"Certainly," Enderly replied. He nodded approvingly. "That would be fatal, of course," he continued, "and I congratulate you on your position. Have there been any further approaches? Forgive me if I seem curious. The whole project is a most interesting political development, and I am a politician, you know."

"I've heard nothing more, but I didn't expect to. My refusal was definite."

"In that case," said Enderly, "let us return to my original statement, which was that the organization which I represent has considered your name, among the names of others, as an acceptable candidate for President in the forthcoming campaign. Does that preliminary consideration appeal to you, with a possibility of your nomination attached?"

"What does that entail?" asked Norton.

"Nothing, except a certain consonance of views with ours on the questions we think will be important—decisive, indeed—in a political way."

"Let us go up to the library," said Norton. "We can be more comfortable there, and I would like to hear your precise statement of what those views are."

They walked to the library. A servant brought in some Scotch whisky, some soda and a bowl of ice. Enderly sat in a large leather chair, mixed himself a drink, lighted a fresh cigar, and a talk began that lasted until two o'clock the next morning.

It covered again, but more fully, the ground he had covered before, especially on the afternoon when they were on the train together, and ranged over the political, the financial, the economic and the sociological situation throughout the country, touched on our international and world status, and went as deeply into organization affairs as Enderly deemed it discreet to go. As before, Enderly dwelt particularly on the rising tide of progressivism and the need of recognizing that popular trend both in the candidate and in the candidate's platform of principles and policies.

Enderly found, now that the subject was one of direct personal importance and not merely one of interested discussion, that his original estimate of Norton had been the right estimate. He found that Norton was rather firm in his conservatism, but of open mind, none the less. He was amenable to argument, susceptible to conviction and responsive to reason. However, he demanded explicit and logical statement. Enderly advanced his program forcefully and buttressed it well with fact and figure.

He set forth a policy that comprised a measure of direct participation by the people in the selection of candidates for office, corporation regulation, labor correction and concessions, financial adjustments, conservation to a certain point, taxation reforms, and a wider appreciation of the fact that the Government is superior to the party rather than the party to the Government. He found Norton combative, intelligent, insistent, and Enderly urged his ideas with an enthusiasm that sometimes led him further in his statement of conviction than he might have gone if not fired with the fighter's desire to win.

At two o'clock Norton suggested an adjournment, and they went to their rooms. After a late breakfast they took up the discussion where they had left it. Enderly was pleased to find that Norton had apparently given more time while they were separated to thinking over what he had said to him than to sleep, for he did not require much further argument and was eager for details as to procedure.

"The best way for me to explain the detail of it is to make the assumption that you have consented to be a candidate," said Enderly. "On that hypothesis this would be the politics of it all."

And he explained each necessary step—the committee of eminent citizens; the consent of Norton to have his name put before the people by that committee, to be followed by a carefully considered statement of his position on certain enumerated policies and issues; the part the organization would play after the popular interest was aroused; and all the political minutiæ of it.

"That's the politics of launching such a movement," said Enderly.

"It seems very complicated," commented Norton.

"It is, but there is nothing to politics but detail. You can't arouse a people by blowing a horn any more. You have to lift them inch by inch at the start. Once in momentum the rest is easy."

"Can you get the momentum?" asked Norton.

"We always have."

"What would the obligations of a candidate selected by such methods be to the organization?"

"A reasonable appreciation of our services. We nominated and elected Conisby, for example, but you know of no unreasonable demand we have made on him. Of course the organization support predicates regularity—recognition in political matters."

"I mean as to issues," persisted Norton.

"The issues make themselves. I have outlined them broadly as we view them for starting purposes. It is my opinion that they will persist as we have discussed them. There will be questions of detail, application and interpretation, of course, but those can be met when they arise."

Norton seemed to be much interested in this. "That is to say," he commented, "that while the policy or policies hold broadly, the tenets of them are susceptible to future interpretation?"

"Exactly," Enderly replied. "Susceptible to such interpretation and advocacy as the political necessities of the situation demand."

Enderly said this with emphasis, and with the thought of recalling it when his political necessities made reference to it desirable.

"I understand," said Norton.

"Casting hypothesis aside," Enderly continued, "and making the direct application of what we have said to yourself, what is your conclusion as to becoming a candidate, if assured of the ultimate support of the organization?"

"I am inclined to give the matter thoughtful consideration."

"You do not want to answer now?"

"I'd prefer not to."

"In a week, perhaps?"

"In a week—yes."

"I shall expect to hear from you."

Enderly suggested that in the meantime Norton should take as few people as possible into his confidence, because politics is variable and the situation might change. In case it did, Norton would be spared embarrassment. If not, no harm would be done by the secrecy. Norton agreed, and Enderly left him with the expressed hope that things would work out satisfactorily all round.

Enderly went to Carthew's office when he reached New York.

"Dick," he said, "have you a grapevine into the Thane outfit?"

"I think so. I did have, at any rate, but I haven't tried it lately. Why?"

"Thane shows some signs of mixing into our politics. I wish you would find out as much about it as you can."

"Anything serious?"

"Not yet; symptomatic. He sent Sylvester to see Norton with an offer to back him for the presidency, but nothing came of it. However, that's suspicious. Look him over, will you?"

Enderly repeated what Norton had told him for Carthew's information and guidance.

"Where's the leak?" asked Carthew.

"I don't know, but I am not surprised there was one. A lot of people know about this, one way and another. We're pretty lucky that the newspapers haven't found it out before now. If we can keep it dark for a week longer we'll be all right, and then we'll encourage publicity."

"Why wait for a week?"

"He wants that long to consider."

"That means he will accept."

"Certainly."

"We should be ready about a week from to-morrow, then?"

"Yes. No—wait a minute. That will be a Friday—can't start on Friday. We'll make it Saturday, provided he notifies me as agreed."

"Saturday's no good, either," said Carthew. "No chance for space in the Sunday papers; they go to press along in the middle of Saturday afternoon. Sunday will be better. That will give us a fair show for Monday morning, when news is slack."

"All right; Sunday, if you hear from me. You have the copy of the communication of our eminent citizens, I suppose?"

Carthew laughed. "Why not?" he asked. "We wrote it."

"Well, that's about all, except when it does break keep an eye on Norton, will you? He knows our relations and you can drop in as a neighborly guide, philosopher and friend until I get time to plant a political secretary and buffer on him. Be discreet about it, and unostentatious, because too much Carthew with Norton might excite some suspicions as to a tinge of Enderly in the game in the minds of some of those smart reporters. The less he says at first the better. He'll have to talk enough before he gets through to gratify any cravings he may have for vocal expression. There won't be much to do at the beginning but see to it that he does no loose talking to interviewers, if any appear, because the fact that our committee of eminent citizens urge the Hon. Ewen Norton to become a candidate for President won't mean much in the lives of the great American people at the start; that movement won't shake the republic to its foundations for quite a spell. I'll keep you informed. Good-by."

Enderly returned to Washington on the midnight train, and next morning he saw Hollister and Pondevero.

"What luck?" asked Hollister.

"Pretty fair. He's amenable, interested, and I think he'll stand without hitching when he gets into it."

"Jumped at it, I suppose?"

"No; he took a week to decide."

"Well, that's a slow jump, but it's a jump just the same. Anything else?"

"Yes; I find Lon Thane has been mixing in."

"How?"

"Oh, he sent Sylvester around to see Norton and offered him the earth and the fullness thereof if he would accept Thane's support and backing as a presidential candidate."

"Aha!" exclaimed Hollister. "Stealing your stuff, eh?"

"Trying to, apparently."

"What happened?"

"Norton turned him down, virtuously and definitely. He said he couldn't be a candidate for anything with Thane and his interests—the interests—as proponents and supporters."

"Fine spirit," commented Hollister.

"Very commendable," assented Pondevero, who had been listening attentively and apprehensively.

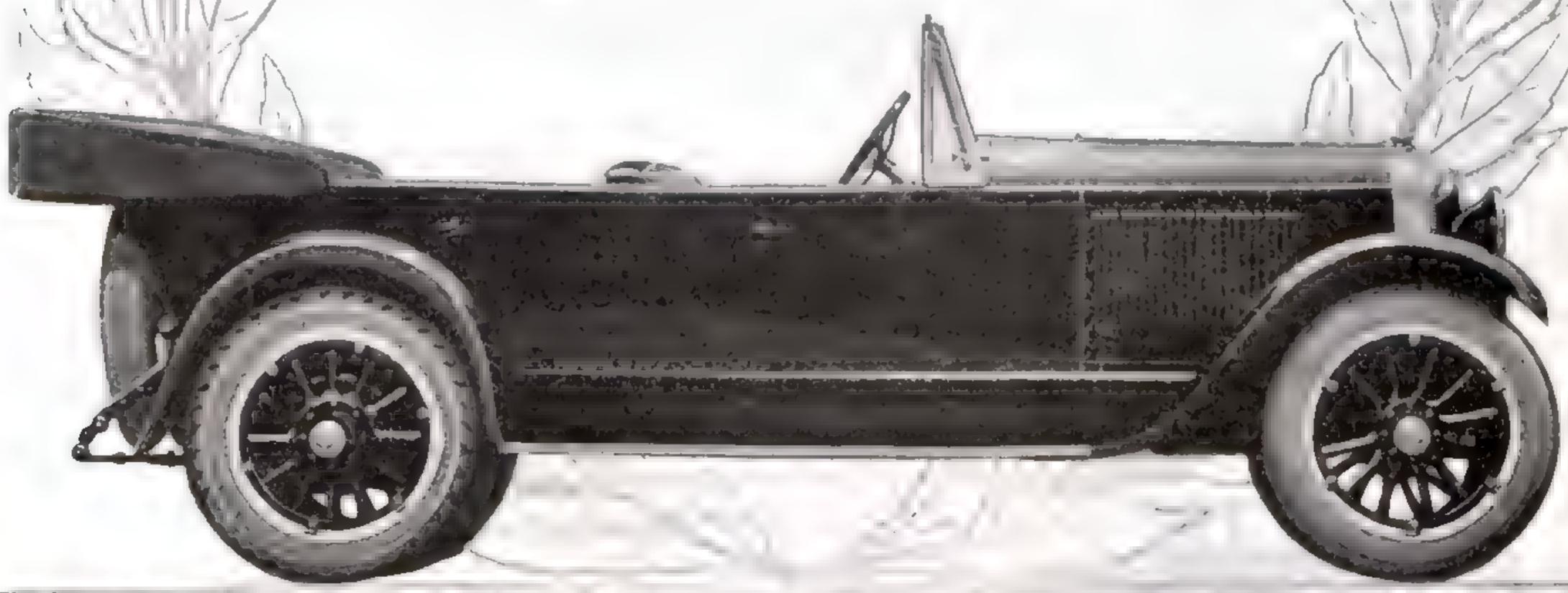
(Continued on Page 48)

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

The Official Records

Distance	*Time*	*Miles Per Hour*
1 Mile	35.01	102.8
5 Miles	3:15.88	91.8
10 Miles	6:31.48	91.9
15 Miles	9:45.96	92.1
20 Miles	13:01.48	92.1
25 Miles	16:37.94	90.1
50 Miles	33:16.43	90.1
75 Miles	50:00.80	89.9
100 Miles	66:53.16	89.7
One Hour		89.0



SINCE January 21st the Paige "Daytona 6-66" model has captured ten world's stock chassis records and established itself as the leader of all American sporting cars. There could be no more impressive evidence of the speed, power and endurance which are essential attributes of truly fine motor vehicles.

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BUICK

Sixes—A Complete Line for 1922

22–44 Three Passenger Roadster

22–45 Five Passenger Touring

22–46 Three Passenger Coupé

22–47 Five Passenger Sedan

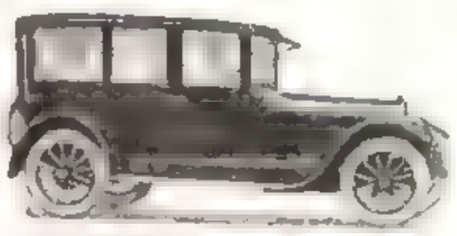
A SINGLE recognized standard of mechanical excellence is available for the purchasers of all six-cylinder Buick cars. The Buick principle of motor design and chassis construction, arrived at through twenty years' unwavering fidelity to accepted engineering ideals, is embodied in three open and four closed body types on the six-cylinder chassis.

The mechanical excellence of the various chassis units, properly related and balanced, has been developed and proven by time and use. And the different body types have been similarly developed to give each a certain scope to suit the needs of individual motorists.

Except in body type or wheelbase, the seven six-cylinder models are equal in performance, in power, in well-proportioned strength—in all the qualities that combine to characterize Buick supremacy.

22–48 Four Passenger Coupé

22–49 Seven Passenger Touring



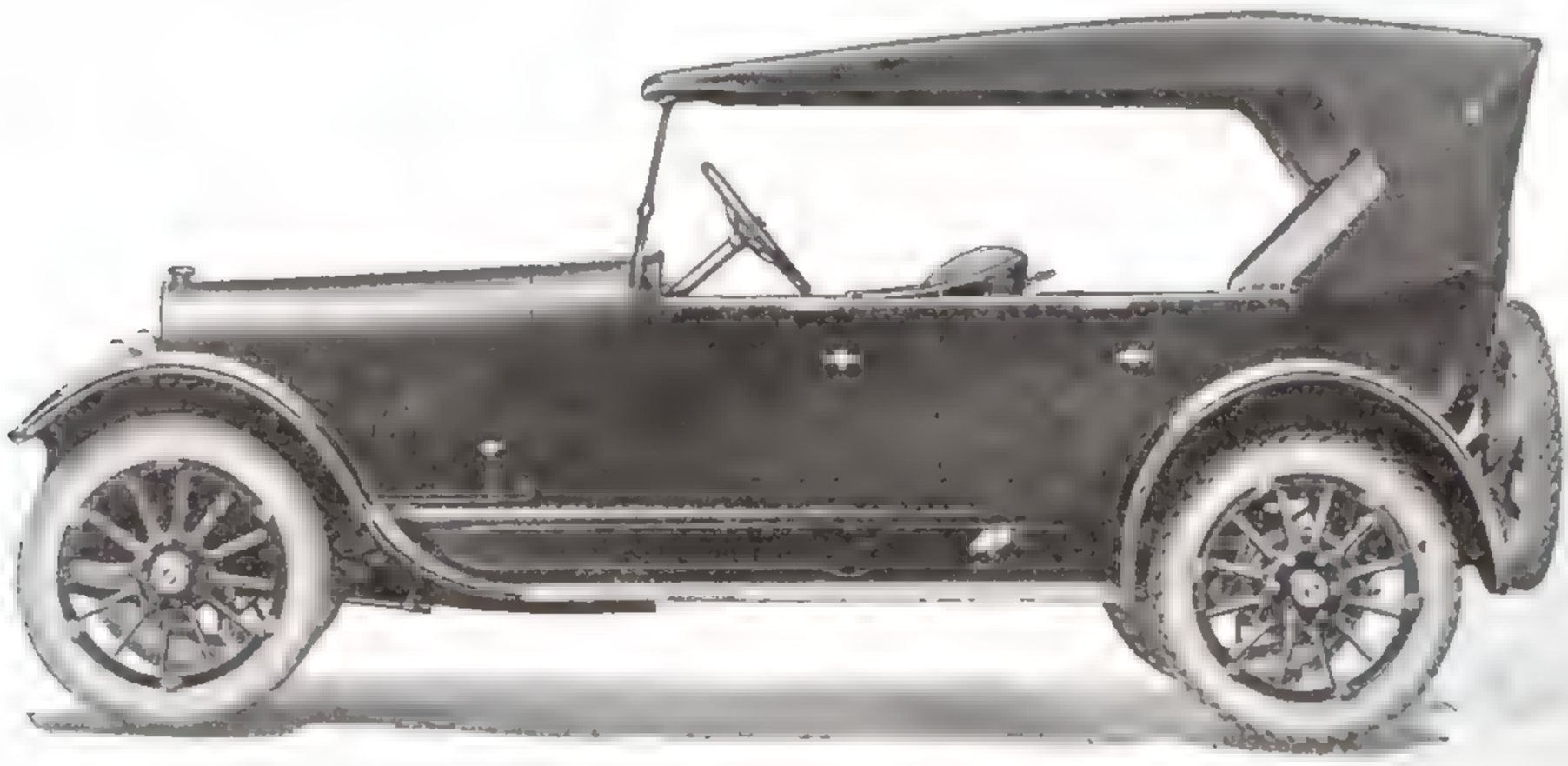
22–50 Seven Passenger Sedan

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK

Buick Authorized Service

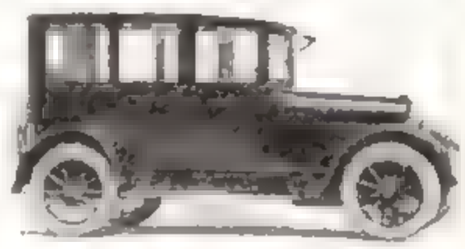
Emblem of Satisfaction



Fours—A Complete Line for 1922

The new four-cylinder Buick has been long in the making. It represents the same constructive advancement as the six-cylinder Buick, sharing the same engineering experience, the same facilities of the immense Buick manufacturing plants and the same competency of the great nation-wide service organization. And like the Buick Six, the Four has been built to give the maximum of that serviceability for which it was intended.

Two open and two closed models comprise the four-cylinder line. Many vital features are common to all four models, such as convenience, comfort, power and genuinely gratifying performance resulting from the Buick Valve-in-Head motor in connection with an equally distinctive Buick chassis mechanism.



22–37 Five Passenger Sedan

Cord Tires Standard Equipment on all Models—Fours and Sixes
Write for New Catalog Quoting Specifications and Prices.

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Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars
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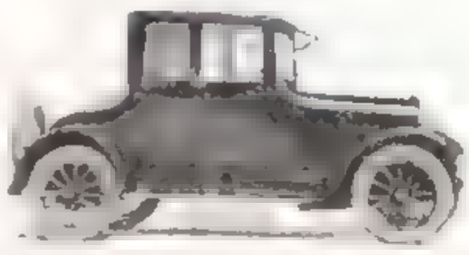

22–36 Three Passenger Coupe

22–35 Five Passenger Touring

22–34 Two Passenger Roadster

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THE one way to have clean and bright furniture and woodwork is to use O-Cedar Polish.

For O-Cedar Polish "Cleans as it Polishes." It removes finger marks, dust, grime and scum and imparts a hard, dry lustre that does not get gummy or sticky.

It brings out the original beauty of the grain of the wood and adds years to the life of varnished, painted or finished surfaces.

For 100% satisfaction—use O-Cedar Polish the O-Cedar Polish way: Wet a piece of cheese-cloth in water and wring it almost dry; add as much O-Cedar as the cloth contains water. Go over the surface and polish with a dry cloth.

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O-Cedar Polish

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Channell Chemical Co.

Chicago Toronto London Paris

(Continued from Page 44)

"It might be carried to extremes," continued Hollister.

"True enough," Enderly answered, "but we've got to take some chances."

"Too many, I'm afraid," said Pondevero. "What was Norton's exact attitude?"

"He was a bit obstinate at first, and not quite at the proper stance, but I talked him over to where we want him."

"Talked him over?" repeated Pondevero. "I hope you didn't overtalk."

"I hope so, too, Pon. Anyhow, the deed is done. Our hands are to the plow. Now, then, all together. Three cheers for our candidate."

"Hip! Hip!" roared Hollister.

"Hip! Hip!" whispered Pondevero.

XV

ENDERLY looked rather anxiously at the newspapers each day during the following week, but found nothing except the ordinary run of political news and discussion. There was talk of this aspirant and that, but no talk of Norton. He divided his time between Senate routine, conferences with Hollister and Pondevero, and golf, and had no further communication with Norton; nor did Norton communicate with him. He was certain he would hear favorably from Norton, and on Thursday morning asked his secretary for his personal mail with the confident expectation of finding a letter from Norton in it. The secretary laid a dozen or so written and typewritten sheets before him. Enderly flipped over the sheets with his fingers, and in the middle of them found what he was looking for.

"Here it is," he said, and read:

My dear Senator: After thorough consideration of the matter we talked about recently, both from the important viewpoint of possible public good and the less important, but not entirely negligible, angle of self-interest, I accept the proposition you did me the honor to make me, and place myself in your hands and at your service, with the understanding that as a candidate for this nomination the policies I shall advocate shall be susceptible and amenable to such future interpretation and application as the political necessities and circumstances of the situation shall demand.

I am deeply sensible of the consideration you have given me, and thank you for it, and await such further consultations and arrangements as shall be required.

With sincerest personal regard, I am, faithfully, EWEN NORTON.

Enderly read the letter twice, and laid it down on the desk.

"Well, by golly," he said, half aloud, "I hope he is as concise and to the point in all his communications as he is in that one. Nothing sloppy or discursive about that."

He walked over to the window and looked at the gold dome of the Congressional Library for a minute or two. Then he returned to his desk, picked up the letter and reread it, pausing at the phrase that his policies "shall be susceptible and amenable to such future interpretation and application as the political necessities and circumstances of the situation shall demand."

He pondered that phrase. "That might work two ways," he said, "but once we get him in it, with four years in the White House in prospect, he'll let us decide on what the political necessities are. Anyhow, we'll take a chance."

He rang for his secretary.

"Homer," he said, "get Mr. Carthew on the long distance for me. Use that inner phone."

Presently the secretary called from the next room, "Mr. Carthew is on the wire."

Enderly went in and said: "That you, Dick? . . . This is Enderly. All ready in that Norton matter. Go ahead. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Sunday . . . All right. That's the best way; make two bites of it—committee first, then Norton later. Get two whacks at the press that way. . . . I understand. See you soon. Good-by."

Enderly hung the telephone receiver on the hook. "Well, that's that," he said, and came back to his desk.

"Homer," he called to his secretary, "take a letter for me, will you? I don't want it going through the usual routine. Ready?

"'Honorable Ewen Norton, Great Neck, New York. My dear Mr. Norton: I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday, and am gratified over your acceptance of the proposition I made to you and your indorsement of the fundamentals on which it was based. I am sure that we shall be in full accord as to application and interpretation of details as the campaign progresses, and shall do my utmost to bring it to a triumphant conclusion. I shall seek an opportunity for further conference with you in a few days for arrangement of various matters, and suggest that you make free use of Carthew until your personal staff is organized. With every hope and all fair prospects for success, I am, sincerely yours.'

"Hustle that out for me, will you, Homer?" he said, and while his secretary typed the letter he sat at his desk, read his other letters and made notes on them for answers.

Presently the secretary returned. Enderly read his letter, signed it and handed it to his secretary.

"Now, Homer," he said, "send somebody—Peters is the man over to New York with that on the noon train, and tell him to hand it to Mr. Norton at Great Neck personally. No; wait a minute. It's too early to be writing letters yet—for me to, I mean. Tear that up. Where's Peters?"

"Outside."

"Please send him in."

Peters came in, a tall, gangling, bony man, with a soft tread and a most mysterious air.

"Pliny," said Enderly, "I wish you would take the noon train to New York, go out to Great Neck, call on the Hon. Ewen Norton and tell him that I have received his letter, that I am gratified over the contents of it, and that everything will now go forward as arranged. Tell him that I suggest that he consult with Carthew until he has organized his personal staff. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, by the way, Pliny, get acquainted with Norton as well as you can. I've spoken about you. You'll probably see a good deal of him from now on."

"How so?" asked Peters.

"Fix your affairs to join him in a few days. He's to be our candidate, you know. I'm going to suggest you to him for his political secretary. You'll probably be with him for the next fourteen months or so."

"All right," Peters answered. "I'll be ready when he is."

Peters vanished, and Enderly called to his secretary: "Homer, if anybody inquires for me between now and next Monday morning you tell all and sundry that I am out of town. I'm going to spend the rest of the week out at the Chevy Chase links trying to cure that darned slice in my drive, because after next Monday I figure I'll be a pretty busy little cup of tea."

The letter from the eminent citizens asking Norton to be a candidate for the nomination had been submitted to Norton and approved by him, with a few changes in phraseology. It was a thousand-word statement of conditions and suggestions for improvements in those conditions in the broadest terms of necessary progressivism as opposed to the reactionaryism of the political leaders of the party. It besought Norton, in view of his high standing, his sanity of expression and conviction, his honesty of intention, his clearness of vision, and his independence of character and lack of entangling political alliances, to enter the lists as a candidate for the party nomination, and pledged him the support of the signers.

It asked for an answer, with an expression of Norton's views, at some convenient time.

Carthew and Sawyer, expert at their business, had the letter to Norton on the press at six o'clock Sunday evening, and in the hands of political writers of the New York morning newspapers. This done, Carthew hurried out to Great Neck and dropped in on his neighbor, Norton, who was rather nervously pottering about his grounds.

"Well," asked Carthew, "how does it feel to be a potential President?"

"Am I that?"

"You will be in the morning. The request for you to run has gone out to the press to-night, you know."

"I understood it would. It's rather bewildering, as yet."

"You'll soon get used to it. How are you as a telephone talker?"

"I don't know; fairly competent, I suppose. Why?"

"Within half an hour every newspaper in New York will be trying to get you on the phone to ask if you are going to accept this invitation to become a candidate for the nomination."

"I hadn't thought of that. Won't you answer for me?"

"That wouldn't be politic. You are a public character now, or will be in the morning, and you can't evade your responsibilities. Besides, it is always well to allow the reporters to talk to you, first hand, and not through intermediaries, because there will probably come times when you will exceedingly desire to talk to the reporters."

"I suppose that is true," said Norton. "What shall I say to them?"

"Oh, tell them pleasantly that you have received the letter, taken the matter under consideration, and that you will issue a formal reply in a short time. They will bedevil you to find out what you will say in that formal reply, whether you will accept or not, but just stand on that, and don't get excited or nervous over their insistence. That is what they are paid for. As soon as they find out you mean what you say they will quit."

"Will you stand by?" asked Norton, who was nervous over the prospective grilling.

"Certainly. I'll stay in the library out of sight. Probably some of the reporters will come down here. There isn't much doing on Sundays, and they may decide to apply the personal-contact touch to their inquiries, rather than the telephone method."

The telephone bell began to jangle before they reached the house, and jangled incessantly for more than an hour. Norton took on each seeker after information, and politely, urbanely but firmly, explained that there was nothing to be said until he had an opportunity to study the letter and decide on his course in view of all circumstances. He promised a formal reply within a few days.

As Carthew predicted, that did not satisfy some of the reporters, and several of them came to Great Neck and saw Norton personally. He was even more polite and urbane than he had been over the telephone, and sparred with them, and stood pat on his declaration that he wasn't prepared to answer as yet. Carthew kept out of sight, because most of the reporters knew Carthew, and some of them had inklings of his various connections.

The New York morning papers made the news the leader in politics, and gave it good display, with such speculation about it as the political writers saw fit to make, most of it more or less perfunctory, because the launching of a candidate for President was not uncommon, either as a personal enterprise by the candidate or as a work by his friends. The papers printed Norton's picture. There was little editorial comment, and no intimation that Enderly or the organization had anything to do with it.

"It went over in fine shape," Carthew telephoned to Enderly early Monday morning. "Got good space everywhere as news, and no kick back anywhere. How did the Washington papers handle it?"

"In the same way. The Post made it the leader on the first page, and gave it two columns."

"Say anything about the organization?"

"Nothing except to wonder what we will think of it."

"I suppose all the correspondents asked you that?"

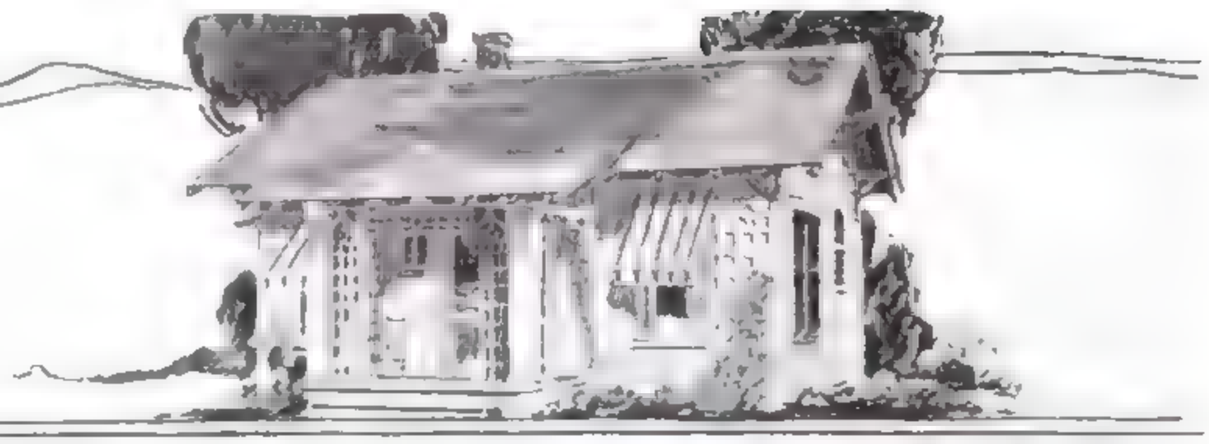
"They didn't find me," said Enderly. "I stayed out at Rockville with a friend of mine until it was too late for them."

"What about his reply?"

"Let it go Wednesday or Thursday. That will be time enough."

Some of the Washington correspondents came to see Enderly on Monday and asked him what he thought of the candidacy of Norton, and how it fitted in with organization plans. Enderly told them that he knew Norton, admired him, and that any natural-born American citizen, aged thirty-five or more, was at perfect and constitutional liberty to become a candidate for the nomination for President at any time, and on any platform that suited him, provided he had been a resident within the United States for fourteen years previous to his candidacy, which he felt sure was the case with Mr. Norton. As to the way his candidacy fitted in with organization plans, the organization had no plans beyond carrying out the expressed will of the party, and would regard Mr. Norton's candidacy, as those of all others, only in that light. The organization, Enderly

(Continued on Page 50)



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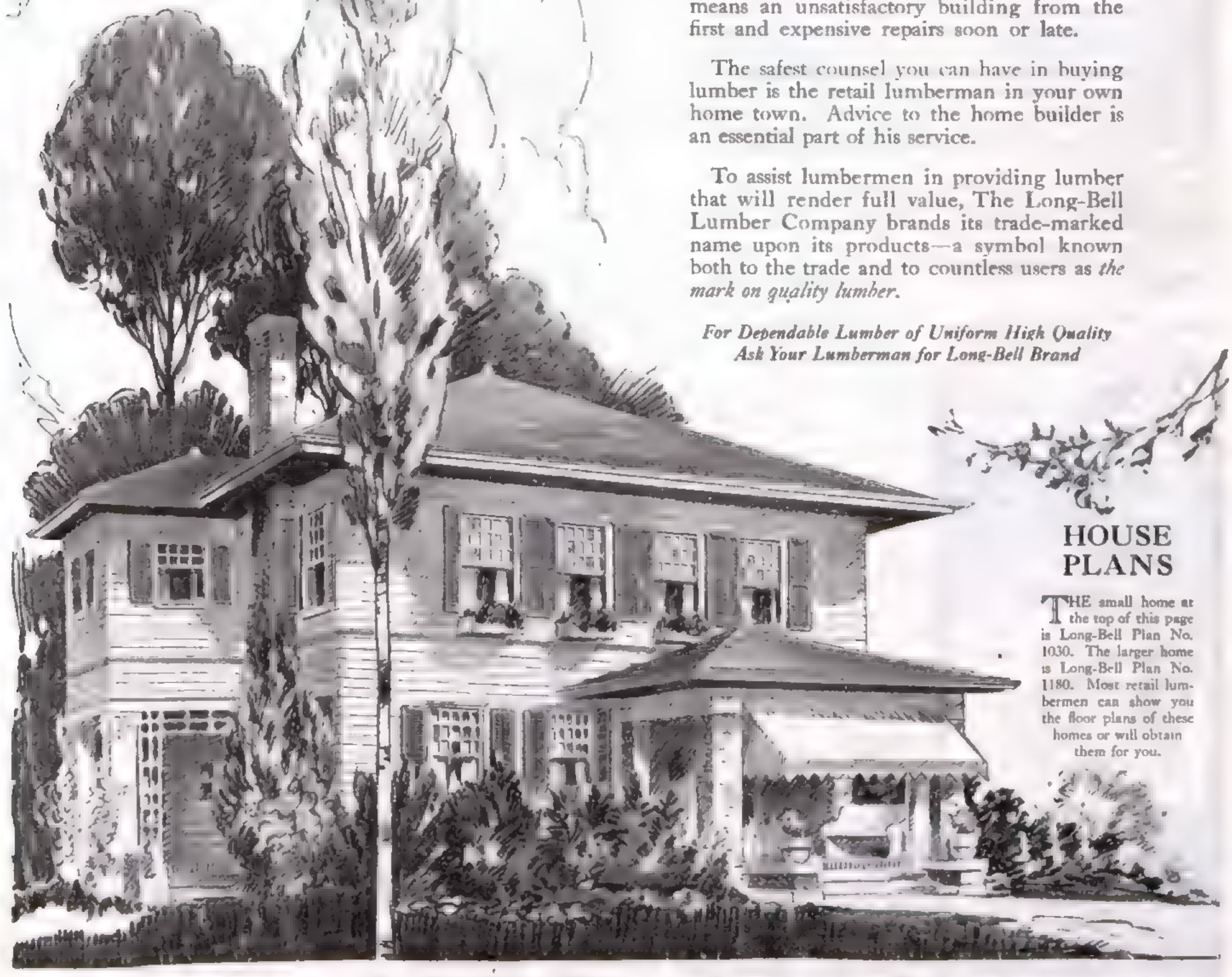

HOUSE PLANS

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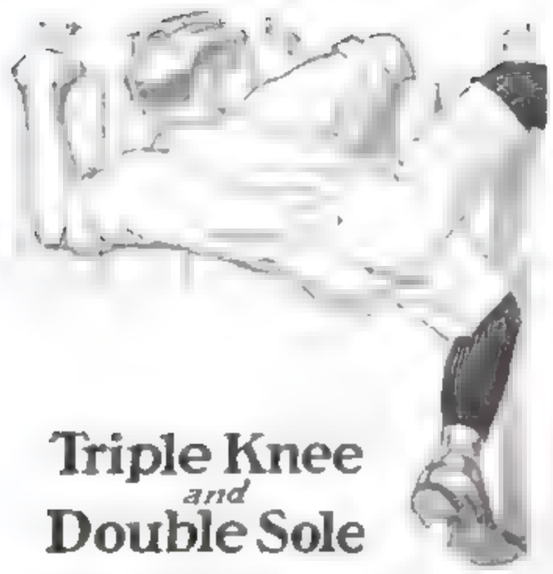

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Make This Stocking Durable

PUT Iron Clad No. 17 hose on your boy or girl—they are stockings that will stand a world of hard usage.

These good-looking, fine ribbed stockings are made of the best grade of combed lisle yarn. The triple knee, double sole, heel and toe, assure a long time service.

Colors are fast black and African brown, and may be had in sizes 6 to 11. Get several pairs for your youngsters—you will find them both economical and dressy in appearance.

The prices are 40c a pair, sizes 6 to 7½—50c a pair, sizes 8 to 10—60c a pair, sizes 10½ to 11, east of the Rockies. If you do not find Iron Clad at your dealer's—order direct from us, enclosing remittance and stating sizes required. Your order will be shipped promptly, postage paid.

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"Makes Any Tire wear Longer" For over five years the Coffield Tire Protector has demonstrated its ability to increase tire mileage.

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It stops most punctures and saves the tire from injurious stone bruises.

You ride on air, but ride easier. The Protector is *all rubber*, like the inner tube, and can no more injure your tire than can the tube.

It is not a "cure all," but users know it saves its cost on the first tire and can be used over and over again.

Write today for complete details

DEALERS WANTED

The Coffield Tire Protector Co
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TIRE PROTECTOR

(Continued from Page 48)

said, had no candidate. It favored a free field and a fair one, and was confident that the people would determine wisely and well in the selection of the man to lead them in the coming campaign.

Hollister talked in the same strain; and Pondevero, as usual, didn't talk at all.

Norton's reply was distributed by Sawyer to the afternoon papers on Wednesday, as the morning papers had the call to Norton from the eminent citizens, and was picked up by the morning papers. It was an acceptance of the trust imposed in him by the eminent citizens, and a discussion in general terms of the need for a sane progressivism in political affairs. It was well written, sufficiently explicit as to impelling policy, and reserved details for future elaboration. Deeply sensible of the honor done him and the confidence imposed in him, Norton thanked his proponents and accepted the responsibilities their proposal entailed.

The New York newspapers took Norton's decision calmly. One or two of the morning papers made short editorial comment on it, referring to Norton's high standing in the community and wishing him well.

Ten days later Enderly, Carthew and Sawyer met. Carthew and Sawyer had a great mass of newspaper clippings from all parts of the country, tabulated and arranged for Enderly's inspection. These comprised news clippings and editorial clippings. The news clippings showed that both the call and the reply had been printed in satisfactory measure in all parts of the country—had had good display. The editorial comment fell into three divisions. The progressive press spoke well of Norton as a citizen, and conceded him ability, but asked for detail and confirmation of his progressivism. The opposition press said he probably was a stalking horse for some ulterior Enderly-Hollister-Pondevero nefariousness. The organization press was polite, noncommittal, uninformed, of course, and palpably awaiting the word.

"It looks all right," said Enderly after he had seen the returns. "He's away to a good start. Now you can begin pumping in your follow-up stuff."

"The first installments are on the way," Carthew told him.

"Good. Keep it going. Now, Dick, how about the Norton-for-President League?"

"That will open up on Monday. I have a skeleton organization all fixed up with the Hon. Halsey Hooper as president, and the rest of the crowd as vice presidents. We've got national headquarters for them, and Sawyer will be the executive and working head. As soon as possible we'll branch out into the states and organize state leagues. In about three months the thing should be a going concern from here to San Francisco."

"That's good too. Whoop her up and get the people interested if you can. Later we'll talk over a speaking trip for Norton."

Sawyer left the room, and Enderly asked Carthew, "Anything new about Thane?"

"Not much, except that he and Sylvester were the only ones who knew about that gesture with Norton. He's dormant now, as far as I can find out."

"Watch him," cautioned Enderly. "Lon Thane is always doing most when he doesn't seem to be doing anything. I'll keep an eye on him too."

Enderly, Hollister and Pondevero made a searching political inventory of the presidential situation while waiting for further popular reactions from the Norton publicity that Carthew was spreading broadcast, which was put forth as coming from the committee that urged Norton to run. That committee had speedily been resolved into the national body of the Norton-for-President League, and was functioning, via Norton and Carthew, with considerable precision. State organizers were scattered over the country, and were beginning to get results, for the organization of any sort of league for any sort of purpose is amazingly easy in the United States. Americans like leagues and associations and clubs and alliances of all sorts—welcome them; and will join anything just for the sake of joining it if for no better reason. Your American dearly loves to pin a badge on himself or stick a button in his coat lapel.

There were several candidates for the nomination already in the field, of whom two, Driggs and Meech, were making some progress. The others were in it more for advertising than with any hope of nomination, but all were to be considered. Of these, Driggs and Meech were regular party men, making their campaigns on regular party lines. Driggs had his state already sewed up as a favorite son, and Meech already showed signs of being able not only to hold his own state but to secure one or two more.

The leaders decided it would be poor policy to oppose Driggs and Meech in their own states at this date, and felt that these men could be handled and propitiated later, provided they were not allowed too much leeway outside their own states.

"Let them go," said Hollister. "Even if they do get some delegates they'll come in when we want them. This thing isn't going to be a walk-over, and the more candidates we have on our string the more delegates we'll have at the showdown. We'll be kind to Driggs and Meech. They may hold some territory we couldn't get any other way."

"Don't ignore the others either," urged Pondevero. "Although we've got a candidate, or expect to have one, the more candidacies there are at the start, of fellows who are friendly to us, the better for our own man at the finish."

"All of which is Rule Number One of presidential politics," laughed Enderly, "and shall be scrupulously observed."

Presently, organization state leaders began coming in person, and writing, each with the query: "What about this Norton business? Where do we stand on that?" And in each case they were told to sit steady, to wait and see how it breaks, and to keep control of the delegate situation as far as possible. Meantime there were several conferences with Norton, who was preparing some speeches to be made in response to invitations from various state leagues for an expression of his views on the questions of the day, which invitations were arranged by Carthew and Sawyer; and the stream of Norton publicity continued.

A small personal organization had been made for Norton, with headquarters at his place in Great Neck, which consisted of stenographers, a clerk or two, and Pliny Peters as political expert. Carthew saw much of Norton and kept an eye on this organization. Peters reported to Enderly on occasion.

"She's working, boss," Peters said to Enderly one day after a month of this. "A lot of letters are coming in from different parts of the country, and the folks are getting interested. It's pretty near time to parade with him, seems to me."

"I think so, too, Pliny," Enderly told him. "Fix it up with Sawyer."

Speeches by Norton were arranged for in Boston, in Buffalo and in Chicago, under the auspices of the local branches of the Norton-for-President League. Norton made excellent impressions in all three cities, had good crowds to hear him, and was well treated by the newspapers. He held satisfactorily to the lines of Enderly's presentation of the issues to him, and seemed adequately progressive along the required semi-advanced lines. Interest in him grew throughout the country. He was taken seriously and respectfully. He developed into a capable candidate, and Carthew and Sawyer shot out publicity about him in all directions and utilized all available mediums for the presentation of it.

Enderly's one desire was to hold as many states as possible open for his Norton plans. He was in constant touch with his state leaders, urging them to sit steady, but never, by any chance, said anything inimical of Norton. He was careful about that. Indeed, when the occasion was opportune, he spoke highly of Norton, and let it be known that the organization was somewhat impressed with the measure of popular approval Norton's candidacy was obtaining, and with his capabilities as a candidate.

"What do you think of Norton?" Constable asked Enderly one day in the Senate cloakroom.

"Why, he seems to be making a pretty good showing, so far as I hear."

"A bit progressive for you folks, isn't he?"

"Oh, I don't know." Enderly answered evasively. "It isn't for us to decide on that. That's up to the people, you know."

"Is it?" asked Constable, as if that fact had not occurred to him before. "Well, that's gratifying to a person who has my ideas on what the issues are; very gratifying."

"I have no doubt that Mr. Norton strives to please."

"Is he pleasing you?"

"What pleases the party pleases me," said Enderly, and moved away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE FAT ANGEL

(Continued from Page 10)

length he had in his pocket two tickets for the symphony that very night.

"If you'd like to go with me"—he said.

But Tess didn't take after her mother for nothing.

"I'm sorry," she said, fluttering a little at her first invitation, "but I'm so busy—every evening ——" Which was surely comprehensive enough for any Mrs. Grundy. "You are very kind, though," she gently added.

But he looked so disappointed that she was glad a moment later when they reached her door.

"He must have been waiting for me, to meet me in the elevator like that," she smiled to herself as she climbed the stairs; and as a very thoughtful look gradually sent the smile to cover she added, "M-m-m-m—I never thought of that. I wonder what his hobby may be."

VIII

IT MIGHT have been persistency. The next night, for instance, he happened to meet her in the elevator again; and the following morning he also happened to meet her at the subway station. At first she persevered in her part of Miss Grundy, and tried to tell herself that she felt annoyed; but, truth to tell, there was something about Freddy Webber that would have disarmed the most captious. Item: He was so tall and good-looking that when he was with her nearly all the other girls gave Tess that look which says, "Where did you get him?" And then again he was so sincerely fond of music, and it is hard to think harshly of any young man who hums selections from the operas with a far-away look in his eyes and then eagerly asks you, "Do you like that?" Not that he was humming all the time. Far from it. He knew how to talk and when to laugh and when not to laugh, which is a very important distinction; and adding these things together, it wasn't long before Tess began to enjoy him, although she was careful not to let him know.

"Look here," he said one afternoon as they approached her door. "Can't I call this evening and—and meet your father?"

Now it chanced that the Millburns were going to call that evening, and Tess had already made up her mind that she wasn't going to be among those present.

"I'm going to see my sister to-night," she said.

"The one you told me about—who has the studio?"

"Yes," nodded Tess, glad because he had remembered this, because she thought it reflected credit upon the family.

"Well, then, look here! Can't I go with you?"

If Tess could have foreseen the consequences she would probably have said no so promptly that it would have startled him. Instead she took Freddy with her, and he hadn't been in the studio ten minutes when Mademoiselle Dolly deliberately set out to appropriate him for her own uses and designs.

Every girl who has had a beau snatched from her will know how the thing is done—the artful airs, the side-wiping glances, the sprightly gayety, and all and sundry. You mustn't blame Doll too much. Somehow it was born in her—a legacy from the handsome Pelham Merwyn—and she could no more leave the men alone than puss could leave the mice alone. And for that matter, you mustn't blame Freddy Webber too much either. Tess had always been gently nonresponsive to him, a pearly wet blanket, a perfect little Miss Grundy, hearing much

(Continued on Page 53)

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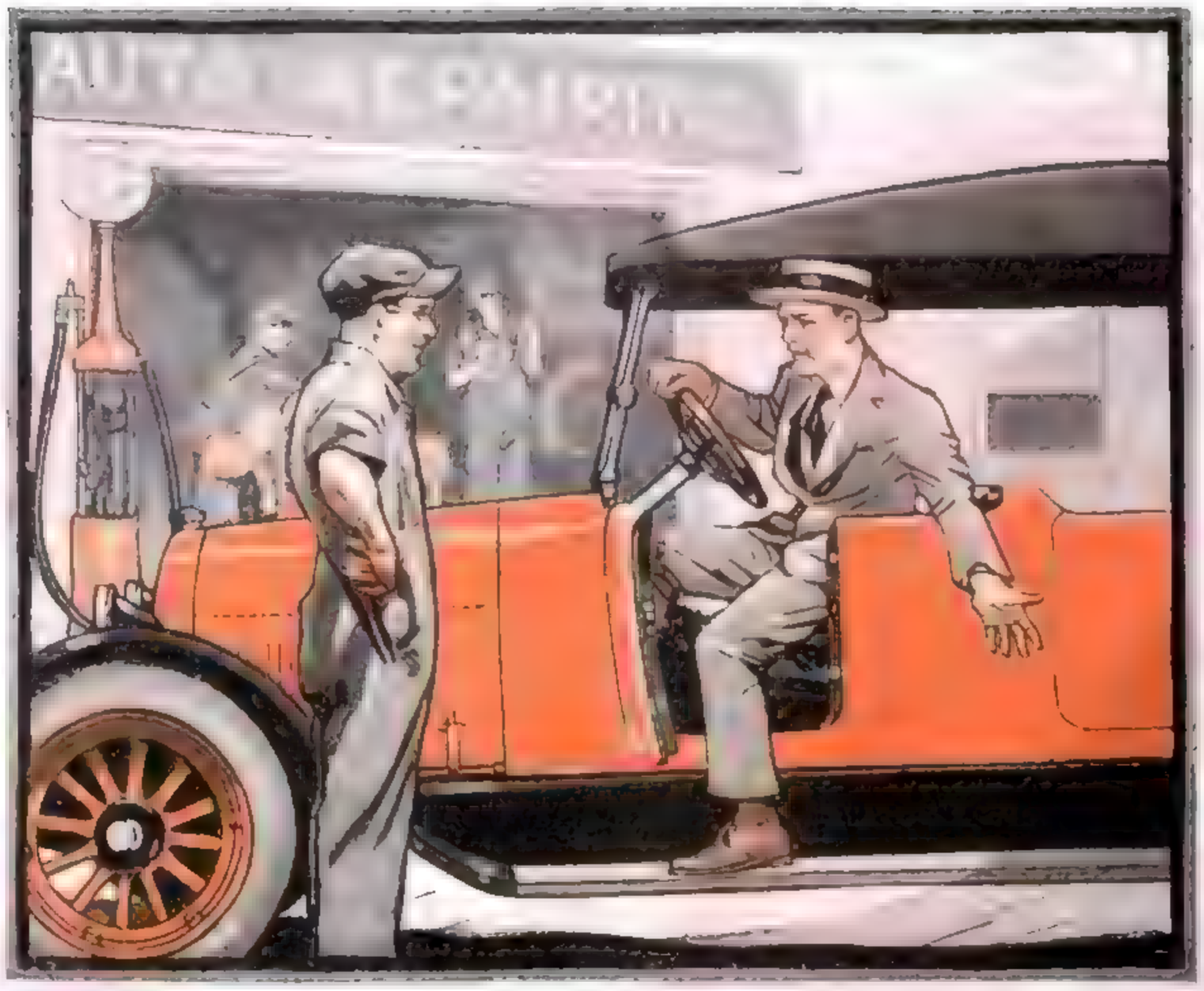

I'm through with poor piston rings

—put in that McQuay-Norris Combination then I know I'll have power and economy

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Piston Rings have two duties: They must control gasoline, which is power; they must control oil, which is lubrication. The McQuay-Norris Combination of piston rings does both.

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Both rings are made of Electric metal, which is melted and refined in the McQuay-Norris Electric Furnace. They are made in every size and over-size to fit any make or model of gasoline engine. Your repairman has the proper size for your car, or can get it promptly from his nearest supply house. Install the McQuay-Norris Combination—put an end to all the engine troubles that poor piston rings can cause you.

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Insist on the Combination

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"It seats in a jiffy"

A one-piece concentric ring
—with velvet finish that will seat in a jiffy.
—with an improved non-butting joint.
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THE KAY-BAC IS RECOGNIZED AS A TAILORING METHOD, WHICH DEFINITELY ESTABLISHES THE LINES OF THE CHEST AND WAIST.

ACCREDITED AGENTS NOW HAVE THE FALL MODELS APPROVED BY THE FASHION PARK DESIGNING ROOMS. THEY REPRESENT FINALITY IN DESIGN AND VALUE.

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 50)

and saying little, and saying that with great propriety. But Doll—Doll could be a young whirlwind in long silk stockings, all eyelashes, laughter and sprightly repartee, and it wasn't long before Freddy was eating from her hand and watching her with the eyes of one who would presently sit up and beg.

"You play the harp, Miss Merwyn?" he asked her once, seeing Old Faithful in the corner.

"No," said Doll. "I whistle on my fingers and play the ukulele, but when it comes to the harp, please excuse me for living."

Sitting quietly in her chair, her hands cradled in her lap as her mother had taught her, it never occurred to Tess to tell Freddy that she could play it. That would have been forward and pushing. So Tess simply sat there, watching the proceedings, speaking whenever she was spoken to, smiling pleasantly whenever a smile was in order, and never letting on for a moment that her heart was feeling unaccountably heavy, but that she didn't like to suggest going home because of that bold swarthy thing in the diamonds who was probably putting her father's hand at that very moment or squealing "Do I smell something to eat?"

"Let them get their own refreshments," thought Tess. "I'm not going to wait on them."

Her eyes, roaming around the room, came to rest upon the harp again. She looked, and then very quietly she arose as though to examine a Japanese water carrier on the wall. Across the room Doll and Freddy were amusing themselves by putting a jointed manikin into ludicrous positions.

"Oh, Mr. Webber, don't!" Doll gayly cried. "You shock my modesty!"

With her face still to the wall, Tess gently brushed away two tears that were rolling down her cheeks.

"Poor mamma!" she sighed to herself. "I wonder if I was born to be unlucky—like her."

IX

THE next afternoon when Tess went home Master Freddy wasn't there to squire her, and before the week was over she had a gay letter from Doll which mentioned among other things that the night before she had gone with Mr. Webber to hear Louise.

"It was grand!" wrote the irrepressible Doll. "And so was he! Flowers, taxi, and he wore his waiter's clothes. Can you imagine it?"

Tess imagined it.

"Still," she thought, drawing upon her gift for seeing both sides of any question, "I suppose it's only natural. I'm so quiet, and Doll's so full of life."

The following morning, trying to keep her mind occupied with the Argus reports, she noticed a new girl sitting at the adjoining desk—one of those fat girls who chew their gum with a rotary motion and look as though they don't care whether school keeps or not.

"Say, this is a rotten job," she suddenly remarked to Tess. "I wouldn't have come if I'd have known."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Tess, smiling in spite of herself.

"No fellows. I like a job where there are plenty of fellows around. A little life—that's me."

"Ye-es," said Tess slowly, "but, you know, if half the desks were filled with men there wouldn't be so many positions open for us."

"I should worry," said the fat girl.

"So, you see," smiled Tess, "there's another side to it," and going back to Argus she added, half to Miss Chubby-Cheeks and half to herself, as though she were repeating a well-learned lesson, "There are two sides to everything, you know, if you only look far enough."

"Two sides—sure there is," said the fat girl promptly—"your side and the other side. Well, let me tell you sumpen. It's up to you to pull for your side. The others are going to pull for theirs, all right, all righty!"

The more Tess thought it over the more clearly she could see the point, just as she could always see the opposite point of view in less important arguments.

"Perhaps that's what has been the matter with me—oh, for a long time," she thought with dawning conviction. "I give in to others because I can see their side of it, but they never give in to me because they can see mine. Of course my way is the right way if everybody would do it, but if no one else will do it but me it leaves me—well, looking sort of foolish in the end."

One by one, then, she began to review some of those whom she knew the best.

"There's dad," she thought. "He's always pulling for his own side, and would just as lief marry that awful woman and leave me nowhere. And Claude, he always pulled for his own side, and never thought of anyone else in the world. And Doll—oh, how she pulls for herself! And that Millburn woman! Yes, sir," she added with a growing feeling of warmth, "I do believe that all my life I've been thinking of others, and all the time they've been doing nothing but thinking of themselves. I—I wonder how it would be if I were to turn around now and think of nobody else but myself for a while—long enough, anyhow, to give it a real good try."

Tempting vistas, half concealed and half revealed, opened before her; vistas of things to pull for, things that she had always dimly wanted but had never even put into definite thought, while in and out of these appeared and disappeared more definite forms calling her, even daring her, to try this great adventure.

"It isn't as though I'd have to keep on doing it always," she breathlessly assured herself. "I could stop it any time I wanted to."

She was still in that state of indecision where a trifle cast in either side of the scale will turn the balance, when Master Freddy casually appeared in the distant doorway. He looked around for a few moments instead of making his usual tour of the room, and then as casually disappeared. All around her Tess caught the girls glancing at each other, and then some of them looked at her as good as to say, "He doesn't come to see you any more. Too bad! Hee-hee!"

That was enough.

"Yes, sir," she fiercely told herself, and in the excitement of the moment you will notice that she used her first piece of near-profanity, "after this I'm going to try to pull for Tessie, and a darned good try I'm going to give it too!"

X

THERE is no one so zealous as the convert to a new idea, and it wasn't long before Tess was laying down her program.

"Now what do I want more than anything else in the world?" she asked herself, and almost immediately arrived at the answer: "I want to stop dad from thinking of that awful woman."

That, as you can see, was a stiff program in itself, and one that promised a lot of pulling if Tess was to have her way. She jotted it down, though, on the edge of an Argus report—"Dad—Stop," and calmly went on with her plans.

"Now for the next thing," she thought. "I think it was mean of Doll to act the way she did with Mr. Webber. She has beaus enough already, and I have none. So for Number Two ——"

Underneath "Dad—Stop" she wrote "F. W.—Get Back."

"There!" she thought. "That's two things to pull for. And now if I could only find some nice hobby to work for, too, like Doll's studio or Mr. Webber's music! Now what would I like for a hobby more than anything else?" she mused. "It ought to be something awfully nice, and something that would keep me interested as long as I live. Now let me see ——"

If you had been watching her then you could have told almost to the moment when the inspiration struck her. Her eyes grew brighter and a pink glow shone on her. She smiled to herself and her lips moved a little, as a man will sometimes smile to himself and move his lips when he butters his buckwheat cakes on a frosty morning and tips the maple molasses jug and watches the sirup pour.

"Yes!" she breathlessly nodded. "That's it!"

She raised her pencil to make a note under the two other entries, but paused at the last moment as though she didn't quite know how to set it down.

"Oh, well," she told herself, "I don't think there's any need to write it. I—I'm sure I'll never forget a thing like that!"

XI

FOR a time, then, Tess went on working, writing out the names and addresses of applicants to be forwarded to the Argus-Alpha company for confidential reports. Finishing the list, she next began to read the reports upon her desk, comparing each one with the application to which it was attached. The third one was a particularly caustic affair covering a Mr. Amos J. Millbank, and whether or not it was due to the similarity of names, all at once Tess began thinking of Miss Millburn.

"Yes!" she excitedly nodded to herself. "Why couldn't I write her name and address down and get a report from the Argus company on her? They always come to my desk, and no one would ever know!"

At first her instinct rebelled against the idea, even as it would have shaken its head against eavesdropping or peeping into another's bureau drawers.

"Yes, that's me all over," she acknowledged with a sigh, "thinking of the other side right away, and nobody thinking of mine. And anyhow, it isn't as if she were some woman; and the insurance company does it; and if it's right to do it just for a business matter, why wouldn't it be all right to do it against someone who is trying to steal your home away from you, and looks down her nose and smiles at you like the bear that met Algy and got bulgy, and the bulge was Algy?"

Which is set down just as she thought it, and however incoherent it may seem, there was nothing unsteady about Tess' hand as she firmly dipped her pen into the ink and wrote "Miss Laura K. Millburn, Goshen, N. Y." And underneath it, as though for good measure, "Mr. Andrew Millburn, Goshen, N. Y."

"There!" she thought. "I don't know their New York address, but I heard them mention Goshen the night they had dinner at our house, as though they had lived there once. It makes me feel sort of dreadful in a way," she added, "but if I change my mind I can tear up the reports without seeing them when they come in."

She noticed then that the fat girl next to her was getting up as though she were through for the day.

"Half past four," thought Tess, glancing at the clock in surprise. "I didn't know it was so late."

"I ain't going to stay here any longer," said the fat girl, chewing her gum with vigor. "I'm through. You'll have some other simp sitting here at my desk tomorrow. G'-by."

She strode away, on her face that slightly worried look which is part of the heritage of all fat girls, and if you had been there to watch her as she made for the door—no matter how keen your imagination might have been, or how fertile your fancy—not for a single moment would you have seen a soft white robe around those swinging hips or the least suspicion of feathery wings upon her massive shoulders.

XII

WHEN Tess reached home at five o'clock she found a letter from Doll awaiting her. It was one of those crowing letters which the young sometimes write to their elders, and if Tess had received it the day before she would probably have sighed to herself as she read it, and have said to herself in tones of resignation, "Oh, well, I suppose it's only natural."

Not so, however, on the evening at which we have now arrived. As Tess read her sister's letter, first she smiled and then she nodded, and then with a heightened color she hurried into her room.

It was nearly an hour later when she came out, and if you had been there to see her then you might very well have asked yourself, "What transformation is this?" As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if Tess had ever looked lovelier in her life. She was wearing her white mull dress, with dark-blue silk stockings and dark-blue beaded pumps that had been her mother's, and she had dressed her hair in the way in which she had sometimes done Doll's on high days and holidays. And in addition to these items there was a new note in her manner, in herself, which was well worth observation, although it is hard to describe it. As nearly as it can be set in words she appeared to be ready for something delightful, as children and brides will sometimes look on the morning of a great treat—eager-eyed, yet trying to be demure.

Just as she was going out her father came in. Manlike, he gave one glance at the lady and two at the dining room.

"No dinner?" he asked.

"No, dear," she said. "You'll have to eat out to-night."

His disappointment was obvious, and it pleased Tess later when she reflected that

(Continued on Page 56)

KEYS CAN'T BUNCH OR WEAR POCKET

CARRY your keys in this neat BUXTON KEYTAINER and prevent bunching of keys and wearing of pocket.

TWO keys may be carried on each hook. Makes keys easy to find even in the dark. KEYTAINER holds naturally in palm of hand when turning key in lock.

CARRY one yourself and present as gifts for birthdays, etc. 9 different leathers; 4, 6 & 8 hook models. Prices from 30c. to $2.90. Sold only by dealers. Look for the Buxton carton. If you can't find one, write us.

DEALERS: Write for particulars on this money maker; special proposition with self-selling display case. BUXTON INC., formerly L. A. W. Novelty Co., Dept. S, Springfield, Mass.

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BUXTON KEYTAINER

The original patented Key-Kase

"Ye Gods! I left the heater on"

You usually remember that you left the gas water heater burning during the second intermission at the theater or at some other equally inconvenient time or place.

A STACK SAFETY FAUCET protects you against the results of forgetfulness. No matter how long the gas burns under your heater, you are safe from excessive pressure when the STACK SAFETY FAUCET is installed. When an excess pressure of 25 pounds is built up in the system, the STACK SAFETY FAUCET drips gently, relieving the pressure. Used daily as a faucet, the seat is always clean, its action is always positive. Easily installed and inexpensive.

Ask your local plumber about it or write for our catalog.

STACK HEATER COMPANY
39 Sudbury St., Boston 14, Mass.

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Whittemore's Shoe Polishes ARE SUPERIOR

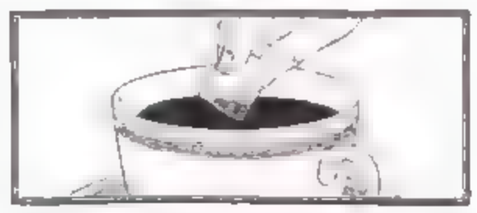
POWER-SPEED ENDURANCE
Auto Owners FREE BOOK
ILLUSTRATED

TO FORD, OVERLAND & CHEVROLET 490 and DODGE OWNERS

Dunn Mfg Co 101 Main St. Clarinda, Ia.

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation =

Try This with a Lump of Sugar



Just let a corner of the lump touch the surface of the coffee in your cup. Instantly you'll see the coffee drawn up by the grains of sugar until the lump is soaked with the liquid. It's a simple but striking example of *capillary attraction*, the principle on which the action of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation depends. Every Threaded Rubber Insulator is pierced by 196,000 tiny threads, and every thread is a wick soaking up battery solution in just the same way as the sugar soaks up the coffee. Thus the threads not only permit but actually help the free circulation of the battery solution. The threads make the rubber porous.

These Cars and Trucks are Equipped by Their Makers with Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries:

Acason
Acme
Advance-Rumely
All American
Allis-Chalmers
American
American Beauty
American LaFrance
American LaFrance *of Canada*
Apex
Armleder
Atco
Atterbury
Auburn
Austin
Avery
Bacon
Bell
Belmont
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Betz
Biddle-Crane
Bollstrom
Buffalo
Canadian Briscoe
Cannon Ball
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Carroll
Case
Chevrolet
Citroen
Clydesdale
Cole
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Colonial
Comet
Commerce
Commodore
Consolidated
Corliss
Crawford
Cunningham
Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Dearborn
Denby
Dependable
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Dixie Flyer
Dodge
Dorris
Dragon
Elcar
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F W D
Fargo
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Franklin
Fulton
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Garford
Gary
Giant
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Goodman
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Hahn
Halladay
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Highway
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Lancia
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Lewis Hall

Insulation + Porosity + Durability

Willard long ago abandoned the search for a natural substance which would:

1. INSULATE to keep the plates from contact with one another.
2. Be POROUS to permit free circulation of battery solution.
3. Be DURABLE to avoid need for reinsulation.

Starting with rubber, which had two of the necessary qualities—it insulates and it resists wear—Willard found the way to make it porous.

The result is Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, made porous by thousands of tiny threads, or "wicks," permitting free circulation of the battery solution.

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation lasts the life of the plates; prevents waste of money for reinsulation; gives the most use and stands the most abuse of any battery-insulating material known. Through years of tests on thousands of automobiles the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery has been proved to yield the most miles of uninterrupted service per dollar. The builders of 185 makes of cars and trucks have selected it as standard original equipment.

When you buy a battery, can you do better than be guided by their experience and specify Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation? Remember—you can get it *only* in the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery, which you can easily recognize by the Thread-Rubber Trade-Mark stamped in red on one side of the battery case.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

These Cars and Trucks are Equipped by Their Makers with Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries:

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Menges
Menominee
Mercedes
Merit
Meteor (Piqua)
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Miller
Mitchell
Napoleon
Nash
Nash Six
Nelson
Nelson & LeMoon
Noble
Noma
Northway
Norwalk
Ogren
Old Hickory
Oldsmobile
Olympian
Oneida
Oshkosh
Packard
Paige
Panhard
Parker
Parrett
Paterson
Peerless
Peugeot
Phuanna
Pierce-Arrow
Premier
R & V Knight
Rainier
Renault
Reo
ReVere
Riddle
Roamer
Robinson
Rock Falls
Rowe
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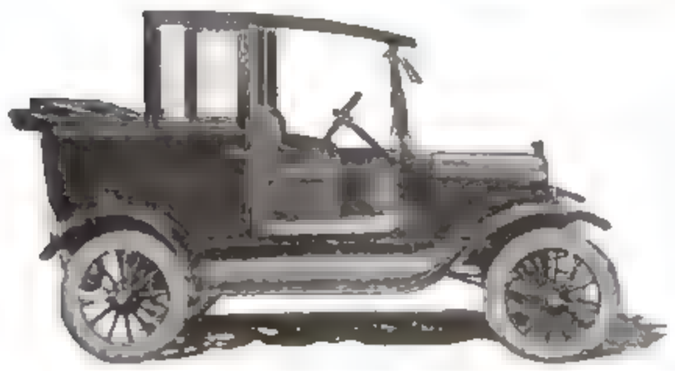
THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

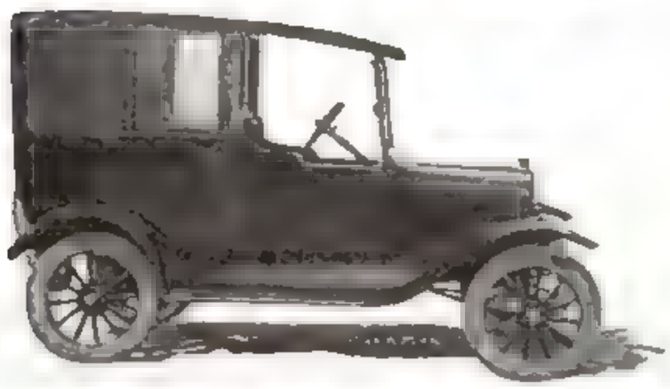
Announcing the New Briggs

Taxi Bodies for the Ford Chassis



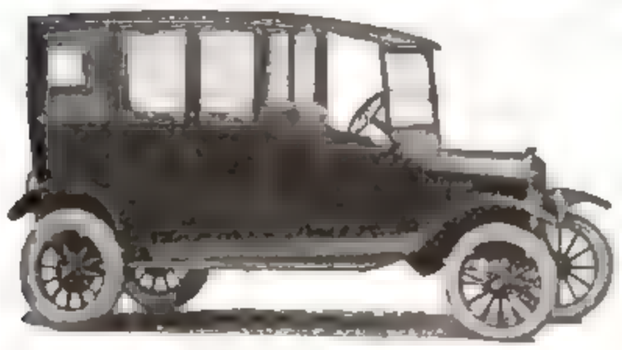
$350

without folding front door
For Standard Ford Chassis



$365

with folding front door and auxiliary seat
For Standard Ford Chassis



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Eight Passenger Limousine with front folding door
For Ford Truck Chassis

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

Realizing that there is a great demand for special Taxi bodies for the Ford Chassis, we have designed three special body jobs.

These three Ford body designs fit all requirements. You have your choice of the Taxi without the front folding door; the Town Car with the folding door and auxiliary seat; or the spacious and large eight passenger Limousine. See illustrations and prices of bodies above.

Every day scores of men are waking up to the fact that big profits can be earned by operating Ford Taxis. Heretofore make-shift bodies have been used and always discarded at a loss. Now come the Briggs Taxi bodies, built and designed specifically for the Ford Chassis.

We are shipping these bodies by the carload to all parts of the country. The demand is enormous. Wherever the Briggs body is shown it takes instantly, for the experienced man can see at a glance that it is built to stand the strain of the toughest taxi work.

These bodies have many new and exclusive features. The interior dimensions more than meet all double tariff requirements.

Briggs body parts are interchangeable with all the present Ford models.

Operating one of the largest body plants in the world, we are able to effect every manufacturing economy and by efficient quantity production offer these Ford Taxi bodies at prices which are the lowest on the market.

These bodies are for sale by Ford dealers throughout the world.

Special to Ford Dealers

We have an excellent proposition to dealers. Write today for complete details. Territory is going rapidly, so quick action is advisable.

Literature on request.

Briggs Manufacturing Company

Sales Office: 33 West 42nd St., New York City

Factories at Detroit and Cleveland

(Continued from Page 53)

although she immediately put herself in his point of view, the next moment she brightly returned to her own.

"I'm going to call on Doll," she said.

"Makes it a bit awkward," he said with the least suspicion of a grumble in his voice. "I was expecting the Millburns after dinner. Have you straightened the rooms or dusted or anything?"

"No, dear," she told him again. "You know, I don't get in till five."

He was still staring when she started down the stairs. Outside it looked like rain, and because she was now a young lady with an income of her own she took a taxi when she reached the corner, the first time she had been in a car since they had left Riverside Drive.

To tell the truth Doll didn't seem to be any too glad to see her, but Tess pretended that she didn't notice this.

"It's dad's beau night," she said. "So I thought I'd run down and have dinner with you."

"You are wearing your white mull," Doll complained.

"Yes," said Tess. "I thought I might as well wear it before it goes out of style."

Doll looked at her, and then with an artless glance she dropped her voice to a sweeter key.

"Tess," she said, "do you want to do something awfully nice and sweet for me?"

"What is it?"

"Let me wear your white mull to-night. Somehow I think it would just suit me. And you can wear my blue. Please!"

The old Tess would probably have done it, but the new Tess simply smiled.

"No," she said; "it's bad luck to change dresses. What have you got to eat?"

Doll sulked at that, and Tess had to cook the dinner, the same being a bungalow banquet—fried egg, crackers and cocoa with condensed milk. But when it was over the new Tess scored again. She made Doll clear away and wash up.

"Don't you think you'd better start home before it rains?" Doll asked at half past seven.

"No," said Tess. "It's raining now. I'll wait till it stops."

Doll gave her a long look, something like the look which her father had given her earlier in the evening.

"You're awfully funny to-night," she finally said.

"Funny? How?"

"Oh, I don't know. Funny—that's all. Did you get my letter this afternoon?"

"Yes, dear."

"That Freddy Webber was going to call on me to-night?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, then," pouted Doll, "you know what they say ——"

"Who says?"

"Everybody! About two being company—and three's a crowd."

"Dolly Merwyn! I'm surprised at you!" said Tess. "Surely you don't expect to receive a young man alone in this studio! Surely you don't ——"

This second "surely" was never finished. It was interrupted by the doorbell and a quick exchange of glances between the two sisters.

"That's him now," said Doll, speaking in the modern manner, and a minute later in stepped Freddy Webber with a package under his arm, tall, studious and, oh, so unsuspecting!

"Good evening, Miss Merwyn," said he.

"So nice of you to call," said Doll.

For the first time then he caught sight of Tess, but he had to look twice to make sure who it was.

"Why, Miss Merwyn!" he exclaimed. "I hardly knew you!"

She dropped him a court curtsy, finger at lip and brightly smiling; but when she arose you ought to have seen the look which Doll gave her.

"Why, this is delightful!" said Freddy, turning to put his hat and coat on a table.

And still Doll glared at her sister. Two lionesses and one lamb, two Poms and one bone, two girls and one man! Outside a peal of thunder was dimly heard above the city's roar.

XIII

FOR the first time in her life Tess didn't try to efface herself to give the others a chance—didn't sit back or play second fiddle for anybody—but laughed and chatted as though she really enjoyed it. Moreover, it amused her to see Doll's astonishment, and because it is an inborn trait of human nature to try to surprise the people once in a while, perhaps she shone all the more brightly because of Doll's dark looks. Freddy Webber, too, was apparently getting an eyeful, and the more he saw the more he seemed to like it.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," he said. "I've a box of candy here. You girls like candy?"

Now, as Doll knew very well, that two-pound box had been bought for her and nobody else; and when he handed it over impartially so that either girl could take it from his hand Doll simply wouldn't touch it. But Tess would! She not only took it, but she also opened it with those happy little cries which a girl seems to make at such times as naturally as a tom turkey says "Gobble-gobble-gobble!" when a pippin falls from the old tree near the well.

She and Freddy enjoyed that candy, but Doll didn't care for any. She had a toothache, and sat there dumpy and quiet, giving her sister an occasional glance which seemed to say, "I'll get even with you for this!"

But as for Tess she simply refused to be dampened. She and Freddy were soon laughing and chatting together about some of the queer ones who worked at the office; and now and then Tess carelessly glanced over at the harp and hummed a few bars. Of course she had to do it more than once, men being so dense, but finally Freddy took the hint. Naturally thinking that the harp belonged to Doll, he turned to his hostess first.

"Won't you play something for us, Miss Merwyn?" he asked.

Doll almost lost her temper then, which is the worst thing that any girl can do in front of a young man who is not yet bound by those strong shackles which include the words "love, honor and obey."

"You mustn't mind Doll to-night," said Tess. "The toothache always makes her irritable." Whereupon she hummed again and looked at the harp as good as to say, "Nobody's asked me yet."

"Can you play?" Freddy eagerly asked her.

"We-ll," she hesitated, "I'll try."

There are few pictures in the world more beautiful than a girl seated at a harp plunking silvery ripples and golden chords. The lights were right—Doll had seen to that, little dreaming that she had been working for her own discomfiture. The night was right—music is never so soothing as when Old Pluvius splashes his accompaniment on a skylight. First Tess played the Minuet—the only one worthy of being written with a capital—and then, warming to her noble instrument, she let them have Il Bacio and Evening Star, which latter made Freddy's eyes look as though they had just been moistened and polished.

The party broke up early because Doll's toothache turned into a headache, and Freddy took Tess home in a taxi. While he was downstairs telephoning for it Tess said to Doll, "I miss the harp so much. Do you mind if I have it back again?"

"Take it and welcome!" snapped Doll, tossing her head. "I'm sure I don't want the old thing!"

Freddy came back then, or there might have been more. On the way home, as the car swished through the swimming streets, they talked about music and things, and once when the car bounced Freddy happened to touch Tess' hand. Thinking it an accident she moved it away.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have moved it," she thought later. "I wonder what he would have done next—if I hadn't. I—I wonder what nice men do when—when they are all alone with a nice girl."

Before they knew it the car had stopped and there wasn't time for more.

"When can I call and see you?" asked Freddy. "Please don't put me off this time."

"How about next Wednesday evening?" asked Tess after a moment's pause.

"Next Wednesday evening," he solemnly repeated. "Now remember! It's a promise!"

"As if I'd forget!" smiled Tess to herself as she hurried upstairs full of her night's adventures. "One thing, though," she continued more thoughtfully, "I must take good care that Doll doesn't know he's coming!"

XIV

ALL that week and the early part of the next Tess was wondering how she could receive her caller.

"It would seem awful, somehow, if I was alone when he called—nobody in the apartment but myself. Of course if I knew him

(Continued on Page 58)

SELZ $SIX

All Leather, made of the famous Trostan Calf

Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel

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Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear

This Shoe Introduces You

to a new standard of judging prices and quality

We merely ask this: Visit a Selz Dealer. See if you agree with thousands of other men that this Selz $Six is an extraordinary combination of high-quality and low-price.

We offer it as a winner of new friends. We want more people to know how we make shoes and what a heritage of 50 years of experience means to the House of Selz.

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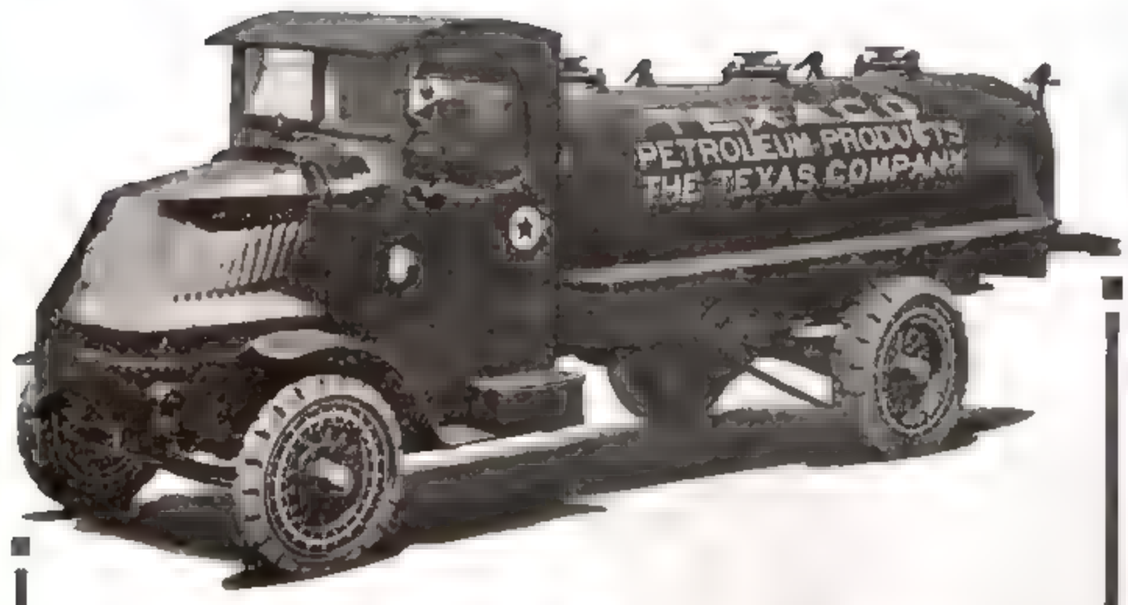


70 Sets In Three Years

Another Story of Sewell Repeat Orders

In 1919 The Texas Company purchased two sets of Sewell Cushion Wheels. In 1920 they bought 36 sets. In 1921 they added to their fleet 32 new trucks equipped with Sewell Wheels, making a total of 70 trucks, Sewell equipped, now operated by this company.

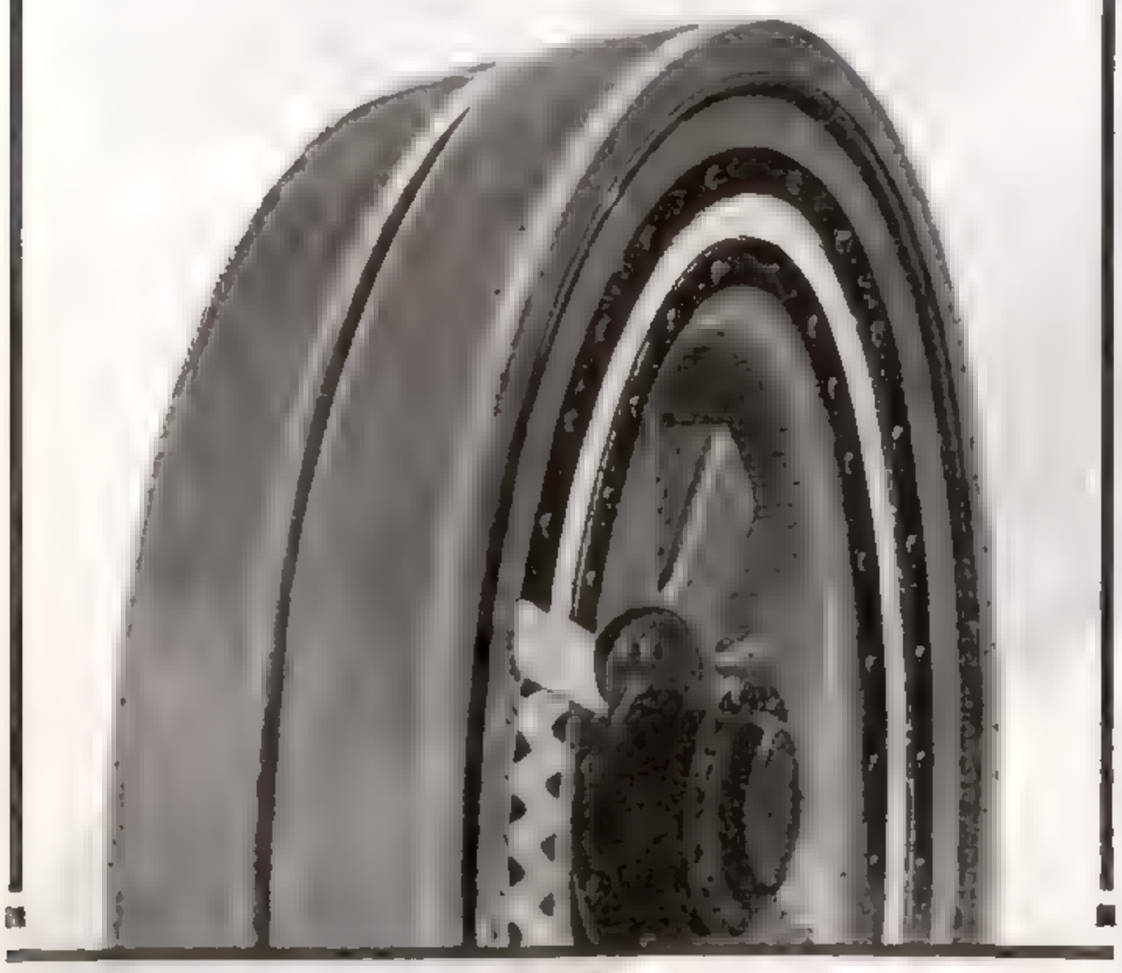
The purchase of these 70 sets of Sewell Cushion Wheels tells a story that every truck operator can easily read. It is the simplest, yet most convincing proof that Sewell equipment means actual economies. It is testimony of the most practical kind that Sewell Wheels save trucks from destructive wear and tear and reduce operating and repair costs.

The Texas Company's story is repeated wherever Sewell Cushion Wheels are used. Already 52 large oil companies are operating Sewell equipped fleets and Sewell Wheels are in use in 137 different industries. There is a suggestion here of vital interest to every man using motor truck transportation.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company

DETROIT, U. S. A.

Branches and Distributors in all Principal Cities



Sewell Cushion Wheels

***The* Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.**

(Continued from Page 56)

a great deal better than I do now I wouldn't mind it so much. But the first time he calls ——"

It was, she knew, dangerous to rely upon her father's being there.

"He'll probably be running around with that Millburn woman," she thought. And then, turning over all the possibilities in her mind, another idea disclosed itself.

"Perhaps I can get Mrs. Brackett to come and sit in the next room," she thought, "though I hate to ask her, after the way dad's acted. I'm sure they were interested in each other once, and everything might have gone on smoothly if it hadn't been for those terrible Millburns. Still, I guess I'll have to ask her. I can't think of anyone else."

She put it off till Wednesday morning, and drew a deep breath of relief when Mrs. Brackett cheerfully consented the moment the suggestion was made.

"Why, of courthe I don't mind," she said. "I'll bring my embroidery and thtay in your room, and if you thcream I'll come running out and thtab him with a needle."

Later in the day Tess was smiling over this when Joe, the shirt-sleeved office boy, brought her a basketful of papers. On the top was a sheaf of applications for names and addresses to be forwarded to the Argus company, and underneath was a thick envelope filled with Argus reports that had just come in.

"I wonder if there's anything interesting," she thought, shaking out the contents of the envelope. "I haven't had a funny one lately."

She glanced them over with the eye of a charming young connoisseur, her months' experience having already made her somewhat blasé at these intimate histories of people whom she didn't know; but along toward the end she came to a name that she knew very well indeed.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Laura Millburn! It's here at last!"

It would have amused you if you could have seen her as she read it. Her eyes kept opening wider and wider until you might very well have thought to yourself, "Great heavens! What's going to happen if there's much more to read?"

Fortunately the report came to an end just as her eyes had reached the shape of two little full moons.

"There!" she gasped again, suddenly straightening herself in her chair. "Didn't I always know it?"

XV

WHEN Tess left the office that afternoon she had some shopping to do. Every girl who has lived long enough to receive the first visit of a Freddy Webber will know what that means. So, with one thing and another, it was half past six when she finally reached home; and whom did she see the moment she opened the door but Miss Millburn and her brother, sitting in the front room as though they owned the place, and no one else in sight?

For one awful moment a feeling that wasn't far from terror seized hold of Tess and made her knees wabbly. But the next moment she noticed that the more formidable visitor had her hat on, and that her vamp cape was draped over the back of her chair.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Miss Millburn with her most patronizing smile, her most bulgy manner. "Here comes our little lady! Kept you rather late at the office to-night, didn't they, dearie?"

Mr. Millburn arose, his white teeth gleaming in his smile.

"Miss Merwyn," said he. "Charmed, I'm sure."

"Where's dad?" asked Tess in a voice so short that if you had been there you would hardly have recognized it.

"In his room, dearie," said Miss Millburn as patronizing as ever. "He's dressing to go out with us."

Tess looked at them both, and then she looked at the old harp that was back in its corner. There was something in its stately presence which seemed to give her courage, and when she spoke again her voice was more normal.

"Are you going to take dad for a dancing lesson?" she asked.

It may have been imagination, but it seemed to Tess that at this innocent-appearing question Miss Millburn's smile lost a trifle of its quality, and one might even have been pardoned for thinking that her eyes narrowed as well.

"Or are you going to try to sell him some millinery?" continued Tess.

This time there was no doubt about the change in Miss Millburn's smile.

"I suppose you know that dad thinks you were never married," continued Tess in the same even voice. "'A brave little woman who has fought life's battles alone'—that's what I've heard him call you. I don't know what he'll think when he finds out that you've fought four husbands as well."

Miss Millburn's smile had quite gone by then, and Mr. Millburn's eyes were attentively fixed on Tess as though he were no longer charmed in the least degree.

"You must have been eating something that doesn't agree with you," he said.

Tess turned to him then.

"Do you know that the Boston police have a warrant out for you?" she asked.

"Since when?"

He asked as though satirically, but she answered him with that simple straightforwardness which is the hardest thing in the world to disbelieve.

"I don't know," she said. "I only heard about it to-day. It's because you got five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds up there and didn't pay for them."

Brother and sister looked at each other—a guarded look which was hard to read—and then Mr. Millburn turned back to Tess, looking over her shoulder this time, his eyes fixed, perhaps by accident, upon the door.

"What's the big idea?" he asked. "You're mistaken, of course; but why are you telling us this?"

"Because I want you to leave dad alone," said Tess. "If you'll both go away and forget about him—well, I suppose I'm doing wrong, but I'll try to forget about you. But if you are still here when he comes out of his room I shall tell him first and then I shall go to a friend's apartment and telephone to Boston."

Again brother and sister looked at each other—a troubled look this time, with more than a touch of weariness in it—and when Mr. Merwyn came bouncing out of his room a few minutes later, shaved, groomed and dressed to the nines, he found that his company had flown.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Where are they?"

"Gone," said Tess.

"Gone? Gone where?"

"They didn't say."

Nor did she feel like saying much herself. Now that it was over, she felt wabbly and trembly again. So, in silence, she handed her father the Argus reports.

"Laura K. Millburn," the first one began. "Born? Born thirty-five years ago. Married? Married and divorced four times—once here, twice in Chicago and once in Reno. Since last divorce has resumed maiden name. Business, if any? Conducted dancing school here few years ago, but too much dipping went with tripping and place discontinued by request. Opened millinery store next, but patrons scarce and place sold for debts. Said she ought to have laid in derby hats and fedoras and would know better next time. Present address? Left here some time ago, present address unknown. Family? Has a brother to match. Boston police were here looking for him last week for trimming Boylston Street jeweler out of five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. Said to be a clever worker and a good judge of stones. Hobbies, widowers."

That was enough for Pelham. He sat down heavily, and again he stared at his daughter, this time as a flabbergasted foreigner might stare at the interpreter who was about to tell him what the judge had said.

"You say they've gone?" he asked at last.

"Yes," said Tess. "I told them that if they didn't I should call up Boston. Have they been to the store yet -to buy any diamonds?" she anxiously asked.

"No," said he, "they were coming in the morning."

After a moment's further reflection Sir Pelham uttered a classic—the one beginning, "Well, I'll be ——" And well he might, all dressed up as he was, and nowhere to go. He gave Tess another of his new looks—dawning respect in it this time—but it must have grated upon him, this being appareled for adventure and no destination in view. All at once he picked up his hat and coat, it being instinctive in every man to save his face if he can manage it.

(Continued on Page 60)

If Office Doors Were Painted Different Colors

IF the office door of your traffic manager were painted red, your employees would associate red with the traffic department.

Similarly, red paper for the forms used by your traffic department will make your employees think "traffic department" whenever they see red forms.

Assign a distinctive color to the forms used by each of your important departments, and your office routine will be speeded up. There will be fewer mistakes in routing, filing, mailing.

If you have branch offices, give each one a different color for its forms and letterheads. This color-classification helps your employees to be more rapid and accurate in the handling of letters, requisitions, orders, memoranda.

Hammermill Bond is supplied in white and twelve colors. It has the quality for your letterheads and permanent-record forms, while not too good—nor too expensive—for forms thrown away as soon as used.

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The Utility Business Paper

WRITE us and we will send you our free portfolio, "The Signal System," which shows you the advantages of color-classification for your printed forms.

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(Continued from Page 58)

"I'll be back after a while," said he.

Tess listened to him going down the stairs, and then turned back to the empty apartment.

"There!" she thought, beginning to catch her breath again. "That's one of the things I made up my mind to do!"

XVI

FEELING better every minute, she picked up another of those bungalow dinners aforesaid, and was just finishing dressing when Mrs. Brackett came in. Mrs. Brackett, too, had evidently spent some time upon her appearance, because it is one of the things which every woman knows that even to assist in a love affair requires a toilet which reflects at least in some degree the romance of the occasion.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed the moment she saw Tess, "how thweet you look!"

For the next few minutes they had a mutual admiration meeting, and then Mrs. Brackett proceeded to business.

"I think I'll go in the dining room," she said, "and we'll leave the door open into the hall. That will give you the front room, and I won't be able to hear you unleth you begin hollering real loudly to each other. But then," she added with one of those looks in which widows excel, especially if they are still pink and pretty and talk with a lisp when the weather is fine, "I hardly think you'll do much hollering."

Tess blushed, but she blushed more when Freddy came in soon afterwards and gave her a look that was made up of five parts of admiration, five of devotion and ten of beef, iron and wine. He was duly introduced to Mrs. Brackett in the dining room, and then Tess led him into the front room, and felt her heart beat very fast indeed at the prospect of finding out so soon what a nice young gentleman does when he is left alone with a nice young girl.

To be historically correct, it wasn't particularly exciting at first. Freddy talked a lot, and they laughed again about some of the sketches in the office, and then he went to his coat and brought back a box of candy and twelve carnations set off with sprigs of asparagus fern, which, it seems, he had nearly forgotten. Of course then a vase had to be fetched, and Mrs. Brackett had to see them and smell them and sample the candy and wink her eye at Tess as though to say, "This is the life!" These details out of the way, Freddy suggested some music, and looking rather thoughtful and baffled, Tess started to play. She was still playing when her father came in, and then of course Freddy had to be introduced.

"Mrs. Brackett's in the dining room," said Tess. "Have you had your dinner?"

"Yes, yes, it's all right," he said. "Don't let me disturb you."

Tess went on with her playing then, while her father and Mrs. Brackett began talking together in the dining room. Then Tess went back to her chair near Freddy, and they started chatting again—about music and the spicy smell of carnations and how funny some of the people were at the office. But they didn't talk quite so loudly as at first. Bit by bit their voices dropped. Freddy's even became a bit unsteady at times, and old familiar phrases gradually seemed to take upon themselves new tones and meanings—tones and meanings which Tess wouldn't have missed for anything, but which seemed to be vaguely disturbing now and then.

"Oh, Tess!" her father called out from the next room—a gentle note in his voice, partly chastened and partly something else. "Play that old one—Believe Me—will you?"

It had been one of her mother's favorites, and when Tess had settled herself at the harp again, her cheek lightly pressed against its fluted column, she played it *con amore*, as a harp should be played, all silvery melody and golden chords. On the sofa, at the other end of the room, Freddy felt a tingle at his scalp and that slight irritation of the nose of which the soothsayers speak.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day ——

Tess' eyes were moist when the last chord trembled into silence, and, unconscious of what she was doing, instead of returning to her chair, she went over to the more familiar sofa and was sitting down by Freddy's side before she realized where she was.

"Oh, pardon me," she said, and would have arisen if he hadn't been there. Yes, Freddy was there; and although his eyes were inclined to be misty, too, he knew what his arms were for.

"Don't—don't move away, dear," he whispered. "I—I want to tell you how much—how much I love you."

He started to tell her, her head upon his shoulder, and it must have been all of half an hour later when his audience freed herself with a guilty start and whispered in his ear, "I wonder if they have noticed—how quiet we've been."

"That's all right," Freddy whispered back. "They can't say anything. For the last ten minutes they've been nearly as quiet as us."

After the company had gone and Tess was in her room, taking her hair down and thinking things over, she couldn't help smiling as she thought how quiet her father and Mrs. Brackett had been.

"It's nice to be quiet," she comfortably told herself as she started brushing her hair.

She brushed away.

"It would be nice for dad, too," she thought. "He'd have somebody to take care of him if I—when I get married."

She brushed away.

"There!" she continued. "That's two of the things I made up my mind to do." Smiling to herself, she shook her front hair down till it covered her face, and in the seclusion of this little tent she breathed to herself, still brushing away, "That—that only leaves my hobby, and perhaps that won't take long—now."

XVII

TIME rolled on—till it came to a day when Tess' father came to see his little grandson, and brought his new wife with him.

"Oh, ithn't he cute?" exclaimed the new Mrs. Merwyn.

"Tess thinks the sun never sets on him," said Freddy proudly.

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Tess, almost smothering her blessed child. "He's my precious little hobby!"

"Oh-ho!" said Master Freddy, who had never heard this one before. "And are you going to have any more hobbies?"

She made him one of those charming historic answers which live in a family for years, and when they were alone again she started thinking of how, apparently by a chapter of sheer accidents, this wonderful baby had been born to astonish the world as soon as he could grow up to be a man.

"Yes," she thought, "it was all due to that fat girl at the office, and I've never seen her before or since. I wonder—I wonder if those things are really accidents, or whether they are intended from the first."

She thought it over for a long time, and then called out to her husband.

"Oh, Freddy!" she said. "Do you think it's ever possible that, now, some day either you or I might entertain an angel unawares?"

SAVING HIS FACE

(Continued from Page 19)

answer to a complicated promise to tell the whole truth and not merely a part thereof. No, sir! You might catch John D. or W. K. or J. P., but, by heck, you couldn't catch A. T. W. An ordinary citizen had about as much chance to reach the Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank as a drunken German to cross the No Man's Land of Verdun with the searchlights playing on him. So after you had been combed in Anteroom 1 you were shoved along to Room 2—and the door was locked behind you; then, in course, to Room 3, and at last you were face to face with—no, not Mr. Wiltbank, but with Mr. Baer, his business secretary.

Mr. Baer was almost as much of a swell as his master; and almost as wise. Nobody had ever subpœnaed him either. He was the last trench the Cerberus, the high priest or muckamuck or whatever, who passed you in through the temple door to the shrine where A. T. W. sat smoking his cigar. You see how impossible it was to catch him. Besides, he had a secret exit which he could use if necessary. The process servers had given him up years ago, at the time of the Lexow investigation.

On the beautiful spring morning when our story opens, the Hon. Amos Todhunter Wiltbank was sitting in his office on the thirty-seventh floor of the building, with his feet on six hundred dollars' worth of fumed oak, with a fifty-five-cent—five for war tax—cigar in his mouth, while twenty-seven stories below him Mr. Ephraim Tutt reclined in the same position before an ancient rickety affair knocked down in a Liberty Street auction room for $3.70—and smoking a Wheeling stogy costing $.009 by the thousand. But the higher you are the bigger the bump.

"Mr. Tutt!" remarked Miss Minerva Wiggin, appearing in the doorway.

"Yes, my dear!" returned the old lawyer, smiling at her through the blue smoke of his stogy.

"You are always ready to help people."

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, I wish you'd help my friend Miss Haggerty. She's the notary across the hall, you know—with Moses Icklebaum."

"Where is she?"

"In the outer office. She's got a poor, helpless woman with her. The trouble isn't with the law—it's just the tremendous difficulty under which the poor and insignificant inevitably labor when they have to approach the rich and powerful; just getting to them, you understand. She ——"

"Send her in!" cried Mr. Tutt, his congress shoes describing a perfect arc as they descended towards the floor with a bang. "Send her in!—Oh!" And he sprang up.

"Here they are!" remarked Miss Wiggin, producing the visitors from behind her. "You know Mr. Tutt, Maggie. And this is Mrs. Carter, from Valley Fair."

Mr. Tutt shook hands with each ceremoniously and drew up a couple of chairs.

"Now," said he, returning to his desk, "what can I do for you—or Mrs. Carter?"

Miss Haggerty's freckles were almost submerged in the dull red that suffused her face. She was a wiry, nervous little thing not quite five feet in height.

"I'm just hopping mad!" she informed him, her eyes glittering. "Here's poor Mrs. Carter—her husband's only been dead a few months—come all the way down from Dutchess County with her baby, to straighten out the deed to her farm, and she can't get within a mile of the man who could fix it for her in half a minute."

"Who is he?" Mr. Tutt lifted his eyebrows.

"Amos T. Wiltbank."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt with interest. "You mean friend Todhunter?"

"Exactly."

The lawyer turned to Mrs. Carter. "Why do you wish to see this man?"

Mrs. Carter shifted the baby to her other arm and then raised a pair of rather faded sad gray eyes to the old man's face.

"You see, sir ——" she began. "Oh, do keep quiet, Ezra! Mr. Wiltbank's wife sold us the farm and signed the deed, but she didn't acknowledge it before a notary, and so the county clerk won't record it."

"Why not have her acknowledge it now?" he asked.

"She's dead," replied Mrs. Carter simply. "But Mr. Wiltbank saw her sign it, and put his own name on as a witness; and everything will be all right if only he will make an affidavit that he did. But I can't reach him."

Mr. Tutt's long face tightened. "Why didn't you write him about it?"

"I did, but he never answered."

The old lawyer clapped his knee with his right palm. "He didn't—didn't he!" he growled.

"It makes me furious!" interjected Maggie Haggerty, jumping to her feet. "Mrs. Carter's all alone with her baby—nowhere to stay—has to get back to look after her cow and chickens—and unable to communicate with this man, who is right in this very building! First she goes up there and they won't let her cross the threshold; and then I go up and they shoo me out like a tramp."

"Did you explain what you wished to see Mr. Wiltbank about?" asked Mr. Tutt quietly.

"Why, of course! But they didn't half listen! They're so smooth and oily you

(Continued on Page 62)

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(Continued from Page 60)

can't get anywhere. They wouldn't even say whether he was in or not. And I had the affidavit all ready too. It would have been no trouble at all for them to take it in or for him to sign it. But they pretended they didn't know where he was or when he would be in or how I could see him; acted almost as if they had never heard of such a man, although his name is on the door in great big letters; treated me like a book agent! Ugh! I could have punched that smart-Aleck in the nose."

"Why didn't you?" laughed Mr. Tutt. "It would have done him good!"

"Well, he's still there!" she snapped.

Mr. Tutt caressed his lantern jaw thoughtfully.

"As I understand it, all you want of Wiltbank is that he shall make an affidavit that he saw his wife, now deceased, sign the deed, as grantor, of the land she sold to Mrs. Carter, she not having acknowledged her signature before any notary or commissioner of deeds at the time."

"That's it precisely," nodded Miss Haggerty. "The statute provides that such an affidavit by the subscribing witness shall be equivalent to an acknowledgment of execution by the maker of the instrument."

"Let's see your affidavit," suggested Mr. Tutt, and the notary handed it to him.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss:

On the twenty-seventh day of April, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, before me came Amos T. Wiltbank, the subscribing witness to the foregoing instrument, with whom I am personally acquainted, who, being by me duly sworn, did depose and say that he resides in New York City; that he knew Sarah M. Wiltbank to be the individual described in, and who executed, the foregoing instrument; that he, the said subscribing witness, was present and saw Sarah M. Wiltbank execute the same, and that he, said witness, at the time subscribed his name as witness thereto.

"Quite all right," approved Mr. Tutt. "If you ever need a job, call in here."

"But how is Mrs. Carter going to make Mr. Wiltbank sign and swear to this affidavit?" demanded Miss Haggerty. "I know he's in his office, from the way they all acted. Besides, the starter told me that although Wiltbank went up this morning he hadn't seen him come down—and that he usually has his lunch served in his office on a tray. You can get within forty feet of him, and yet he's as far away as if he were in China."

Mr. Tutt was fingering the telephone book. "Give me West 9991," said he, lifting the receiver.

"Office of Amos T. Wiltbank," answered a silvery female voice.

"I want Mr. Wiltbank, please."

"Who is calling?"

"Ephraim Tutt, an attorney at law."

"Do you know Mr. Wiltbank?"

Mr. Tutt ground his teeth. "Yes, yes!" he retorted. "Certainly I do!"

"Well, does he know you?" chuckled the telephone.

The old lawyer shook his fist towards the picture of Lord Eldon on the wall in front of him.

"He's heard of me, I guess."

There was a provoking laugh at the other end. "Kindly tell me what you wish to speak to him about?"

"I want to speak to him about a legal paper."

"Oh—a legal paper?"

"Yes. An affidavit I want him to sign."

"Mr. Wiltbank doesn't sign affidavits."

"Well, he'll sign this one!" roared Mr. Tutt. "Will you kindly tell him this is a very important matter and that a grave injustice ——"

"Mr. Wiltbank is out of town," remarked the voice conclusively.

"When is he coming back?"

"We don't know. You'd better write him a letter."

Mr. Tutt suddenly sat bolt upright, turned to Maggie Haggerty, and placed the end of his forefinger upon the point of his nose.

"You say he's in his office?"

"I'm sure of it!"

"Did you ever hear of Section 305?"

"No; what is it?" demanded Miss Haggerty excitedly. "Should I have?"

Mr. Tutt did not reply to this counter-question.

"I'll give him one more chance!" he muttered. "One more chance."

Five minutes later a curious group emerged from the elevator and approached the outer office of the great Mr. Wiltbank. First came Mr. Tutt, lean, rackety, sardonic, in his shabby frock coat and baggy breeches, his wrists protruding from frayed round cuffs adorned with huge onyx buttons, holding an old-fashioned stovepipe hat. Just behind him followed Mrs. Carter, her baby in her arms, shabby but neat, her plain honest face pale against her threadbare mourning. Then Maggie Haggerty, hopping along like a small angry bird, ready to fly at the first head that might appear.

The middle-aged guardian arose in his careful cutaway and equally careful manner, at their approach.

"Is Mr. Wiltbank in?" demanded Mr. Tutt.

"Who wishes to see him?" inquired Mr. Hosmer, the intelligence officer.

"Please tell him Mr. Ephraim Tutt, representing Mrs. Ezra Carter, of Valley Fair. I wish to get Mr. Wiltbank to sign an affidavit as to his wife's execution of a deed as grantor of some land sold to this lady here."

Mr. Hosmer looked faintly amused.

"Have you an appointment?"

"I have not. My client has come all the way down to the city to see Mr. Wiltbank, and she must return home to-day. If he does not sign this paper for her her journey will have been fruitless, her time and money thrown away. Merely as a matter of justice ——"

Something in Mr. Tutt's manner impressed Mr. Hosmer.

"Wait a moment," said he. "I will see if something cannot be done. William! Take my place at the door."

A stout youth arose from a neighboring desk and usurped the place of Mr. Hosmer, who disappeared towards the rear of the office. The fact was that he had heard of Mr. Tutt, and it was the second time Mrs. Carter had been there that morning! Perhaps Mr. Wiltbank might be persuaded ——

"Better not go in there!" warned Mr. Baer. "The boss is on the rampage. He'll bite your head off!"

But the captain of the guard pushed by him and knocked respectfully.

"Well?" came from within.

He entered. The Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank raised a plethoric countenance.

"Well?" he snorted.

"If you please, sir," began Mr. Hosmer timidly, "there's a woman here from up your way in the country. Her lawyer is with her, too—Mr. Tutt—a very well-known barrister. They want you to sign an affidavit ——"

The Honorable Todhunter's massive face seemed suddenly to swell.

"What do you mean," he demanded, "interrupting me in the middle of my work this way? You know my orders! I see nobody without an appointment! Nobody! Tell these people to go and talk to Mr. Vanderpoel. If it's anything demanding my attention he can write to me."

Mr. Hosmer hesitated.

"Excuse me, sir," he began again. "Might it not be better for you to make an exception for once? This Mr. Tutt can be very disagreeable ——"

"So can I!" yelled the apoplectic Todhunter, lumbering to his feet. "Tell him I'm the most disagreeable man in New York. Tell him to go to Vanderpoel, and if he doesn't want to do that tell him to go to hell!"

"Take this!" directed Mr. Tutt to the beautiful Miss Sondheim, his stenographer. "And knock it out on your machine now—before you go out to lunch:

"The People of the State of New York to Amos T. Wiltbank, greeting:

"I command you, that all and singular business and excuses being laid aside, you appear and attend before me, Margaret Haggerty, a notary public, duly qualified and appointed under the laws of the State of New York, in Room 1012 of the building known as — Broadway, Borough of Manhattan, New York City, forthwith, on this the 29th day of April, to testify under oath before me concerning the execution of a deed, in which Sarah M. Wiltbank appears as grantor and Emily P. Carter as grantee, and to the execution of which you were a subscribing witness. And for failure to so attend and testify you shall forfeit to said Emily P. Carter one hundred dollars and shall be committed to the Prison of the City of New York, there to remain without bail and without the liberties of the jail until you answer under oath as required by the law.

"Margaret Haggerty, notary public in New York County.

"Ephraim Tutt, attorney for Margaret Haggerty, — Broadway, New York City."

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(Continued from Page 62)

"What is all that?" asked Maggie in amazement. "I can't issue a subpœna!"

"You can do a lot more than that, my child!" he replied. "You can commit this bulldozing ruffian to jail!"

"Little me?" she gasped. "It can't be. I never heard of such a thing."

"Very few lawyers have. Or, if so, they've forgotten it. It's the law, though," he informed her. "That is, it is how the statute reads. It's worth trying out, anyhow. Listen, I'll read it to you. It's Section 305 of the Real Property Law:

"Real Property Law, Section 305, compelling witnesses to testify.

"On the application of a grantee in a conveyance, his heir or personal representative, or a person claiming under either of them, verified by the oath of the applicant, stating that a witness to a conveyance, residing in the county where the application is made, refused to appear and testify concerning its execution, and that such conveyance cannot be proved without his testimony, any officer authorized to take, within the state, acknowledgment or proof of conveyance of real property may issue a subpœna, requiring such witness to attend and testify before him concerning the execution of the conveyance. A person who, on being duly served with such a subpœna, without reasonable cause refuses or neglects to attend or refuses to answer under oath concerning the execution of such conveyance, forfeits to the person injured one hundred dollars, and may also be committed to prison by the officer who issued the subpœna, there to remain without bail and without the liberties of the jail until he answers under oath as required by this section.

"Now I propose to teach this mannerless brute what he is clearly too selfish or ignorant to realize, that the mere fact that he is supposedly a human being entails a certain recognition upon his part of the existence of other people."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Miss Wiggin. "I have always hated that man!"

"If," continued the lawyer grimly, "our friend Todhunter refuses to do that which the law requires of him, even if he be ignorant of his duty, we will take advantage of that same ignorance and stick him in jail—for a while anyhow!"

"Do you really mean ——" stammered Maggie.

"Mean? Of course I mean!" shouted Mr. Tutt. "Take this, too:

"City and County of New York, ss: In the matter of the committal of Amos T. Wiltbank for a criminal contempt.

"On this 27th day of April, 1921, at about the hour of noon, the above-named Amos T. Wiltbank having been duly subpœnaed by me the undersigned to appear, attend and testify as a witness before me concerning the execution of a certain deed to which he was a subscribing witness, between Sarah M. Wiltbank, grantor, and Emily P. Carter, grantee, and the said Amos T. Wiltbank having without reasonable cause, refused and neglected to so attend, appear and testify with respect thereto, now therefore it is ordered and adjudged that the said Amos T. Wiltbank forfeit to the said Emily P. Carter the sum of one hundred dollars and be forthwith committed to the City Prison of the City of New York, there to remain without bail and without the liberties of the jail until he answers under oath as required by Section 305 of the Real Property Law of the State of New York.

"Margaret Haggerty, notary public in New York County."

"Lord love you!" exclaimed Maggie. "Who ever would mind that?"

"Amos T. Wiltbank," answered Mr. Tutt grimly. "Or I'll know why! Do you know a friendly cop?"

"Do I know one!" ejaculated Her Honor. "The very finest!"

"Then produce him," returned Mr. Tutt.

Officer Dennis O'Leary had just been relieved from post and was about to attend, in accordance with the previous command of his superior officer, at the office of Moses Icklebaum, when Maggie, hatless, met him at the curb.

"Do you love me, Dennis?" she demanded.

"Do I ——" he began, astounded.

"Then prove it! Or I'll never speak to you again—or marry you—or anything!"

"Give me the chance!" he ejaculated. "What is it?"

"I want you to make an arrest—maybe!"

Dennis' kindly face expanded into a receptive grin. "If that's all—lead me to him!" he swaggered.

"Oh, I knew you would!" she panted delightedly.

"Who is it?" he asked curiously.

"Amos T. Wiltbank!" she shot at him.

O'Leary's jaw dropped and he stared at her blankly. "For the love of Mike!" he gasped.

"No, Denny dear," she responded archly. "For love of me!"

Ten minutes thereafter Mr. Baer, who happened to have gone into the outer office, saw the young policeman emerge from the elevator. Denny's monthly visits had rendered him a familiar figure, and the secretary had made a point of cultivating a sort of intimacy. You never knew when you would need a cop.

"Hello," he greeted him cordially. "Want to see the boss?"

"Sure," replied the officer. "Is he in?"

Baer nodded and motioned towards the communication trench.

"I guess it'll be all right for you to go in there. You know the way. Miss Madden, just tell Mr. Wiltbank that Officer O'Leary is here and wants to speak to him a minute."

The Honorable Amos T. was in the very act of bending over to remove a fresh box of cigars from the bottom drawer of his desk when Denny appeared at the doorway in answer to the permission extended through Miss Madden.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Wiltbank with that affectation of delight at seeing his visitor, "how are you, old man? What can I do for you? Have a cigar?"

"Guess I'll pass 'em up this time, gov'nor," said Denny.

There was something in his tone that bothered Amos T., who in his entire experience had never known a cop to refuse anything before. In this we do not intend to reflect upon the police in general, but only upon those who were of the kind that Mr. Wiltbank knew. "What do you want, then?" he demanded.

"I've got a paper for you to sign, gov'nor," he answered quietly.

Instantly the Honorable Todhunter felt as if his stomach no inconsiderable portion of his whole works had dropped through the bottom of his green-grained leather chair. It was a subpœna! In a flash he was on his feet.

"Look here!" he panted. "You ought to know better than to intrude on me like this without permission! You should have stated your business in the outer office. I never see anybody on business without an appointment. Please go out and confer with Mr. Baer."

"This ain't got nothin' to do with Mr. Baer," explained Denny. "This here is a subpœna ——"

At that the world went bad for Amos Todhunter. Blackness descended. Devils shrieked.

"I don't care what it is!" he shouted. "Get out of here!"

"Listen, Mr. Wiltbank," urged Dennis in a vain endeavor to pacify him. "You sold some land to a man named Carter ——"

"Go and see my lawyer!" yelled Todhunter. "I know nothing whatever about it. I didn't sell any land to him. I never sold any land to anybody in my life."

"Well, your wife ——" began Dennis.

"Get out of my office," repeated Todhunter wildly, "or I'll send for the pol ——"

His voice died away. Obviously, they were already there.

"First, I'm goin' to serve you with this subpœna!" announced the cop doggedly.

"I won't take it!" yelled A. T. W. "Keep away from me!"

Dennis began to get angry.

"Yes, you will!" he growled. "You'll take that and a lot more before I get through with you."

Then he put his hand in the middle of the fumed-oak writing table and leaped over it. He had taken a prize in the hurdles at the police games down at Belmont Park. He slapped the horrid thing on Todhunter's chest just above the solar plexus.

"Take it!" he ordered.

Todhunter took it.

"Read it!" he commanded.

"I can't without my glasses!" expostulated Todhunter. "What is it?"

"It's a subpœna ordering you to testify about a deed."

"Who issued it?"

"Miss Haggerty."

"Who's Miss Haggerty?"

"She's the finest little woman ——"

"I mean," interrupted Todhunter, getting hold of himself and, as he thought, regaining control of the situation, "what is she? How can she issue a subpœna?"

"She's a notary public."

Todhunter bit off the end of a cigar, lit it and laughed.

"A notary can't issue a subpœna!"

Denny eyed him belligerently.

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 64)

"Well, she has!" he announced.

"But I don't have to obey it," retorted Todhunter. "Who sent you here?"

"None of your business!" replied the cop. "A subpœna is a subpœna!"

"It's of no validity unless issued by a proper officer—a judge," answered Todhunter, now, as he supposed, on firm ground. "You'll get yourself in trouble if you lend yourself to such tricks. I know the commissioner and I'll see you get sent out among the goats."

For a fraction of a second there came upon the film of Denny's mind a mouthing close-up of the commish—yclept the Little Tin Jehoshaphat—but it faded almost instantly in favor of Maggie's twisted little freckled smile. The Honorable Amos T. felt a hand hard as iron grab his linen adjacent to his Adam's apple and yank him to his feet.

"You come with me!" roared O'Leary. "You'll see who's the goat!"

Todhunter, choking, tried to free himself. His sacred person was unused to violence.

"Let go of me!" he stuttered. "There's obviously some mistake!"

But Denny did not relax his hold.

"You're going with me—now—like this! Come along!" he directed.

Todhunter half swooned. Go through an alley of smirking, sneering clerks like that—in front of Baer, Wadhams, Miss Madden, the elevator boys! If he did he could never hold up his head again.

"Wait a minute!" he gagged. "I'll go with you—that is, I'll go as far as the elevator anyway. You're a nice fellow, you are! I don't know what this is all about, but can't I fix it with you somehow? How would a twenty-dollar bill look?"

"A thousand-dollar bill would look so small I couldn't see it!" snorted Denny. "Cut that out, Mr. Wiltbank! There's nothin' doin'. You come outside and I'll give you plenty of time to make up your mind what you'll do. But that's all."

"All right!" snarled Todhunter. "You take back that subpœna and forget you ever served it or I'll have your job! When I go after a man's skin I usually get his bones! I'll break you—understand?"

For reply Dennis propelled his prisoner vigorously toward the door. "Go easy!" whined A. T. W. "I'm going!"

"You bet you are!" retorted O'Leary.

They passed through the shrouded sanctuary known as Room 3, the more blatant ostentation of Room 2, the austere elegance of Room 1, and into the large outer office, where it seemed to Todhunter as if no less than fifty pairs of derisive eyes were focused upon him. In the middle of the room, in full view of all the clerks, accountants, bookkeepers, stenographers, attendants and office boys, stood a tall, lean, ramshackly, wizened old cuss who looked something like a lamp-post wrapped in a frock coat, and whom the miserable magnate suspected he had seen somewhere before. Beside this gaunt Nemesis was a small but furious female, a panther woman who crouched ready to spring. Then she sprang.

"I have subpœnaed you," she announced in a high, firm voice, "to appear before me and testify regarding the execution of a deed to which you were a subscribing witness. Are you coming?"

Todhunter could hear the hush descending upon the office. The babble of voices, the rattle and ring of typewriters ceased. No jaws moved. It was as if a forest swaying in the wind had suddenly become motionless.

"My good woman," began Todhunter nervously, "this sort of thing is quite unpardonable. I do not recall the matter to which you refer. But whatever assistance I might have been to you is now out of the question. I shall decline to help you in any way."

A curious smile played elusively over Mr. Tutt's gaunt face, but he swiftly repressed it.

"All right," he muttered sotto voce to the little pepper pot beside him. "Go to it."

"Then," exclaimed Maggie dramatically, "I fine you one hundred dollars and commit you to the City Prison without jail privileges until you are prepared to testify. Of-fi-cer"—her voice shook almost imperceptibly—"of-fi-cer! Arrest that man and take him to the Tombs!"

Utter silence, as in the curvature of space, followed. It was broken by a brazen laugh from A. T. W.

"What nonsense!" he remarked. "You must be crazy! You couldn't send a dog to jail!"

"She can send you!" smiled the tall old man who towered above him.

"Who in hell are you?" snapped the Honorable Todhunter.

"I suppose I am known by the same name everywhere," answered Mr. Tutt benignly. "Let it suffice that I am the young lady's attorney. I advise you that she has full authority to send you to prison. Here is the necessary commitment, signed by her, and this officer is ready to execute it. Would you like to convey any messages to your friends before you start? Send for your clothes—a toothbrush or anything?"

The Honorable Todhunter's face sank like a blazing sun into the purple horizon of his neck. To be insulted thus in the presence of his clerks; baited and jeered at! Suffocating with repressed fury he turned to Miss Madden.

"Call up Mr. Vanderpoel," he directed her.

A moment later she handed him the instrument.

"That you, Vanderpoel? Yes, A. T. W. Listen. Can a notary commit a person to jail simply because that person refuses to be questioned about a real-estate transaction?"

"Notary—send—a person to jail!" ejaculated Mr. Vanderpoel. "Of course not! Who ever heard of such a thing? Nobody except a judge can send anybody to jail."

"Well, there's a notary trying to send me," answered Todhunter.

"You? You! That's a good one!" laughed the learned Vanderpoel. "Tell him to go to the devil."

The Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank hung up the receiver.

"My lawyer instructs me to tell you to go to the devil!" he informed Miss Haggerty.

"Very well! Arrest him, of-fi-cer!" she quavered.

With something that sounded suspiciously like profanity Officer Dennis O'Leary brought his hand down with a bang upon the magnate's shoulder, gripped him roughly by the collar and dragged him toward the elevator. A gasp of astonishment and horror escaped from half a hundred throats. The great A. T. W. treated like that—so rough!

"Help!" cried the magnate. "Look here ——"

"Under the law," said Mr. Tutt calmly, "you may be sent to prison. I will show you the statute if you care to read it. I confess it is rather obsolete, but it will serve. It is Section 305 of the Real Property Law. But you may still escape the humiliation of going to jail by acceding to the young lady's demands and signing the necessary affidavit—which I hold in my hand."

The Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank hesitated. Should he now yield he could never again be the same to his employes. He would be an exploded balloon, a shattered idol, a busted phenomenon. But if he didn't ——

"Come along, you!" snarled Dennis, jerking him ignominiously.

Hot tears of baffled rage and humiliation smarted in the great man's eyes. The cop's knuckles dug painfully into the cords of his neck. His collar hurt him.

"Come on!"

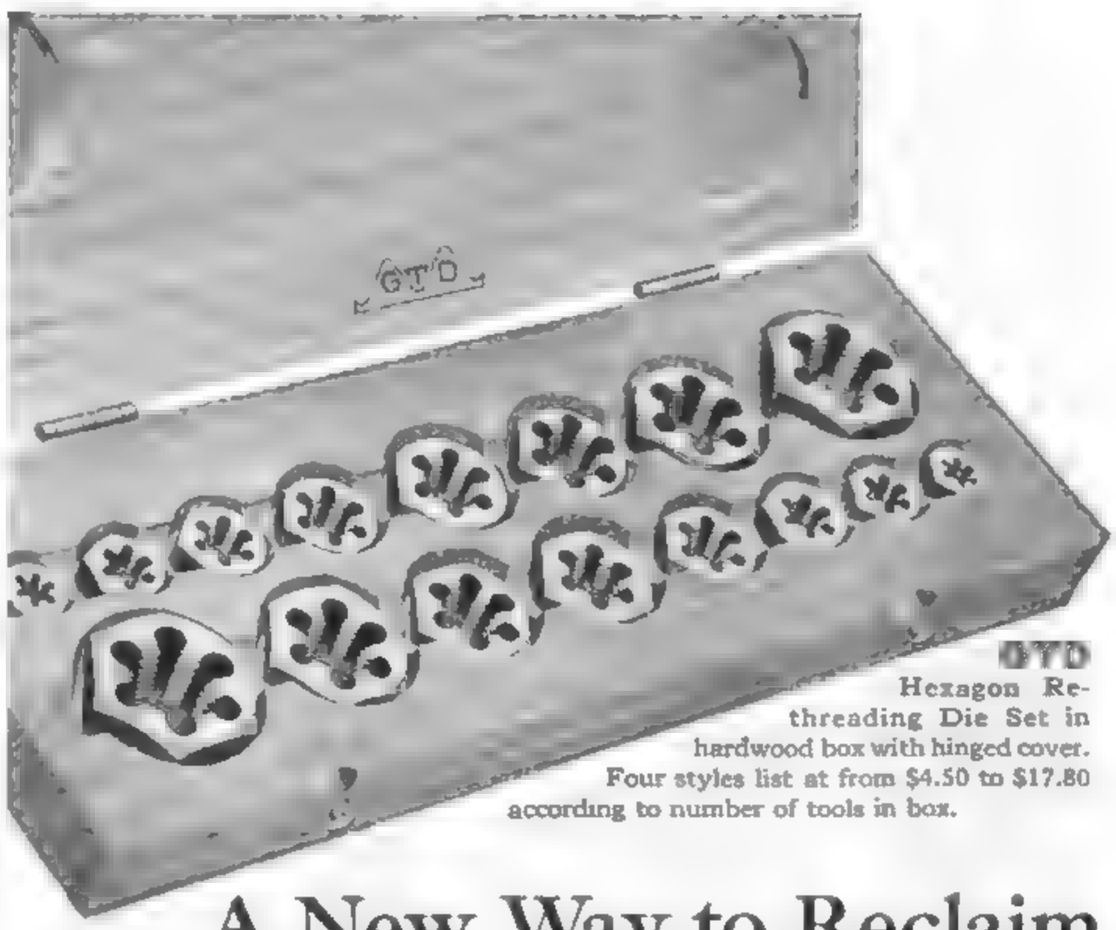
Oh, sacrilege! What difference did it make whether this outrageous performance was legal or illegal? Here was an officer who was prepared to yank him into the elevator and, if need be, club him to a pulp and drag him by the heels down Broadway to the Tombs. Even if he didn't beat, club and mangle him he would bruise and maltreat him by word and deed, conduct him along by the arm in the presence of a jeering crowd, who would follow, snarling, at his heels. It was not so much the idea of jail—even without the usual courtesies—as the puncturing of his pride, the writhing humiliation, the awful irony that he, the great A. T. W.—the man who had cigarettes named after him—should be —— Oh, it was inconceivable! And think of the newspapers!

The shadow of the descending elevator flashed across the ground glass and the door slid open.

The magnate went suddenly weak in the knees. He was beaten; he knew it! For the first time in his life his bluff had been called—and by a woman! He wavered, he caved!

"Goin' down?" intoned the elevator man.

"I think not," answered the Hon. Amos T. Wiltbank sheepishly.



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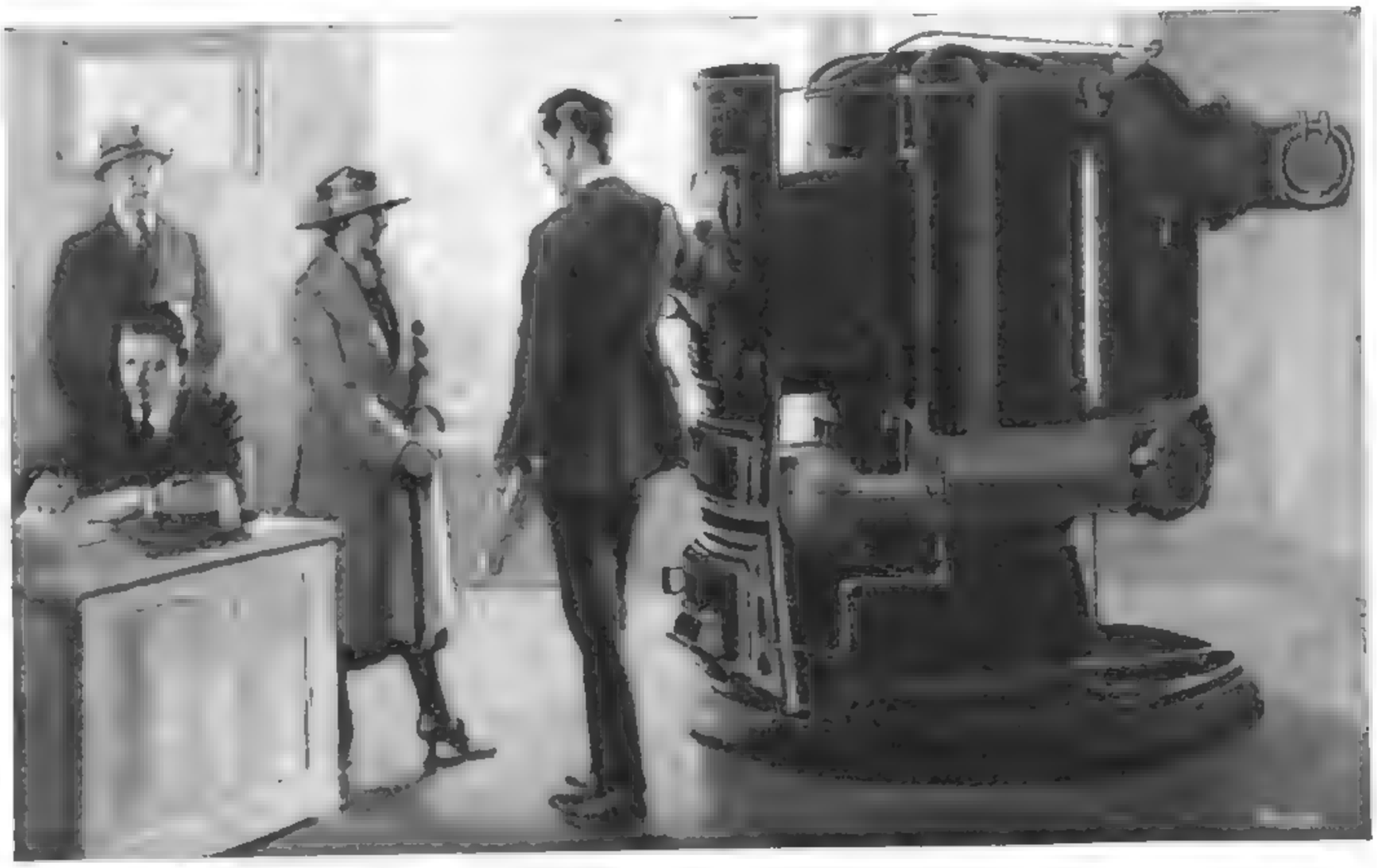

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The Round Oak Folks Make Good Goods Only

TEACHING PERKINS TO PLAY

(Continued from Page 13)

At the dinner station that evening weak human flesh broke under the strain, and Papa Perkins refused to go to see Spot. He ate his fill of nourishing food. But the twins saved most of their dinner for Spot. They argued fiercely through the meal as to who should feed him first and hurried their father to the baggage car, where to his amazement he found a new baggage smasher with a new frown, and Spot in a melancholy mood recounting his wrongs in the clear high notes of a lyric soprano. There went another dollar. And two hours later, when he was in the berth with mamma, twining his feet about the neck of a sleeping twin, the wife of his bosom let him relieve his heart of its wormwood about the dog and the girl and the indignity to the twins. And by the way of solace she said, "But, papa, isn't it fun to play!"

Once or twice in the long night as he looked out into the silent starlit vastness that was Western Kansas, while the train waited on some siding, Percival Perkins thought he heard the coloratura voice of Spot splitting the desert night with lamentations at the fate which was punishing him. It was a sad voice; Papa Perkins got a real thrill of joy, almost a frisky, gamboly delight at the thought of what that baggageman was enduring for a dollar. And when Perkins finally slept it was in the joy of one who has made a profitable bargain.

In the morning he beheld a miracle; Dicky was gone; Dicky was in the upper berth with Buddy. The Hopkins girl had kidnaped him. The surprise that startled Papa Perkins' soul lay in the unbelievable fact that a girl with plucked eyebrows could have a heart at all. Papa Perkins had been reared in the blessed consciousness that rouge, lip sticks, plucked eyebrows, short skirts and rolled stockings were the devil's brand marks. His grandfather believed something of the sort about corsets and bustles, and his father held a similar theory about frizzes.

Having mellowed toward the Hopkins girl, being on ground where he could admit that she might have a soul, Papa Perkins, as the train pulled across the Eastern Colorado desert, began to soften toward Spot. He remembered his own dog, dead these forty years, and began to enter into the godlike attitude toward dogs, where one's despotism becomes benevolent. So when the twins asked to take Spot from the car for an airing during the breakfast stop his grumbling was good-natured and grunty.

And Spot leaped out of his hell saying hallelujahs with his tail, such as Dives might have uttered if Lazarus had taken him into Abraham's bosom. The twins took turns eating and quarreling over Spot and in parading Spot along the platform during the breakfast hour. And about time for the train to start, along came Papa Perkins, full of food, and at peace with the world, even with Spot, not to speak of the Hopkins girl. He led Spot back to the baggage car, where a new face awaited the procession—a new destroyer of baggage. Automatically Perkins reached in his pocket for the dollar, thinking the while of that quarter to the baggageman upon which Spot was traveling to Colorado.

As the baggageman pocketed the dollar he asked casually, "Where's his ticket?"

Perkins looked. The twins looked. Mamma came strolling up with Diana May Hopkins.

She heard the commotion, and sniffed, "Why, how absurd! Of course you'll find it."

But it wasn't there. The platform seemed a thousand feet long, and in three minutes the train would start. But they looked—mamma with the eager enthusiasm of a ferret. Two minutes and then one minute limited their time.

Perkins paid the three dollars and the war tax for the new ticket, and gloomed. If Papa Perkins had murdered Mamma Perkins and made her into soap he would meet no blacker wrath in Saint Peter's face at the gate on the judgment day than he gave to Spot. Then he thought of his blood pressure and wondered if he would have to play like this all through July and August.

It's curious how a dog's tail wilts under the disapproval of his gods. Man must have some such reaction in relation to the hot winds of adversity. Three dollars more and a tip to the baggageman should not have been enough to change the moral government of a dog's universe.

But Papa Perkins must not be blamed too severely. He was wilting under the blight of forces as far above him as he was above Spot. Papa Perkins had been born into a changeless cast-iron cosmos. His youth was spent in an orderly world. Things were in their divinely appointed places, knew their places as his gods had ordained things. As for instance, mamma; for twenty-two years she had been the head of a one-cylinder harem; but now she could vote, and in the place where her shoes once had been fastened to her overskirt there now were ankles and more than a hint of shapely calves. And Percy junior, too; once the Rollo books were good enough for him, and, at worst, Huck Finn. But now—Perkins of the First National sighed in his play—little brown, flexible-covered books were forever lying around the house with Percy's name scrawled in them, books whose very titles Papa Perkins read with wrath. And once when the governor stopped at the Perkins house in the late campaign, mamma in her innocence had put the Liberator on the table in the front room; Percy had brought it home from the university. It looked bright and intellectual! Papa couldn't explain it; not to the governor, but he did explain it painfully to mamma. A common carpenter was getting as much as the assistant cashier at the bank, and the assistant cashier knew it and was unpleasant about it.

So Perkins of the First National felt as though his own gods had found him eating up his ticket to the kingdom come and had to pay his way all over again. He was morose sometimes, and always a bit confused. Naturally the dog and the Hopkins girl, who represented concretely the changing order—the dog because he had to have a railroad ticket, and the Hopkins girl because she had plucked eyebrows and used rouge and still claimed to be respectable—stirred the darkest passions in Papa Perkins' heart.

He rode in a seat alone as the train, skirting the base of the foothills of the Front Range of the Rockies, brought the passengers in sight of the snow-capped peaks at their left, with old Pike's Peak, gray and mysterious, beckoning all the world to its fastness. An enchantment lies upon those brown and purple hills of the Front Range south of Denver in the Pike's Peak region. Those mountains would lure a graven image into an allegro mood; vast piles of red and gray sandstone and granite with their solemn, limitless stretches of pine forest, thrown like mantles across their shoulders. The man who could see them without a thrill the first time or even the hundredth time must be a sad and sordid bit of human wreckage.

Papa Perkins thrilled of course, but would not admit his joy. But the fact that the twins and the Hopkins girl, after a casual glance at the expensive scenery, left it idly for the funny section of the Denver paper annoyed the head of the house of Perkins beyond words. They weren't getting their money's worth, and their waste prevented him from getting his money's worth. The whole transaction was written in the red. He was thinking in red ink.

Colorado Springs passed; then Palmer Lake, and finally the suburbs of Denver began to straggle by. The Hopkins girl was lisping her baby drawl to a youth with enameled hair; mostly she was using the word "fascinating." Papa Perkins caught that; over and over she harped upon it; she pronounced it "faysinating"; and the things that weren't "faysinating" were "wenderful." And if by any rare mischance they were neither they were "how attractive!" until he wanted to choke her, and then before he knew it the train shot under the sheds of the Denver Union Station.

They had fifteen minutes to change cars for Loveland, where they were to meet Percy and Uncle Heck and the automobile. A cyclonic scramble began. Twins in a hurry are multiplied by six. Papa Perkins fought his way to the door through the wilderness of twins and Hopkins girl and mamma and suitcases and bags and bundles. He chartered a redcap and his scow and made for the Loveland train, all under a grueling shell fire of clamor for Spot from the twins. They refused, even tearfully, to enter the coach until Spot had been transferred to the Loveland train.

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THERE is too much whimpering these days about "This long, hard pull back to normal." What is normal? Who cares what normal is? After all, "Back to Normal" is only another one of those catch phrases that set the ear tingling and find no response whatever in a man's brain.

Personally, if getting back to normal is going to mean going back to 1914, I never want to get back to normal again. If we got *all the way* back to normal we'd probably revert into monkeys and lose all we've fought for.

Normal men are average men. Normal moments are average moments, and average men in average moments never wrote any history. What this country has got to do, or muff its chance, is to climb ahead to abnormal—to super-normal.

This period calls for tenseness, for supreme exertion. Nobody in his right mind ever wants to see this country again on a flabby, peaceful, relaxed, 1914 normal basis, because that would mean going back.

There is nothing discouraging about the outlook. This country never bit off more than it could chew nor ran up against a hurdle it couldn't clear. Business is up against its supreme test now, but this country has been made out of supreme tests. The quickest way to get acquainted with these new conditions is to have them slap us in the face. Wait till we all catch step again and then watch this country.

The only ones who are going to suffer irrevocably are the slackers and the quitters. He-men are all coming out of this thing stronger and better than ever before.

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To get business you have got to deserve it. And that goes for dealers as well as for factories. I have kept in close touch with the furniture dealer and I know that wherever he has been content with a fair profit and has given the public its money's worth, he is DOING BUSINESS.

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President
SHOWERS BROTHERS COMPANY
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"Well," quoth mamma to the harassed father, "you remember the man only sold you Spot's ticket to Denver." Nine minutes were gone. Papa Perkins lifted his spiritual eyes to heaven in supplication and decided to run for it.

Twenty years before, when Percival Perkins had worn the side whiskers and the dignity befitting a banker, he would have carried a pass which being flashed would have commanded the train to wait. But in a light moment he had shaved off his whiskers and mob legislation had taken away his pass, and he was no better than anyone else and had to run for it—"it" being Spot—a dog! A banker—one of the Lord's anointed—dancing attendance on a wiggling microcosm of a fox terrier! Bolshevism was corrupting the world!

But papa ran, ran to the baggage car; thence empty-handed to the baggage room in the station, where he hopped about frantically trying to attract the eye of one of the clerks who stood leisurely at inattention while Perkins waved his pasteboard dog check.

He had one minute to make the train, according to the big clock over the station door, and with Spot clawing the splinters from the floor and the twins surging behind him as he ran along the train side, and mamma and the Hopkins girl standing beside the suitcases crying "You'll have to hurry!" as he passed them on a mad lope, the president of the First National merged into the blur of trucks and impedimenta that slowly was moving from the front part of the Loveland train. He threw Spot and another dollar into the baggageman's hand—a new man—and then the train began to move. Mamma and the baggage were far down the line. He could not signal to them to get on. They could not see that Spot was safe. The twins were somewhere among the express trucks, possibly under the car wheels; it seemed a small matter at the time. There were plenty of twins. He was blocked by truck traffic, and the train increased its pace. And as he struggled into the open space back of the trucks Papa Perkins, with a twin pulling at each leg, yowling lustily for the lost Spot, saw mamma and the baggage standing like a patient monument alone in the sunlight revealed by the vanished train! Mamma was smiling.

As though a smile would erase the memory of that quarter to the baggageman! It was no time for smiles. The twins were wailing. The redcap boy was gone. The hand baggage was sprawling everywhere. Perkins was sweating and you could hear his arteries pop. And all his wife offered was chirrupy remarks and angelic conduct. Perkins wanted blood and rebellion. Angelic conduct maddened him. He didn't want to be an angel. He sat upon the suitcases as Job among the potsherds!

It was the Hopkins girl who drew the lightning. "What do you suppose Percy is doing?" she lisped into the lowering tornado.

"Eating!" bellowed Perkins from the ashes. "Eating soda-fountain swill; eating his darn head off! And the car is eating rubber and gas, and we've got to stay here in Denver till to-morrow morning, all of us."

"And Spotty?" sobbed the twins.

"Oh, Spot will be all right," soothed mamma. "Papa will telephone to Loveland and have the station agent look after Spot, won't you, papa?"

"Yes; oh, yes, I'll spend another dollar telephoning about Spot, and then I'll just hand the baggageman another quarter. And I'll wire Percy and Uncle Heck to stay over and wait for us and charge the hotel bill to me, and I'll hand the baggageman a quarter for that."

It cost twenty-nine dollars seventy-five cents, including hotel bills, telephone tolls and a telegram, to fit a small fox terrier into the processes of a complex civilization. But one must not blame the dog. It was none of his doings. He had no blood pressure. He just wanted to be a dog and his gods wouldn't let him.

These things should be charged to a complex social order, which Spot and his forbears have done nothing to create. Spot and his forbears came to man for a fire and a place in the warm and hospitable cave. They have been hanging about the place, changeless, for a hundred thousand years or so—one must not try to fix dates in these matters—while the cave has taken on modern improvements, and the fire, one way or another, has sophisticated man beyond belief.

Spot and the twins are as they were; more or less as mamma is what she was; but Papa Perkins and Diana May Hopkins have advanced from the simple to the more complex a thousand thousand times. So attempts to adjust life to accommodate our cave friends, say the twins and Spot, are bound to disturb orderly civilization. And Papa Perkins, figuring the cost of the disturbance, dog railroad fare, tips to baggagemen, hotel bills, telephoning, telegram, and the war tax, subtracted forty-eight dollars sixty-four cents from the vacation fund and put it out at compound interest invested in grief.

But at Loveland came the capsheaf of trouble. And it was no one's fault but Papa Perkins'; he admitted that. Here was this five-dollar gold piece, his lucky piece, that he had earned for his first week's work as janitor, errand boy and helper in the office of the First National Bank thirty years ago. All the children had teethed on it; mamma had seen it a thousand times, and claimed lightly that papa also had the first nickel he ever earned and hadn't spent one since without breaking his heart. But the gold piece was a sacred family totem; it made much medicine. Mr. Perkins could not blame the little Mexican boy for taking it when it was offered to him. And the twins were so glad to see Spot and Spot was so glad to see the twins and the station was so crowded and the baggageman so busy that he told everyone what a mistake the railroads were making to cut down the force at a time like this, and virtually turned the Perkinses over to the little Mexican boy who was holding Spot's chain.

And then there were Uncle Heck and Percy junior waiting with the car and hurrying everyone to get in and be off before the big autos of the transportation company had got in ahead and made the road dusty. So the Perkins family was loaded into the sacred Perkins car, whirled through the beautiful town with its wide, well-kept lawns and gay flower beds—and before they realized it Percy junior had run the car through the foothills and was at the mouth of the cañon.

For twenty miles the road winds along the Big Thompson River ascending that cañon. For a dozen years or more the Perkins family had heard the Gloria in Excelsis of the Big Thompson Cañon sung by Uncle Heck. And here it loomed. It fulfilled the specifications; the walls actually did rise to incredible heights; with a lapful of pinching and scuffling twins on the front seat, Perkins Pater could crane his neck and see the walls. The ribbon of a road seemed by comparison a mere pencil line between the vast perpendicular brown granite cliffs and the stream. The stream writhed and twisted, foaming and groaning among the rocks. The car switched recklessly around curves and appeared to be forever on the verge of a raging flood.

Occasionally through the crack between the twins Perkins glimpsed the road and the stream; but what he was constantly aware of was young Percy at the wheel of the car. He never let the car slow down. He was not afraid of it. It swished madly by other cars on the narrow road, all but grazing their fenders. It flashed around, jutting over hanging rocks with mad abandon. Perkins of the First National had none of that recklessness in his blood. It was to him the car, a venerated object because of its price; and the seven lives at stake interested him also; five of them were Perkinses! Uncle Heck was riotous in his joy. That kept mamma's nerve up. The Hopkins girl was giggly.

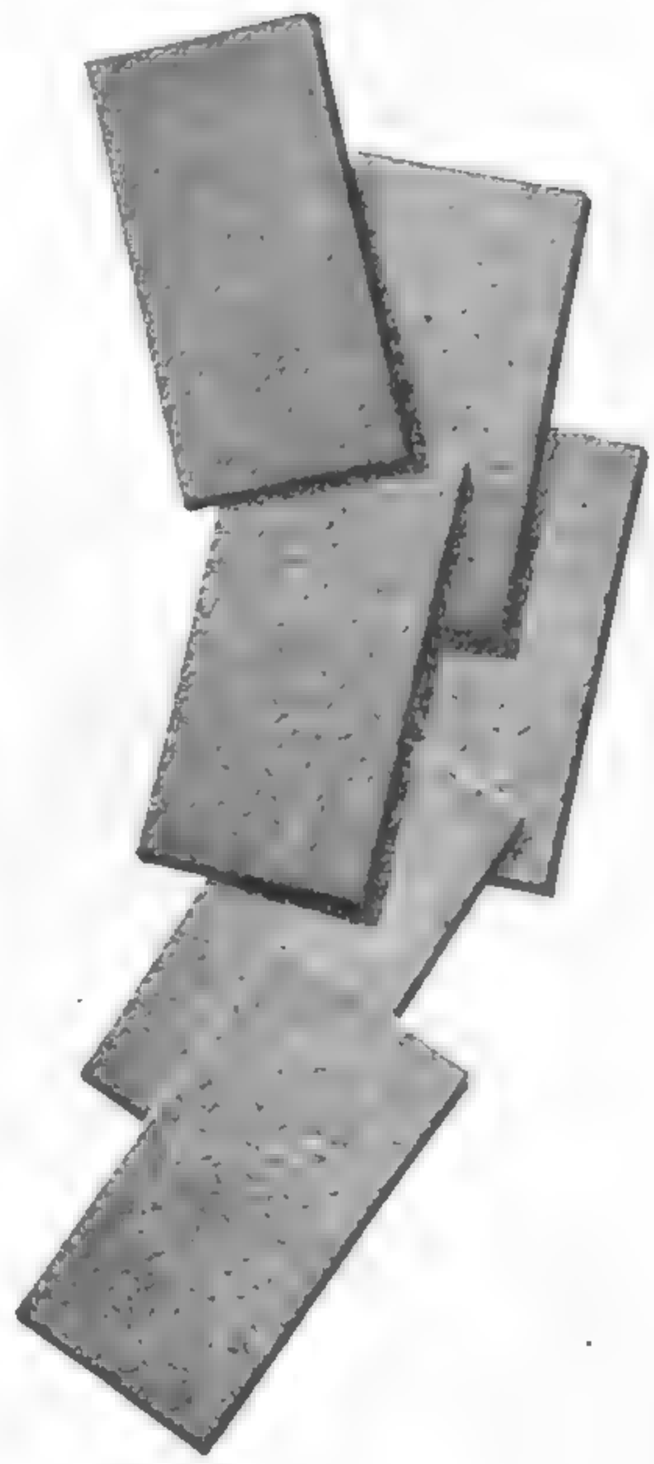
But for the president of the First National the cañon was a chilling horror. He felt his arteries hardening every moment as he gaped in dread down some sheer, rocky bank into the stream, or as a car roared by, or as young Percy scurried round corners, or as they raced some more cautious car and passed it, honking wildly.

"Playing, old man?" yelled Uncle Heck to Perkins as Percy junior, driving with one hand on a snake curve, waved at a passing load of girls. The elder Perkins nodded as one in a nightmare.

"Playing hell, I bet," chortled Uncle Heck, and even mamma laughed. So Papa Perkins, laden with twins outside and terror inside, had no occasion to put his hand in his pocket, and if he had tried couldn't have got his hand into his pocket without a major operation on a twin. So he did not miss the gold piece.

The blowout occurred beyond the halfway house, near one of the innumerable

(Continued on Page 73)



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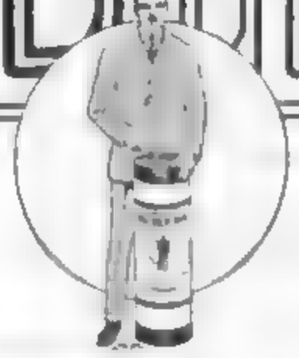
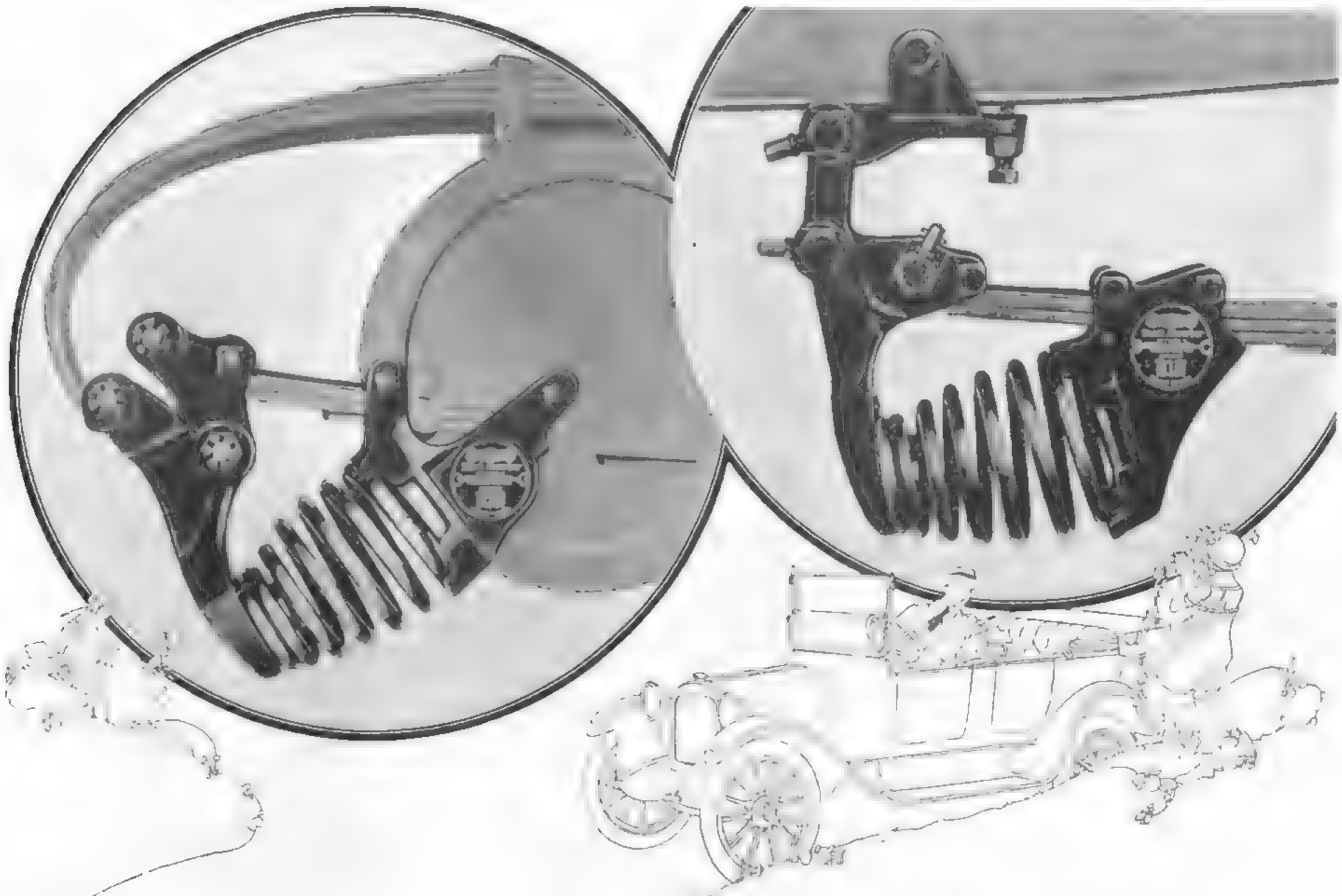


SHINGLES ROLL ROOFINGS BUILT-UP ROOFS BUILDING PAPERS

FELTS PAINTS VARNISHES PLASTICS



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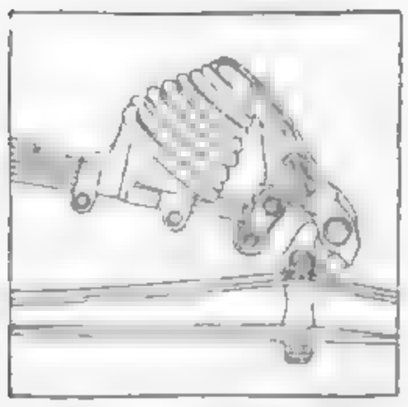

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(Continued from Page 70)

pop stands that infest the place, and the twins began teasing for soda water. Of course Percy junior had to have a malted milk before he began work on the tire. And of course Spot had to be taken to the stream for a drink, and then as Papa Perkins felt in his pocket to caress the gold piece that had held his faith in a beneficent providence for thirty years, he felt a strange and intrusive quarter and turned sick with fear. The gold piece was gone. The Mexican boy who had kept Spot had the foundation of the family fortune and ——

Swiftly his hands went through his pockets. Mamma saw the movement. Mamma always saw things.

"The gold piece?" she asked.

"Yes," moaned Papa Perkins.

"You'll find it; you always do!" sighed mamma, and leaned back on the cushions. The Hopkins girl had Spot and the twins down by the stream; Uncle Heck was smoking and pottering with the spare. Percy junior was jacking up the maimed wheel. Papa Perkins' head, slightly bent to one side, indicated great mental stress, and his restless hands were picking his own pockets and bringing the treasure-trove to the surface—bills, keys, letters, check book, a pen, some pencils, small change, rubber bands; but not the gold piece. Papa Perkins groaned; mamma was sympathetic but cheerful, and Uncle Heck was facetious.

"You're afraid it will inflate the currency, old man!" was Uncle Heck's comment.

"Papa was saving it to pay for the war!" This came from his son. Then the twins set up a commotion and Diana May began to emit squealy sounds.

"Well—where is Spot anyway?" exclaimed mamma, who translated the meaning of the disturbance first.

The quest for the gold piece stopped. Seven pairs of eyes searched the narrow cañon. He could hide only by burrowing into a mountain of granite. Yet he was not in sight. The junior Perkins was making smart remarks as he tinkered with the tire; but mamma bounced out of the car in a hurry, for the twins were beginning to put emotion into their voices. And call as they would, no Spot appeared. It was unbelievable that he could disappear off the face of the earth.

The mountain stream roared and honking cars passed them; it was of little use to call. And Spot was gone.

Suddenly as Uncle Heck was considering the landscape, far down the highway as it snuggled into the cañon wall, beyond the first curve appeared a little white grub wriggling down the road—Spot headed for home lickety-split! The high gloomy walls of the terrible cañon, the bellowing stream, the jagged rocks underfoot were not for a prairie-bred dog! He was making for green fields and Cow Creek.

There was the crippled car; there were the wailing twins! There was the proud and awful Perkins, surging with congested emotions too deep for tears and unbecoming for Presbyterian language. Spot was getting on his nerves. Percy junior rose from the clutter of lugs and wrenches and nuts and hammers and jacks around him, grinned wearily at the fleeing dog just turning a third corner, looked wistfully at the soda-pop stand near by, made the great renunciation, tightened the belt of his khakis, grabbed Diana May by the hand, cried "Come on, dearie," and the two went sprinting down the road.

Fifty yards away the astounded Papa Perkins was immeasurably shocked to see his son slip his arm around the running girl, and in a second they disappeared behind a projecting rock in the road. Mamma saw it. Uncle Heck saw it. The twins were tails to the kite of the pursuing party, and they saw nothing but the vanishing Spot. Papa glared at mamma, who smiled a conciliatory smile, and then his eyes met Uncle Heck's.

"Three more months of it," sighed Uncle Heck.

"Well, we must stop that!" growled Papa Perkins.

"Great idea, Percival. I'll take you over on the South Fork to-morrow and show you where a feller put up a trespass notice against snowslides!"

"But, papa, she's a nice girl!" was mamma's compromise.

"Nice girl—nice girl—nice girl—why, she's a moron!"

Perkins Pater had picked that word up from a newspaper love affair that was running under black headlines on the first page of the Denver papers as the murder trial proceeded. He liked the word. It was erudite and highly insulting; qualities that pleased him. Bankers have a hard lot; with so many nasty chores to do, and such a limited working vernacular. So he picked up "moron" to throw at disagreeable people.

"Moron's not half bad, Percival!" chuckled Uncle Heck. Uncle Heck was down among the débris by the flat tire as he spoke, wrestling with the lugs, then came up sputtering with this: "But if I had a boy that didn't believe in private property and consumed fourteen soft drinks in one day, and wrote blank verse so blank bad it reminded you of overdue cheese—say, I would kind of go easy on a girl who has no other mental defects except that she can't boil water without burning it and doesn't know which is the business end of a broom! More than that, old man," said Uncle Heck. "Listen to me. Do you know what the heir of all the ages down there said about her? Well, after I'd stoked him full of malted milks and chocolate sundaes and he'd put three eggs and a plate of ham on top of that, he turns up them big eyes to me and looks as intelligent as a brass-eyed bird pup as he says, 'Uncle Heck,' he says, 'hasn't Diana May got a great mind?' And I says, 'Yep; her and you sure are the intellectuals,' I says. And he nodded; nodded just like a dog wagging his tail to let you know he understands."

"I have always thought," mamma's contribution came reflectively as one tiptoeing in deep water, "that love is subjective!"

"Love is what?" snapped her husband.

"Oh, nothing—I was just thinking of you in the university in the eighties!"

"And you?" he asked.

"And me," she smiled. He looked at her a moment, puzzled but softened. "Subjective" was too deep a word for Papa Perkins, however proud he might be of mamma's use of it.

Then just as Uncle Heck had the spare in place and was hammering the rim down, around the corner came the procession—first the twins quarreling violently as to which one should carry Spot; then Percy junior with Diana May. He was supporting her as she leaned heavily on the crook of his elbow; she was conspicuously panting and feeble.

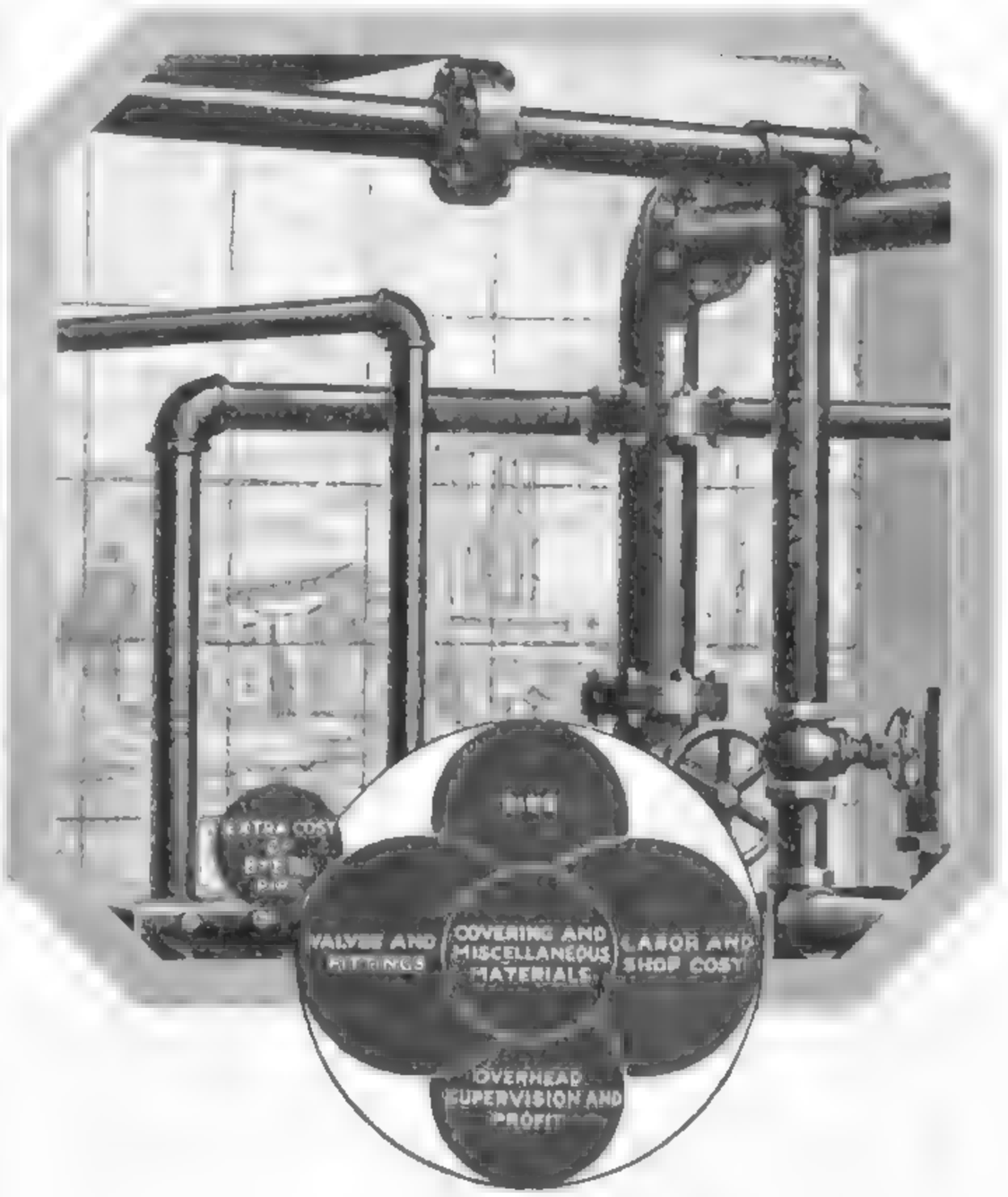
When they came to the car it took more slops from the soda fountain to brace Percy junior for the seven miles before him, and Diana May joined him, while the twins looked on greedily. At least the family still retained authority over the twins.

Then Diana May and Percy tried to maneuver papa and the twins out of the front seat and to install the girl there. Perkins Pater did not see the maneuver, nor how neatly mamma and Uncle Heck outwitted the youngsters. He was seeing too red to catch details of anything—the bungalows that began to nestle in the rocks on the lower levels of the cañon as the car sped on, the gradual widening of the walls of the cañon, the deepening of the sparkling stream, the coming of grassy spaces, and finally the opening of the cañon walls into the wide park shut in by jagged, snow-crested peaks.

Under a blue cloud-strewn sky, the silver horizon rim of snow-capped peaks, circled a faërie land. Upon the grassy carpet flashed a mountain stream, curling, curving and patterning brown water and flashing sunlight across the meadow. And rising all about were wooded hills beneath steep, rugged, gray mountains over which the peaks danced in their gay white mantles.

At the top of his voice Uncle Heck megaphoned his lecture on the scenery. Mamma gasped. Diana May Hopkins was fascinated. The twins wiggled and squirmed and punched and quarreled, but the whole landscape was darkened to Perkins the banker; a five-dollar gold piece rose between him and the sun. And then there was the moron. And finally there was the restless dog hopping from twin to twin and continually dabbing the paternal Perkins collar or necktie with his feet, kicking his hat off and tickling the Perkins nose with a stubby tail. And through all, in spite of his Presbyterian habit of punctilious language, Uncle Heck's profanity kept ringing like the brass cackle of some mountain monster, "Playing—hell," over and over in his rebellious heart.

Through the luscious, grassy meadow the road ran; over the stream and into the village of Estes Park, a doll's town, all summery and improbable in its temporary quality, no deeper upon the granite walls about it than the brown and green and



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white paint spread over the yellow-pine store buildings that bedecked the festive street. But when Perkins saw that the word "bank" was graven in stone on a gray-brick structure he felt at least one sane man lived in this commercial madhouse. Then after filling the car with groceries so that they bristled from every chink between all the bags and suitcases and bundles, the Perkins party swept grandly out of the village up a broad road that followed the Big Thompson River and climbed to a park still higher than the village, where the snow caps seemed nearer, the air cooler, the grass greener and the sky bluer. There in Moraine Park, nestled under a wooded hill, Uncle Heck pointed to his cabin, and just above it on a sightly promontory was the cabin he had rented for the Perkins tribe. Five rooms, a porch and a bath was what Percival Perkins had paid for. It was what he got.

"Playing? Hell!" cackled the ogre as Perkins inspected his bargain and the dog ran under his feet and the moron jumped up and down and the twins began to argue over the ownership of the chipmunks. Mamma Perkins and Uncle Heck proceeded to unload the car. Percy junior sat in the car fumbling for food among the dejected lunch boxes and the paper packages from the grocery store until Uncle Heck called, "Hop out of there, boy, and go down for the milk."

The boy yawned to his feet, stumbled over the porch into the house. The social revolutionist was weary. He came out with a milk bucket, grabbed Diana May by the arm, dragged her into the car, whistled for Spot, kicked the starter and was gone. Three hundred yards away Papa Perkins, glaring after the car, saw it stop, Percy and the girl get out and go hand in hand into the post office.

"What they doing there?" asked P. Perkins testily.

"Two things—possibly three," returned Uncle Heck: "Getting a chocolate sundae; giggling; and maybe they'll not forget to bring home the milk."

"From there? Ride down there—so close? Did he take the car for that trip?" This from the two Perkinses in duet.

"Down there," answered Uncle Heck; "he took the car for that. You'll have to get used to it."

"He took the car to parade around with that everlasting Hopkins girl," was the paternal Perkins' solution. "I'm going to stop that."

"'All snowslides and avalanches are hereby warned' says the notice up the South Fork," quoth Uncle Heck.

"Darn your old notices!" replied Papa Perkins.

"Yes, that's it," answered Uncle Heck. "It was the south wind that did the business. He should have posted a notice against the spring south wind. It's the spring wind that's the trouble now, Percival!"

But Papa Perkins was no philosopher. Large generalizations annoyed him. He knew where the trouble began. It was there in the cañon where he first missed his gold piece, and Spot ran away.

Perkins sat on the steps of the cabin in the sun, thinking of home and of the bank. The playground beckoning all around, with its trout streams, its mountain gorges, its wonderful roads, its golf, its festive hotels, steeped him in gloom. Percy junior and Diana May bothered him. He couldn't explain it. He was in a mood to blame someone. So the man, doomed for a certain time to be a dog, blamed the dog, trying innocently to frisk in the devious ways of man.

Spot's heart was sore. The twins had deserted him for chipmunks. Also two bad nights on a train and in a baggage room had broken his sleep and broken his faith in his gods. He crawled up a step beside the disconsolate Perkins and lay in the sun. His wilted ears, his weary paws, his half-closed eyes, his deep sighing—all indicated that trouble was in his heart. Perkins' hand touched the dog, and his glance discovered Spot beside him and he saw Spot give a tired twitch to the stubby tail. Spot recognized his god's loving kindness even in a casual brush of his fingers.

The faint wagging of the little tail was too much for Perkins. He stroked Spot and cried: "Poor Spot! Good old Spot! Come here, Spot!" and coaxed the dog into his lap.

Thus Perkins began to play.

SHIPS ON PAPER

(Continued from Page 7)

They used to say Americans were not ship minded. But that is not so. Being ship minded is as natural as having two legs. I was reared a thousand miles from salt water. But like numberless other American youngsters, the most precious adventures of my early years were of a nautical and piratical cast. For the boys in my neighborhood the most convenient way to the creek lay through Mr. Apperson's pasture—an extensive tract of rolling woodland ruthlessly inclosed by a board fence. The proprietor had sternly forbidden us to set foot on his land. Once, unfortunately, a boy beaned him with a buckshot projected from a stout rubber sling. Having no sense of humor, he could not understand how purely impersonal and accidental that was. The sling was new. Its owner had to shoot at something. That Mr. Apperson's stocky figure presented itself at the psychological moment, instead of a cow or a tree, was pure accident. It was pure accident also that the boy hit the mark. The actions of an elderly man upon whose skull a buckshot has impinged with considerable force are apt to be comical. Besides, we had accidentally drawn blood, and ancient tribal instincts automatically presented the drawee in the light of a foe. Uttering derisive and defiant yells we scattered into the brush. But really we had nothing in the world against Mr. Apperson. Essentially it was quite impersonal. Just for that, however, lacking a sense of humor, he sought to bar us from our natural heritage of water.

The same thing has kept Europe torn up time out of mind, and is doing some tearing at present. Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and so on, have been passionately insisting upon the right of free access to tidewater. That shaped Russia's policy for centuries. A grave and well-informed writer recently declared that Russia, once reorganized, will fight again for ports. We are born that way. Having no peace conference to give us a free Dantzic corridor to the sea, the best we boys could do was to take one—and the punt.

That flat-bottomed, square-bowed craft was fastened to a post by a stout chain and padlock. The perseverance and genius of my most particular chum discovered how to pick the lock. Because of our intimate relationship some of the glory of that feat reflected upon me. I still remember the thrill of embarking with two pieces of broken board for paddles. We push into the muddy current; the hilly shore line recedes—as much as twenty feet; the opposite shore is thirty feet away; we are afloat, moving, surrounded and upborne by the flood; we ply our paddles; the punt answers to the stroke; we are masters of another element!

Thereafter we made voyages, often as many of us as the punt would hold, between the North Cape of Jacob's Mill and the South Sea Isles of Union Mill—the mill dams setting a limit to navigation in either direction. Somewhat after that six of us succumbed to a fever of wartime intensive production and thrift. A skiff was for sale. As I recollect it, the price was ten dollars—some prodigious sum, at any rate, and far beyond our financial reach except by unheard-of exertions.

We raked yards, hoed gardens, piled firewood, ran errands, raided parental hencoops and sold the plunder to the village butcher, forgoing new marbles, pop and all like dissipations until we had achieved the prize. Of course we were ship minded Everybody is.

Once, long afterward, I sat in the office of the American consul general at Genoa, looking at some faded papers. He was urging me to write an article about them for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. They related to that time, a hundred years in the past, when American ships were the smartest and busiest in every port, taking preference over the vessels of other nations for their speed, sureness and the skill with which they were handled. I don't remember how long it had been, at that time, since an American merchant ship had visited Italy's chief port; but for fifty years the American flag had all but disappeared from the seas. To the former mariner of Rock Creek, in Illinois, that seemed a

(Continued on Page 77)

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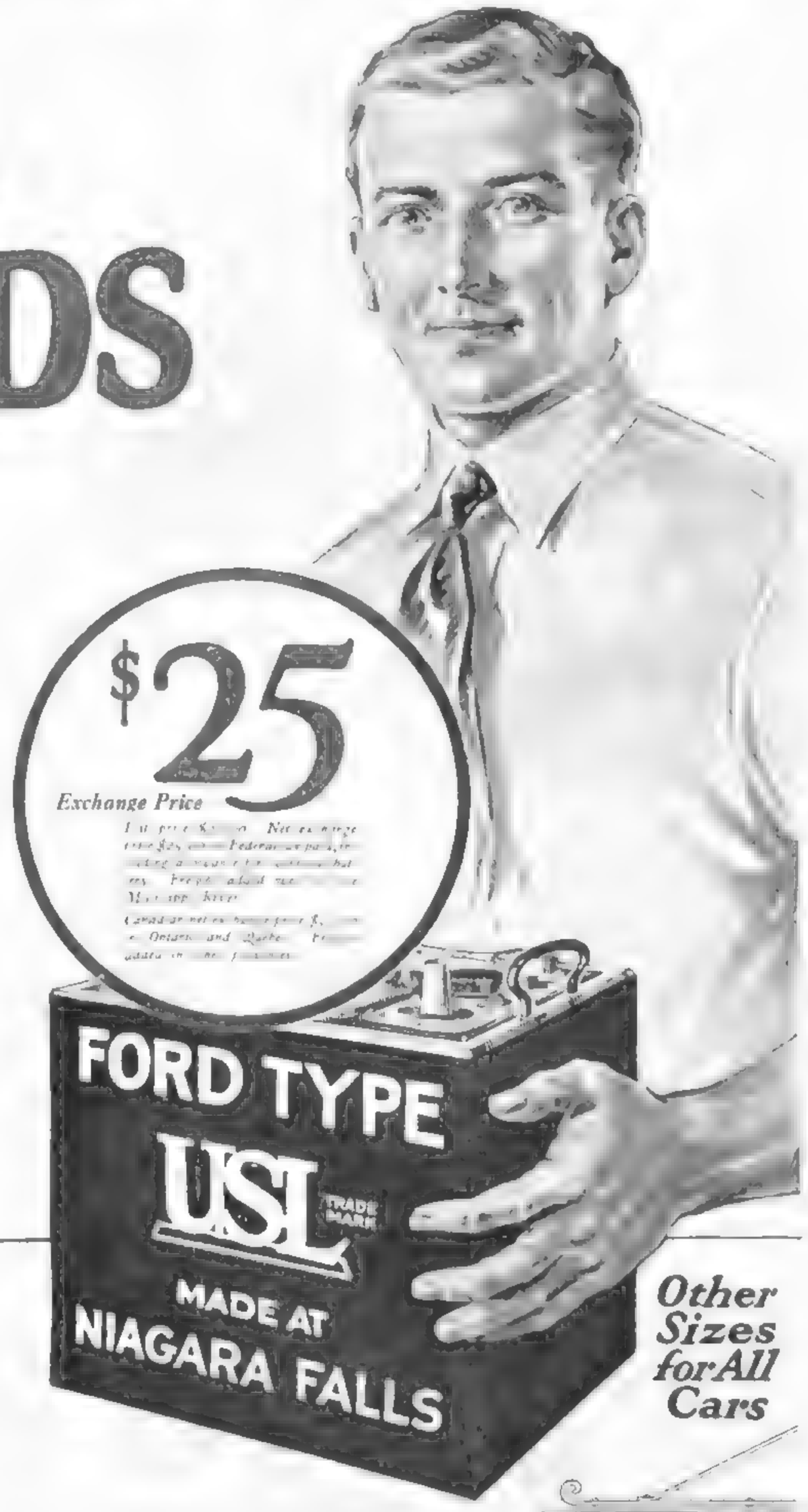

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO, CANTON, O

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

TIMKEN *Tapered* ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 74)

national loss and stigma. Aside from economic and military reasons there is a sentiment about it.

War put us back on the seas with a mighty splash. I suppose every American was proud of that, and exhilarated as the surprising tonnage figures were given out month after month, while Chairman Hurley and others were telling us of the tremendous strides we were making toward the head of the maritime procession. Of course I realized that Government could only make a beginning. Finally private capital and private enterprise, under sound navigation laws, must keep us near the head of the procession. Broadly, the nation must get behind this new merchant marine as it had got behind the war. As Mr. Hurley eloquently put it:

"We must take our patriotism home with us, and we must take it into our business with us. The American flag is not going to return upon the high seas in a way that will do America any tangible good until the American people become ship minded and think of American business in terms of ships. They must become direct owners. . . . American ship shares must become almost as common as Liberty Bonds in the strong boxes of American families."

That seemed sound and exciting doctrine. So the next time I encountered some American ship securities, duly investigated and recommended by a conservative investment institution, I purchased a few. Early last April I received notice from my shipping concern, regretting that it was unable to meet obligations then falling due; regretting also that it would be unable to make an intelligent statement of its condition and prospects or to lay down any plan of action until a new Shipping Board was appointed and made known what its policies were going to be.

Two months passed with no further word. Then, being in New York, I applied at headquarters for information. But information was just what headquarters itself was looking for. The situation was explained to me substantially as follows:

"You see, we're all up in the air until we hear from Washington. Looks as though we couldn't get any word from Washington until a new Shipping Board is appointed and gets organized and has time to look around and make up its mind what it's going to do. We claim the Shipping Board owes us about $300,000. Then, a while back, we bought some of its high-priced tonnage. Looks as though there ought to be an adjustment of those contracts. Congress says it is going to sell the ships to private owners, but if a lot of private owners are broke through buying high-priced government ships there won't be so many to sell to. The Government did talk of throwing us into receivers' hands, but I guess they won't do that now. Then we'd like to know whether they're going to keep on allocating government ships to be operated in competition with us. That makes a great difference. We're up in the air, you see."

Big Men Hard to Get

Much other privately owned American shipping is up in the air also. This huge government-owned fleet, so long as its own policies are unsettled, must be a very disturbing element to all other shipping. If you were in business alongside a competitor twenty times as big as yourself, whatever the competitor did would affect you; and the government fleet at present is not only competitor but general supervisor.

Its fourth annual report observes: "The Shipping Board regulates all the shipping of the country; recruits and trains officers and seamen for the merchant fleet; supervises the charter and transfer of vessels to aliens; establishes trade routes and foreign agencies, and operates directly or through private agencies a vast merchant marine."

Now that is quite a task. The board, at that time, consisted of two men—Admiral Benson and John A. Donald. Probably neither of them knew from day to day how long they were going to be on the job. The plain fact is that in more than four years of troubled existence the board has never been able to regulate itself. With rapid changes of management, divided counsels and complete uncertainty as to an ultimate policy, it has been mainly up in the air all the while. A Republican Congress now takes delight in proving that.

All the shipping in the country dutifully looking at its regulator couldn't tell whether it was one o'clock in the morning or two o'clock in the afternoon, or whether it was going north or south. The regulator itself didn't know. Just now there is no tremendous popular enthusiasm for Liberty Bonds, selling below ninety cents on the dollar; but this present arrangement is no way to make shipping securities even as popular as Liberty Bonds. It is true, however, as Mr. Hurley said, that a great American merchant marine which does America any real good must enlist hundreds of millions of private capital.

President Harding offered the chairmanship of the Shipping Board to James A. Farrell, who for years has conducted a very big exporting business with remarkable success, who has had a wide experience in manufacturing, who is an executive of proved ability, and who, as chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council, has long given especial attention to upbuilding an American merchant marine. An excellent selection, yet not at all acceptable to some people in Congress and out, for Mr. Farrell is president of the United States Steel Corporation, which is a political bogy of the first magnitude. Mr. Farrell declined. The President then turned to Walter C. Teagle, who also has the proved executive ability which this job requires.

Mr. Teagle found that his health would not permit him to accept. If he had accepted, patriotic batteries that were primed for Mr. Farrell would have been turned upon him, for he is president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Here is a headless greatest corporation in the world. The business problem is to find a man of experience who has demonstrated his ability in the management of some similar concern. If you want land surveyed you send for a man who has made a reputation as a surveyor, not as an orator. But if a man has demonstrated his ability to manage a great business corporation he will of course be holding a high position in the business world; almost certainly, alas, he will be a rich man, on sociable terms with other rich men; hence he will be very objectionable politically—for politics does and must always think first, not of how it will look in a balance sheet but of how it will look in a campaign poster.

A Matter of Politics

Mr. Farrell and Mr. Teagle having declined the chairmanship, somebody in Congress mentioned the difficulty of getting a $100,000 man to accept a $12,000 job. But that is by no means the real difficulty in a case like this. Whether we get a vigorous American merchant marine or whether our $3,500,000,000 and all our effort mostly go to pot is now an open question. The answer depends largely upon this job and upon Congress. It is an opportunity such as no nation ever had before in this field. It is worth the best any American has in him. Undoubtedly there are Americans fitted by experience and ability for the task who would accept it as cheerfully at $1200 a year as at $12,000—except for the politics in it.

According to all Washington precedent the politics in it means, first, a short and uncertain tenure—a few troublous years or months and then exit. Mr. Farrell grew up in the Steel Corporation and its predecessors. Steel trusts and oil trusts have life jobs and large rewards for men who are capable of managing greatest corporations in the world. Naturally they get the men.

Still more important, steel trusts and oil trusts give ability a free hand. If a man demonstrates that he knows how they let him do it. A man who does know how prizes that more than anything else. It flatters the creative instinct which every man of ability has in him. But at Washington he will have on his neck a contentious, interfering, political-minded boss and censor, holding him back, laying down rules of thumb for him. No lady with an equatorial waistline was ever more jealous of a handsome husband than Congress is of its power. The regular appropriation bills, with all the money carefully earmarked so that it can be spent only in a strictly prescribed way, show how jealous it is. Executive independence is as intolerable to Congress as a pretty stenographer in hubby's office is to the lady. Naturally, with a short, uncertain tenure, and a jealous, meddlesome boss, it is very difficult, or impossible, for Government to get the men.

Vacation Time Is Patrick Time

Out at sea, on the lakes, up in the woods, atop the mountains; wherever you spend your August vacation, you will have need for Patrick-Duluth steamer rugs, robes, blankets, sweaters, wool hosiery and mackinaws.

There is no other cloth like Patrick-Duluth. The green and black label—signifying all virgin wool from sheep that thrive in the snow—promises you the utmost in warmth, comfort and style.

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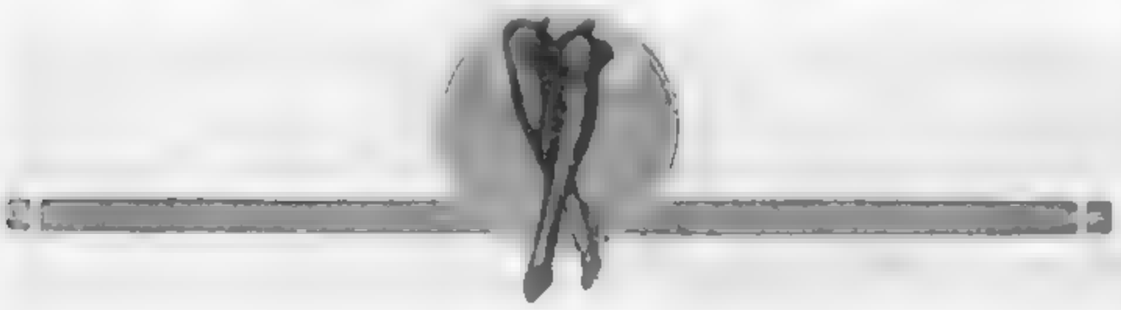

Finally Albert D. Lasker accepted the chairmanship of the board. He confesses that he knows nothing in particular about ships, but he knows a great deal about merchandising and about business, and that is the next best thing. The new chairman comes from Illinois. Of the six other new members of the board, one comes from Maine, one from New York, one from Oregon, one from California, one from Alabama and one from Georgia. That also is an established political idea. If Government should appoint a commission to test Doctor Einstein's theory of relativity, one member would have to come from each of the large political divisions of the country—or from the more doubtful states if an election were at hand.

The new board proposes to sell the huge government fleet to private owners. That is the first step toward a worthwhile American merchant marine. Under present shipping conditions it will take a long time. Certainly it will involve a loss of at least $2,500,000,000, to be charged up to war. But this is only a first step, and perhaps it is the easiest step. In fact, some days before the new board was appointed somebody in authority at Washington conceived a simple and brilliant plan for disposing of the fleet to private owners, and that deserves a moment's consideration.

On the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts there are a score or more of chief ports. A government merchant fleet is bound to take care of all ports, much as each important faction in a political party must be taken care of in apportioning the chief government offices, or as the Navy has been obliged to take care of ports that could muster votes in Congress. For a good while it has been taken for granted that the government merchant fleet would be disposed of to private owners, who being actuated by sordid business motives would take care only of such ports as paid. So it was brilliantly suggested that the government ships be more or less portioned out among the various ports—presumably on the basis of population, or of the number of Republican votes cast at the last election. Each port would organize a shipping company to which the due number of vessels would be handed over either gratis or at a low price.

Policy and Personnel

Politically considered, that is a beautiful suggestion; for one of politics' basic ideas is that it makes no difference how much pie is eaten so long as the plate is passed all around the table and everybody gets a piece. The log-rolled public-building and river-and-harbor bills are constructed impregnably on the solid rock of that basic idea. At this writing Congress seems to be building another Aldrich Tariff Act upon it. No matter how mountainous the pie, so long as it is passed all around. On paper it looks rather reasonable too. But unfortunately experience has shown that under the most sagacious Congressional pie distribution about 100,000,000 of us get only the melancholy privilege of buying the flour and washing the dishes. I mention this now because if the new Shipping Board lives up to its job you will hear wails that the pie isn't being passed.

Merely disposing of the fleet would be quite simple. Almost anything can be given away. Ignoring the wood and concrete vessels as junk, we still have much more than double Germany's prewar merchant tonnage—when the German merchant fleet was second in the world, and an instrument of incalculable value in the development of Germany's industry and commerce. The peace settlement practically wiped out the German merchant marine. Put it this way:

Here is by far the richest nation in the world with at least 13,000,000 tons of good ships. And here is a poor nation, enormously mortgaged for war-reparation payments, practically without a ship to its name. What will you bet that fifteen years from now that second nation isn't carrying more tons of ocean freight than the first nation?

By which I mean that we have the ships—at present, just the ships—while Germany has a sound shipping policy and at least a great many remnants of one of the ablest shipping personnels in the world. Many of the men whose managing and technical ability and experience formerly made the German merchant fleet powerful, self-supporting and profitable must still be alive and ready for the job again. Unless we get that sound shipping policy and that competent shipping personnel, Germany will finally beat us once more in spite of our 13,000,000 tons or so. Mere ships are only a merchant marine on paper.

They used to say that we couldn't build and operate ships as cheaply as other nations. But it wasn't strictly true. Even when they were saying it, in the decade before the war, we were probably building and operating ships as cheaply as anybody—not on the seas but on the Great Lakes.

Opportunities and Dangers

It is true American wages are something of a handicap. The labor cost on a typical cargo vessel appears to be about 40 per cent higher under the American flag than under the British. But labor cost on a cargo boat is not an item of first importance. Mr. Hurley puts it at 12 per cent or less of total cost of operation. We overcame higher wages on the lakes, on the railroads and in many other fields—by better machinery and organization. Other items are more important than wages.

We want no subsidized merchant marine. If it will grow only on Treasury pie let's knock it on the head and done with it now. We want no political management. Every sensible body has had enough of direct government operation; but though agreeing to the principle of private management Congress is always dropping in such disturbing qualifications as "under proper government supervision and regulation, of course." There isn't any such "of course" about it. Experience says "of course not."

Congress must declare the nation's shipping policy—lay down the broad and general rules. That is a political function. But there is a world of difference between that and a government commission or board, with combined legislative, judicial and executive powers—a kind of Congress and White House and Supreme Court in miniature—sitting on a corner of the general manager's desk, interfering in detail, spinning rules and regulations, insisting upon having the last say on every important question that comes up, and then taking six months in order to make up its mind what its say is going to be. That meddling government control is a lethal drug to any business. It doesn't get the Government out of the shipping business, but keeps it in.

Government must lay down the policy—the broad, general rules—but not try to manage in detail. Congress now very cheerfully and even vociferously admits that government management in detail makes an awful mess—especially as this is a Republican Congress and the latest awful messes of management in detail occurred under a Democratic executive. But Congress is jealous of power and may still yearn to keep a couple of hands in the shipping business through government regulation and control over details. The idea is that a rotten manager may be a splendid regulator and controller of management. On the business side Government is always a failure. If it is so competent to regulate and control, why doesn't it regulate and control its own business a bit? When a man can't keep his own boat off the rocks without running on a sandbar, why make him director general of navigation?

Politics and business are different interests. Politics in business is like harnessing an ostrich with a mule; the ostrich can't strut and the mule can't plow. Politics courts the girl; business pays the rent and the grocery bills. Sometimes the young man who is fine at the former occupation is no good at the latter. That is the situation in this case. In its economic aspects politics will warble to you of marble halls until dawn, and then borrow your last quarter to pay its car fare home.

Laying down a sound national shipping policy—the broad, general rules—is a tremendous task for Government, especially in view of all the political pulls and motives to which it is subject. If Government can rise to that great national economic opportunity and just fairly launch the ship without knocking a hole in the hull it will have acquitted itself of its full responsibility. It must then leave the navigation to navigators. It is a great opportunity and a great responsibility. The new Shipping Board also faces a great opportunity, and some great dangers. I have faith in Skipper Lasker's ability to steer between deadly Scylla and raging Charybdis. But I am nervous about all those sirens in pants whom he will encounter on Capitol Hill.

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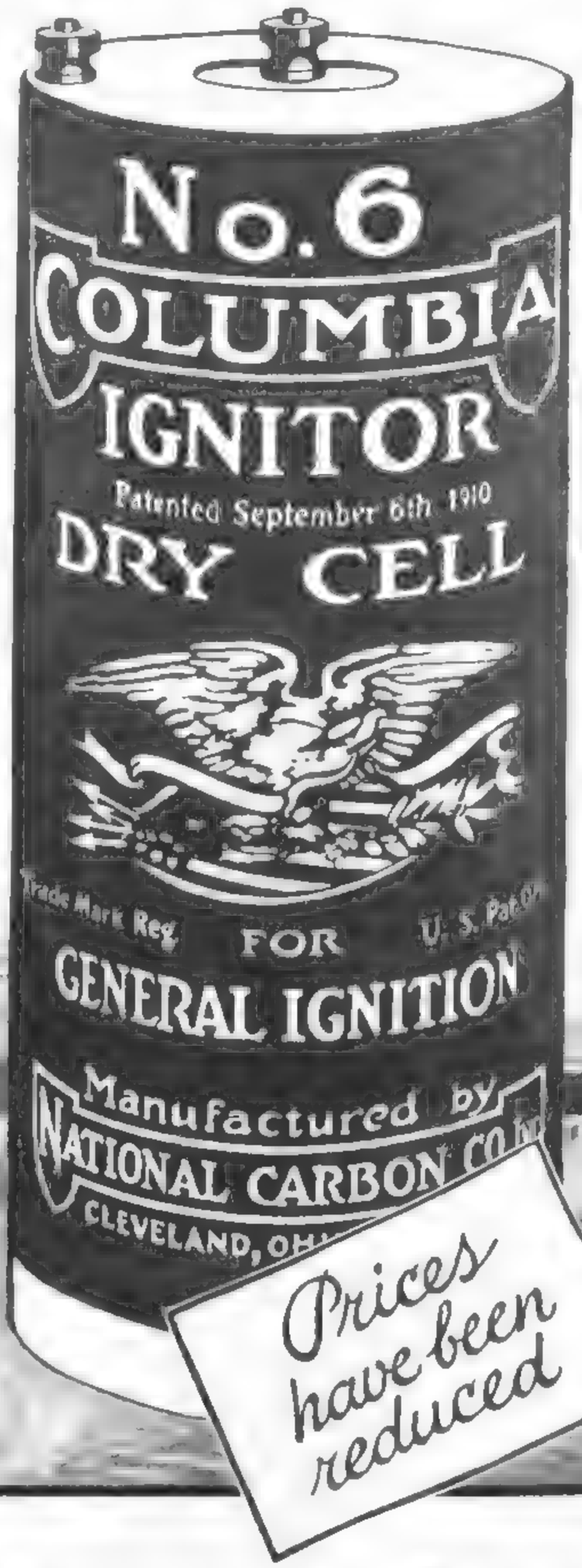

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1112114

THE YAWL

(Continued from Page 17)

"Look out!" Murdock yelled, and abruptly Evan went to sleep.

He woke up and tried to read the rest of the poster, but it melted and he beheld a single star that shone charmingly on the night above water. His head ached thoroughly, but through its inward clamors he heard the thrash of waves on wood. Murdock was singing Champagne Charlie dolefully somewhere close, and Evan sat up in his bunk. The star vanished—cut off by the door of the yawl's cabin.

"There was about five-six of 'em set on us," said Murdock after he had given Evan a drink. "And I never saw such a muss! But I yelled like sin and a p'liceman came after a bit. It's these toughs they call Tweed's lambs. Well, I got a cab and fetched you over. It's about ten. How you feel, son?"

"But we're moving," said Evan, reaching for the water tin.

"You bet! I ain't goin' to hang round in that place for love or money. A feller on the dock was saying there's a nice hotel at this town of New Rochelle."

Evan retired from the job of thinking and went back to sleep. As he roused now and then the yawl still pulsed with progress. In the bright morning it was anchored off a woody shore where houses showed sparse, mere hints of brick and paler paint in the foliage brilliant with sun. Murdock was gone. Evan swam about the yawl for refreshment until a rowboat came jerking from the beach, and his retainer howled over the suave water that it was in the papers. Soon he undid a sheet of the Times from a jar of fresh milk and Evan read:

Yesterday afternoon a waiter from Cafferty's saloon in Vesey Street played the usual game on another pair of strangers. Mr. Evan Poole, of Providence, son of the late senator from Rhode Island, and his sailing master, John Merritt, were the victims. Fortunately the shouts of some of the witnesses brought a policeman to the scene. Mr. Poole was not seriously hurt. He was able to go in a cab to his yacht, anchored on the Brooklyn side of the river. His sailing master, a herculean figure, repelled the assailants until help came. There have been, of course, no arrests. Everyone had conveniently vanished when the officer arrived. The customary crowd of loafers declared that they knew none of the roughs by sight, and Cafferty has no such waiter as the one described.

"What's that about my figure?" Murdock demanded.

"It means you're big," Evan groaned. His fame annoyed him. "Why did you tell the police my name, for heaven's sake?"

"Wasn't the police. It was a young feller with spectacles that helped get a cab. He's got it yacht too. I said yawl. What's the matter, Evvy?"

"I'll have to telegraph grandmother. She'll be scared. Get breakfast quick."

The lad with the rowboat had been hanging about in hope of a meal, and he carried Evan round the small point at the town of New Rochelle. At the telegraph office Evan recalled Miss Vance and blushed. But he couldn't be expected to go back to New York for dinner in a torn blue suit and with his head deformed for the time. He had forgotten the address of her house, though, and chewed the office pen.

"Have you got any kind of directory or something? There's a Miss—a Mr. Vance, a banker—I've forgotten his address ——"

"One sixteen West Twelfth," said the clerk.

"How do you know that?"

"He's got a house here out on that point," the man yawned. "It ain't been opened yet this summer."

He invited Evan to give a return address. The company's rules obliged it. Evan scribbled Yawl Farragut under both signatures and walked off into New Rochelle. The amiable little town was tame after New York, but he was stared at by the citizens, and a bookseller was sympathetic while Evan hunted a novel. The lump over his ear waned gradually and by noon his hat could be worn almost straight. Murdock found a former shipmate who had a restaurant near the water and who enlarged on New Rochelle.

"Some rich folks have got houses," he reported, "and it's pretty gay in August, dancin' and all. Sam Vance, he gives big parties. I dunno he will, now his little sister's home from Yurrup. I hear she's awful kind of haughty and don't take to his goin's on for so much."

Evan prodded the informant.

"What kind of goings on?"

"Poker and champagne, and so forth. He makes a heap of money, I guess."

Oddly, the boy who rowed them back was the son of the Vance gardener and could point to the pier of the Vance property. Evan looked at it sometimes when Man and Wife grew dull. Murdock anointed his bruises with coal oil after the habit of mariners, and polished the cabin stairs most of the warm afternoon, suggesting plans. They discussed a cruise to Southampton, and Evan liked the idea enough to reject on telegraphing Mrs. Poole that goal. He was thinking while Murdock washed the supper dishes to the tune of Fairy Belle. This melody overlapped a noise of oars so that the rowboat came suddenly to the side, a blur on the water.

"Miss Vance wants Mr. Poole to come ashore for awhile," said the Vance gardener's son.

The path from the pier ran through a web of trees and brush. The house seemed dark above a range of tall windows, and Miss Vance was standing in the center of an octagon room, where the light of two lamps made gold snakes crawl about the mirrors and walls. The girl bent the black dome of her hair and laughed.

"You must think you came straight into the lion's mouth when you thought you'd escaped."

"Oh, no," said Evan. "But ——"

"It was so hot in town," she broke in, "and Sam—my brother—had to go to Washington. I came out. Your telegram was a relief, though. I'd seen the papers. Your yacht ——"

"It's a yawl," he said. "Papers always get things mixed. It's just a yawl."

"I can't tell one boat from another."

She implied that people who could do so were idiotic, and waved her black fan to a chair draped, like all the furniture, in brown linen.

Her tawny skin so little interrupted the drift of her gown and the weight of her hair that she embodied night. She stood, a black figure in the room that was gaudy, formal and cold, like a pictured palace. Evan looked at the tall gilt Mercury in an alcove of the red wall. Moths revolved about the smiling god and the lamps that made him glitter in his niche.

"It amuses me so when people—intelligent people—talk about the Italian robbers. You must think very badly of New York."

"I don't think anything about it," Evan said.

"That's charitable. Or don't you think a great deal?"

"I don't suppose I do. I'd rather read," he told her, wondering if she meant to be so rude.

She nodded and waved a moth away with her fan. Evan tried to count the infinite flounces of her skirt, and gave it up. "Is it usually as hot as this in New York?"

"Heavens," said the girl, "I hope not! But I've lived abroad five years. It seems dreadful. Is Mrs. Wrenn in Providence?"

"She goes to Newport in summer," he recalled.

They talked of Mrs. Wrenn, a cousin of the girl's mother, for awhile. Evan barely knew this plump, dull lady. Her daughter, Drusilla, was sometimes tossed at him in the jumble of dinner parties on Hope Street. And Miss Vance agreed that Drusilla Wrenn was not cheering.

"She's deep. These American girls who've read three books of Emerson and some of Goethe's letters! But there seemed to be plenty of pretty girls in Providence. Miss ——"

"But I don't like girls," said Evan, then gulped. "I mean—you see—my ——"

"Yes, your grandmother," she nodded, and laughed. "She wants to see you settled down. It's quite a joke in Providence, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," he sighed, and thought of his grandmother.

Just now she must be discussing the condition of the poor with Cousin Elizabeth Fowler. He wondered what Sarah Fowler was doing. Sarah, a danger known, was preferable to this dark and devilish female who knew all about him and was preparing to speak again in her light, slow voice.

"How does it feel to be so handsome?"

"I don't know," he said.

"It must feel like something," Miss Vance snapped.

"A ghastly price to pay for my delay!"

" . . . . I should have *known* it would happen! They warned me—and I *laughed!* I can see the papers already—they'll say he was careless—that he stumbled into an open-knife switch—that his heart was weak. *Someone* may believe it. But I could have saved him—and I thought I was saving money by not installing safety switches! Now, if he doesn't live—"

Fiction? Never! It happens somewhere every day! In every state the tragic toll of the open-knife switch is growing!

Can this frightful tragedy happen out in your own plant tomorrow—next week—next month? Are you still openly inviting it—are you still using open-knife switches?

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The obsolete open-knife switch is a constant, deadly menace to life and property. It puts the fangs of swift and unexpected death into SAFE ELECTRICITY! Fire marshals have blacklisted it, architects have outlawed it, safety commissions have attacked it, electrical contractors have denounced it—and now the National Board of Fire Underwriters has condemned its further use by openly recommending the enclosed safety switch in its place!

Do This Today!

Are you still endangering the lives of your workmen? Is your plant still equipped with treacherous, unprotected, open-knife switches? FIND OUT NOW! Go out into your plant! Check up how many obsolete, dangerous, open-knife switches you are still using! Then phone any good electrical contractor. *Don't wait to write!* He can quickly tell you the exact cost of 100% protection with Square D.

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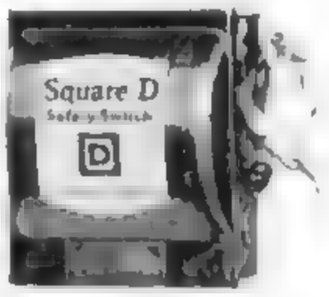

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WOMEN

There is no beauty in the dull of health that Boncilla—no artificial imitation just a paint. Try a Boncilla treatment at your favorite beauty parlor, or, if you prefer, in the privacy of your own home. The first box has a Boncilla. There is no such thing as using too much Boncilla, for it will restore the tones of the most abused skin.

When she begins joking about your looking old—that's a danger signal. And it's a bad idea to get to the point where the boys at the office begin calling you "the old man".

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Go to your barber today and ask for a BONCILLA treatment—he is a BONCILLA specialist.

BONCILLA LABORATORIES
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Indianapolis

Boncilla

For Jagged Faces

Evan stroked his hat on a palm and eyed the doors into the shadowy hall, where a maid sat sewing under the gleam of a candle. If things got much worse he could run. He opened his mouth and sent forth desperate words:

"I don't think I am handsome. Women always seem to like curly hair. I can't see anything in it. And I don't like yellow hair—for men, I mean."

"That's very silly," she said. "You are handsome. You ——"

The sentence died out incomprehensibly against the motion of wheels on gravel. Evan hoped some neighbor was coming to call. He could rise now and go. The black fan paused. Miss Vance frowned. The maid in the hall lifted her white cap. On this signal came a bluster of voices in the portico and a huge man swaggered past the servant into the room, his silk hat cocked sideways on his gray head. Other men made a still knot of faces in the hall.

"Where's Vance?" the man asked.

"My brother went to Washington this morning."

Evan rose now. It was certain that this fellow wasn't sober. He roved across the carpet and stood staring at the gilt Mercury. Miss Vance began to fan herself slowly.

The giant played with the chains and pendants that glorified his waistcoat and bellowed into laughter.

"Mercury, by gum! I've got him to my place at Greenwich. 'He's the god of thieves,' says the feller was puttin' him up. 'He's come to the right place,' I says." He rapped a ring on the statue's gold chest and turned, pulling his pointed beard. "So Vance is in Washington? What's that mean, Canada?"

"Leave the house!" said Miss Vance.

For a little the man looked at her, then he took off his hat and bowed, not badly.

"I'll be moving on. But you tell Vance I'm looking for him. Good night."

The wheels went rolling off. Miss Vance stood up and smiled.

"American financiers have such nice manners, haven't they?"

"I thought he was drunk," Evan said.

"I wonder who he was?" she frowned. "What were we talking about when he came in?"

Evan managed a lie.

"The weather," he stated.

"The weather's so hot," said the girl, "that you'd probably be happier on your boat. So good night." Before he could move she added an invitation to luncheon. "Some of the servants will be here to-morrow, and our cook makes good ice cream. Boys always like that. At one, please."

He heard himself say that he would be delighted. Then he wandered miserably down the path to the pier, where the gardener's boy was curled up in the moonlight asleep. Evan wanted to kick him awake, but gave him half a dollar when they reached the yawl.

"You came off to get rid of one girl," said Murdock, deriding him, "and here you are mussing round with another—and just as plain too."

"A man has to be polite," Evan mourned.

He revenged himself for Murdock's jeers by reading in his bunk. The sailor went to bed, still chuckling, and did not mind the lantern. Evan did not turn it out, but fell into a meditation on women that changed to slumber. When he woke the wick was burning blue and the smell of oil filled the cabin. But this smell had not roused him. Someone was calling in the outer darkness.

He heard, "Mr. Poole! Mr. Poole!" in a rapid jogging of syllables. Then Miss Vance said: "Oh, why can't he hear me?"

She spoke to no one. When Evan stumbled to the side, his feet mixed with his blanket, the girl was alone in the boat that bobbed on the water uneasy in the wind. There were cracks in the clouds and stars touched the edges into a faded silver. Out of this misty world the voice spoke violently:

"Can you take me to Newport? You must take me to Newport—to Mrs. Wrenn."

Evan sneezed. The dew chilled his bare feet. He tucked his legs up on the bench and leaned over the side. The scent of sandalwood rose from the girl's hair as his head came close to it.

"You must, Mr. Poole!"

"There's only one cabin," he said.

"You can stop at these towns along the sound. I can sleep on shore. No one will know me. I've thought about it. You must take me—and you mustn't ask questions!"

His mind stopped for a while, then swung on one point—she was in trouble.

"Will you wait until I get some clothes on and wake up John? My ——"

"My trunk's on the pier. Yes, put your clothes on and then row me back. I hate rowing!"

This inconsequence made Evan grin. He shut the cabin door and pulled his clothes on after he had hammered Murdock to life. The sailor glared at him.

"You gone crazy, Evvy?"

"Oh, something's happened to her! I don't know! What can I do?"

"You can tell her to go home and go to bed!" Murdock said through his shirt.

"I can't, John. She's a lady, and ——"

"That's the worst of being raised nice," Murdock grunted. "Well, I'll make sail. First you run off from one girl ——"

The girl said nothing as Evan pulled the boat back to the pier. The water ran in hollow merriment under the planking, and a lantern broke the blackness at the top of the damp steps.

"The man will help you bring my trunk down," Miss Vance whispered.

A slim, smooth-faced man looked at Evan across the leather trunk and the bandbox piled on it. He was clumsy in the transfer and did not speak to the girl, but slid into the stern, and when the two burdens were on the deck of the yawl he rowed the boat away, missing strokes. Miss Vance stared after him, her veil twisting in the wind.

"He can't row very well," Evan said.

"Oh, no," she murmured, "he doesn't do things like that well."

After breakfast this journey took on the nature of a sailing party at home, without any chance of a landing. The girl hated boats, she said. Evan was worried about Murdock's bare feet when the savage sailor took his turn at the wheel. But Miss Vance made inquiries as to the rigging, got it all wrong when she tried to repeat Murdock's answers and flattered the man's cooking. After that she examined Evan on literature. She told him Mr. Longfellow was an old maids' poet and Dickens was meant for children.

"I'm afraid I'm a child then," he said.

"That's honest at any rate. Most Americans wouldn't admit it. I think that's Mamaroneck over there. I've not been along here in five years. How ugly it is!"

Her general disapproval of American matters made Evan jump. In his bemused state he could think of no defense for the country. That night when he said farewell on the hotel steps at South Norwalk she conceded something over her shoulder:

"But I wouldn't be so sure that an Italian boy, for instance, would treat me so kindly." She paused to smile at his flush, then went on: "And it won't be so long, will it? We've come a long way to-day."

"Wind was good," said Evan. "Mightn't be any to-morrow."

There was none until sunset, when it rose for an hour, but Murdock didn't trust its endurance. Evan dined with Miss Vance in a corner of the hotel veranda and heard the vileness of American cookery expounded. But on Wednesday the breeze carried them kindly from early morning to nightfall. The girl suggested that Charles Island would make a good St. Helena.

"They might put people like that cook at South Norwalk there. Do you think we can get to New Haven to-night?"

"Mebbe, ma'am," said Murdock, grinning above her broad hat at Evan's hope.

By contrivance Evan let the sailor keep the wheel until it was time to cook supper. Then he had to stay close to the pink-linen gown and could not think. He was hunting a likeness in his slow memory. The gross, bellowing man who had asked for the girl's brother was like someone he had seen.

"When you think hard your eyes wrinkle up," said Miss Vance.

"I'm very sorry," he sighed.

"My dear child," she cried, "you mustn't worry about it. It's quite nice. It makes you look like a little boy."

"D'you like pickles?" Evan gulped. "We've got a jar."

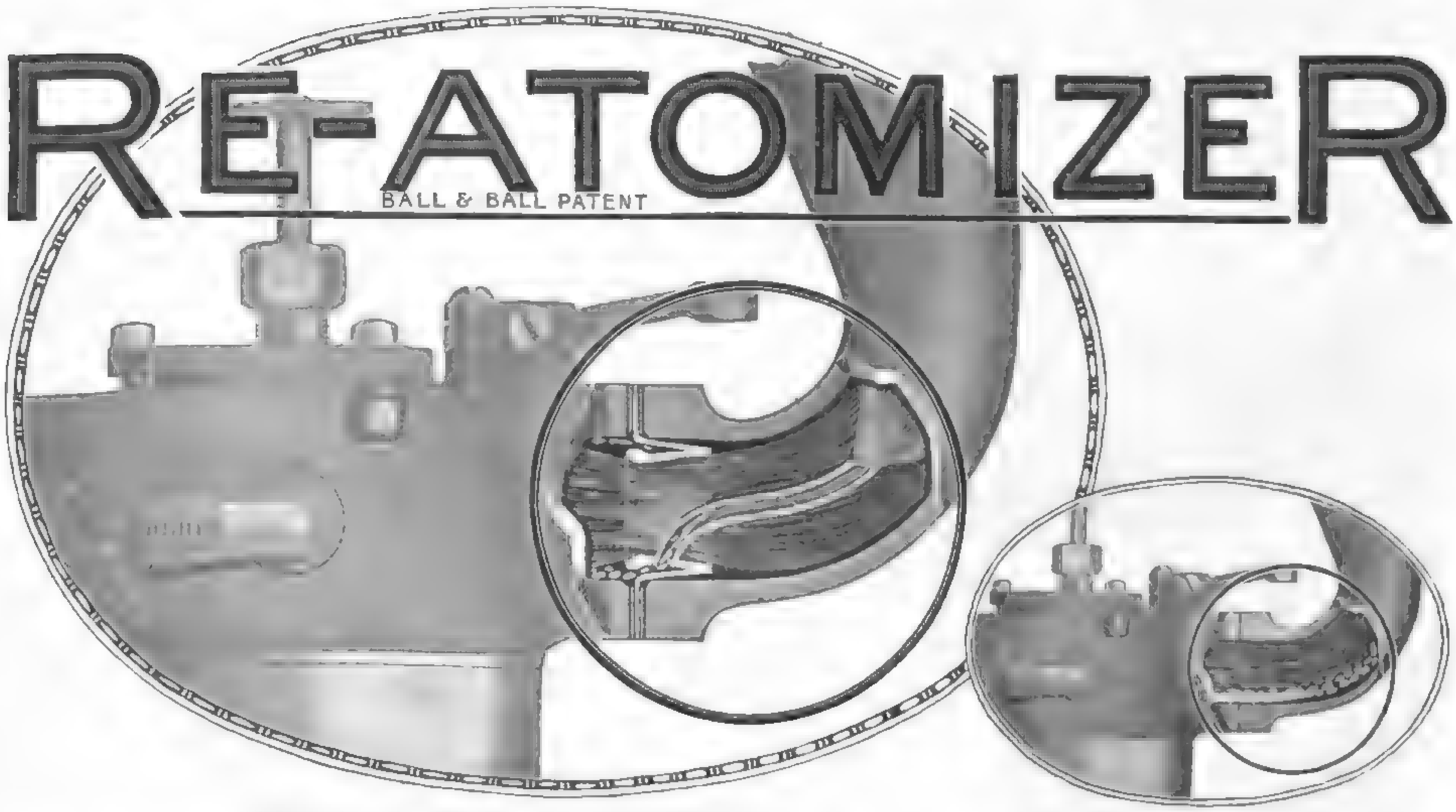
It was striking twelve when the yawl came in hailing distance of the wharves at New Haven. A bark was moored not far from their anchorage and the boatman pulled Evan and the girl under the bows, where men sang without sobriety. Miss Vance shivered and drew her shawl close,

(Continued on Page 85)

PENBERTHY PRODUCTS

RE-ATOMIZER

BALL & BALL PATENT



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This is accomplished by trapping the liquid gasoline on the bottom and sidewalls of the manifold where it condenses. It is caught by a powerful air stream, and shot through the tube completely vaporized, and is drawn through the manifold into the cylinders with the rest of the vapor. Simple, isn't it? Most of the great inventions have been simple.

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We are selling it as no other accessory has ever been sold, with a guarantee that it will increase the buyer's gasoline mileage at least one mile per gallon for each dollar paid. It is also guaranteed to accomplish the 10 improvements listed herewith. If not, he can return it for its full purchase price at any time within 30 days.

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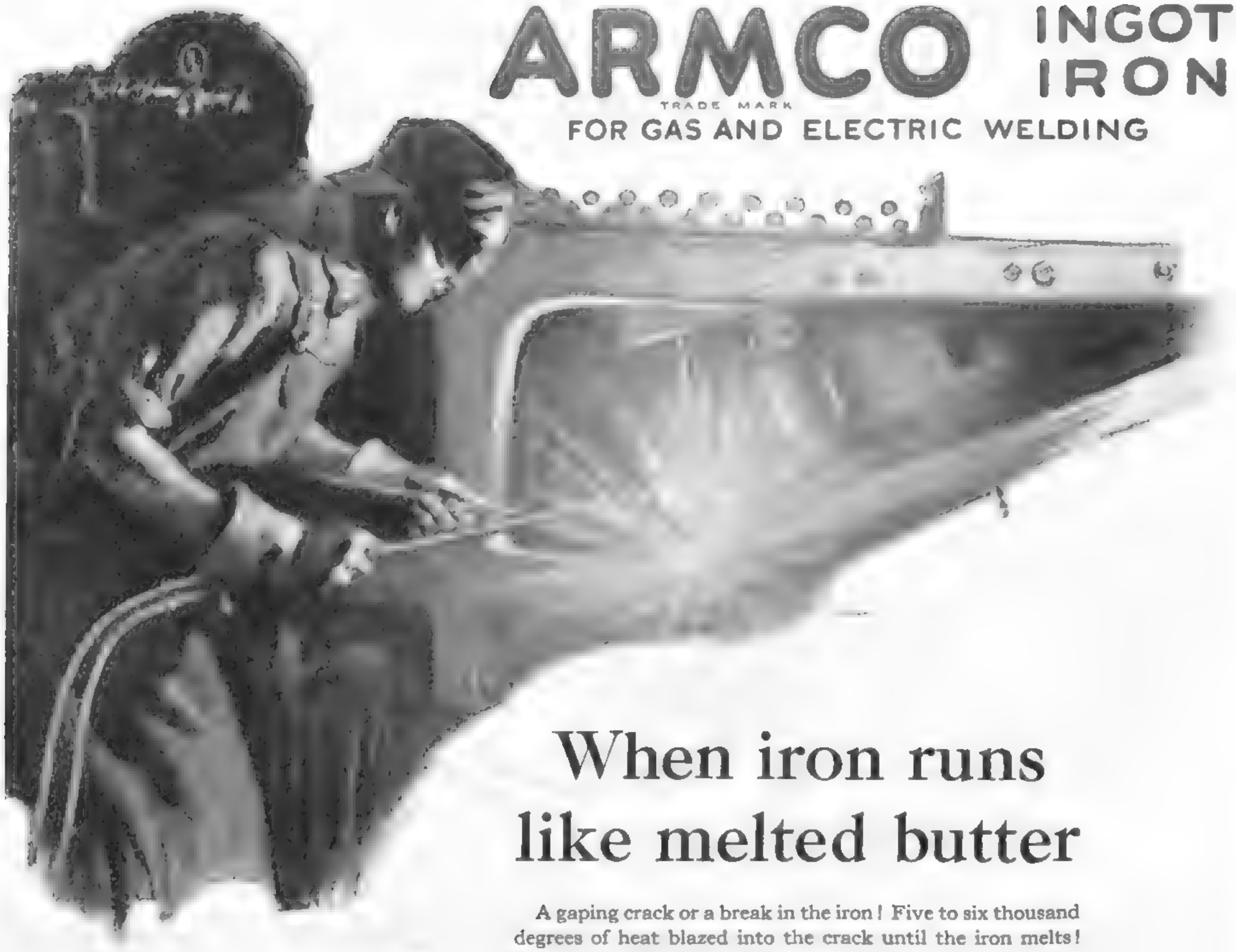

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Welding is not like sticking together two pieces of wood with glue. In welding, the iron that is used to fill the crack must become an inseparable part of the iron that is broken (or of the two parts that are to be joined).

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(Continued from Page 82)

though heat fell about them as they climbed the steps.

"I had a cousin in college here. The best hotel's the New Haven House. I wonder if we can get a cab," he chattered, alarmed by her drooping.

But there was no cab and Evan lugged the heavy bandbox silently up the hot length of Chapel Street. The clerk at the hotel made trouble over giving the girl a room and she bullied him gracefully, until he bowed limply and took the bandbox from Evan. The boy tramped down through this city of trees and mosquitoes. The wind was dead. It might not rise to-morrow. Miss Vance thought him a fool and, to be sure, he was a fool. His dearest friends seldom told him he was clever. His stupid shyness kept him from much speech at any time. Now it held him dumb for hours. He had become a servant to this flight from perils unguessable. It was a sort of duty; a man couldn't do less. He stopped to tie a shoe lace and leaned on the edge of a bookshop window frame. The lamplight shot through the glass and showed him a spread copy of Harper's Weekly. Evan glared for a full moment at the cartoon of Tweed seated on a moneybag.

"Look here, Evvy," said Murdock on the yawl.

"Wel.?"

"Wen, a feller rowed out about five minutes after you was gone and asked whose boat this was, and so on. Said it was the harbor office askin'. So I told him. Then he asked me who she was."

Evan stopped undressing and gasped: "What did you say?"

"Told him to go set on a tack. Say, son, she ain't good-lookin', but she's a smart gal enough. You could do worse. I guess she could get along with the old lady all right."

"Shut up!" said Evan, and rolled into his bunk.

Much thought gave him an evil headache. All next day he watched the flicker of the peak halyards against a sky washed colorless with heat. Miss Vance drowsed under a parasol and commented angrily on the Thimble Islands when some spray struck her gown. She spent the night at Guilford, thanks to a burst of wind, as the yawl lagged about Sachem Head. In the morning she assured Evan that she had tanned in her sleep.

"Cousin Emma won't know me when we get to Newport. Why, you have a complexion like a ballet dancer!"

"I get freckles when it's very hot," Evan faltered.

Miss Vance asked Murdock if his master was always so modest and opened a magazine. Sometimes her black eyes caught a gleam from the water and seemed purple. They were shining so when she looked up at Evan after lunch.

"You haven't asked me any questions, Evvy."

"You told me not to."

"And it's nice of you to be so good about it. Or aren't men curious? Of course they are! What do you think you're doing?"

"I don't care," he said; then had to go on. "much."

"If I were very pretty you'd be curious as a cat!"

"No, I wouldn't! Pretty women scare me. They always want to talk about looks. And I can't pay compliments and all that. And you aren't ugly, you know. You'd make a mighty fine-looking boy. Perhaps you're handsome. That's different from being pretty, isn't it?" Now that he had made the worst of it, he plunged on. "And I hate these girls that look as if they'd break in two, anyhow."

Miss Vance did not laugh. She sat smiling at him over the magazine.

"That sounds as if you did think now and then, Evvy. At any rate, it's an opinion. That's something. I expect you aren't allowed to have any at home."

"I'm not," he said.

Then Murdock came up to take the wheel. Evan dangled his legs by the jib boom and wondered what his grandmother would think of Miss Vance. He was wondering this again under the elms at Stonington while the girl priced ribbons in a shop. He could see her pink gown through the doorway as he lounged on the hitching block. They had come to the end of Connecticut. Over the dazzling water lay the white sands about Watch Hill. There was no wind in this deadly noon. The decaying town about was still. Some workmen chipped at stone for a Civil War monument up the cobbled street and Murdock had gone to gossip with these fellows.

Suppose her brother was somehow linked with the infamy of Tweed's ring! But that was not her fault, and the ring's infamy was something he did not understand. Tweed and his friends had been stealing money from New York City. But it was not the girl's fault.

Evan's thoughts came back to that point by every circuit. He smiled as Murdock trotted up.

"One of those fellers has a New York paper. Wasn't that Irishman that was cursing Tweed in that saloon named Morrissey? Well, he's making speeches against Tweed all over New York. And Tweed he's gone out to his house in a place called Greenwich and won't see anybody."

"Greenwich?"

"Yes, it's up beyond New Rochelle a ways. One of the clerks or something in a kind of a treasury in New York has showed up a list of what Tweed and his friends have took off the city. It's printed in the paper."

Miss Vance came out of the shop and Murdock repeated this news to her while she fooled with her parasol. The girl lifted her shoulders.

"I've been expecting that for some time. Could you get me that paper, though? I'd like to see it."

The sailor trotted off again. Miss Vance sat down on the hitching block and looked at Evan.

"That will ruin my brother," she said.

"I'm sorry. Wh-where is he?"

"I don't know. He was the man who helped put my trunk on the boat at New Rochelle. He borrowed money from Tweed in 1869—Black Friday. I was abroad with my aunts. I didn't know until that night. That was Tweed—the man who came in. I have—thank you, Murdock."

She sat on the brown block and read the first sheet of the crumpled newspaper to herself. Light splashed down through the leaves and made her bronze-leather shoes twinkle. She moved once, then read on, and handed the paper back to the sailor, who carried it away. She went on hastily:

"Sam's sure Tweed was having him watched. That's why I made you do this. It was a vile thing to do. I have some papers in my trunk—letters from Tweed—and some money. I might as well go on to Newport by train now. If you'll take my trunk to ——"

"There's a wind coming up," said Evan. "If it's good enough we might get to Point Judith to-night. It's not a long run from there to Newport. If you're being watched ——"

"It doesn't seem to matter to you that Sam was a thief! He told me the night you were at New Rochelle. If anything happens to Tweed it may all come out. He's been doing things for the ring."

"But you want to get to Newport. I don't care anything about your brother. I don't ——"

"Oh," she said, "you don't have to care anything about him, Evvy! It was in the paper there. He sailed for England on Tuesday. He sold the bank and sailed for England. Father always said Sam hadn't the right principles. It's not worth talking about. The house at New Rochelle belongs to me. Now let me go to Newport by train."

"No, I shan't," Evan muttered, "if you're being watched! Come on."

The girl looked at him and began to pant, as if the air was drawn from her lips. He was afraid she might weep, and flinched.

"Come ahead," he said.

Murdock thought it was foolish to start on this long stretch with so little wind. The yawl rocked out of the Stonington basin into the sound and a schooner loaded with new brick bore it company. By three they had reached the angle of brilliant sand that juts from the point of Watch Hill. The light spanker boom hardly swayed and the canvas bulged feebly.

"We'll get stuck off Noyes Point, or somewhere there's no town for her to sleep at," said Murdock, his tan flecked with sweat drops.

"Then we can sleep on deck and she can have the cabin," Evan stated.

He was master now. For the first time in his life he could give all the orders. Pride swelled up in him. It was easy to be a commander. Miss Vance was watching him with what seemed admiration. There was no reason why she shouldn't go to

The Summer Cloud

IT is a bright summer day. You're working hard in your office or in your store, and your wife is working hard at home.

Suddenly the summer day is no longer bright. Great thunder clouds cover all the heavens.

Immediately, thousands of hands in factories, in offices, in homes reach for a switch or a button and turn on the light. The response is instantaneous.

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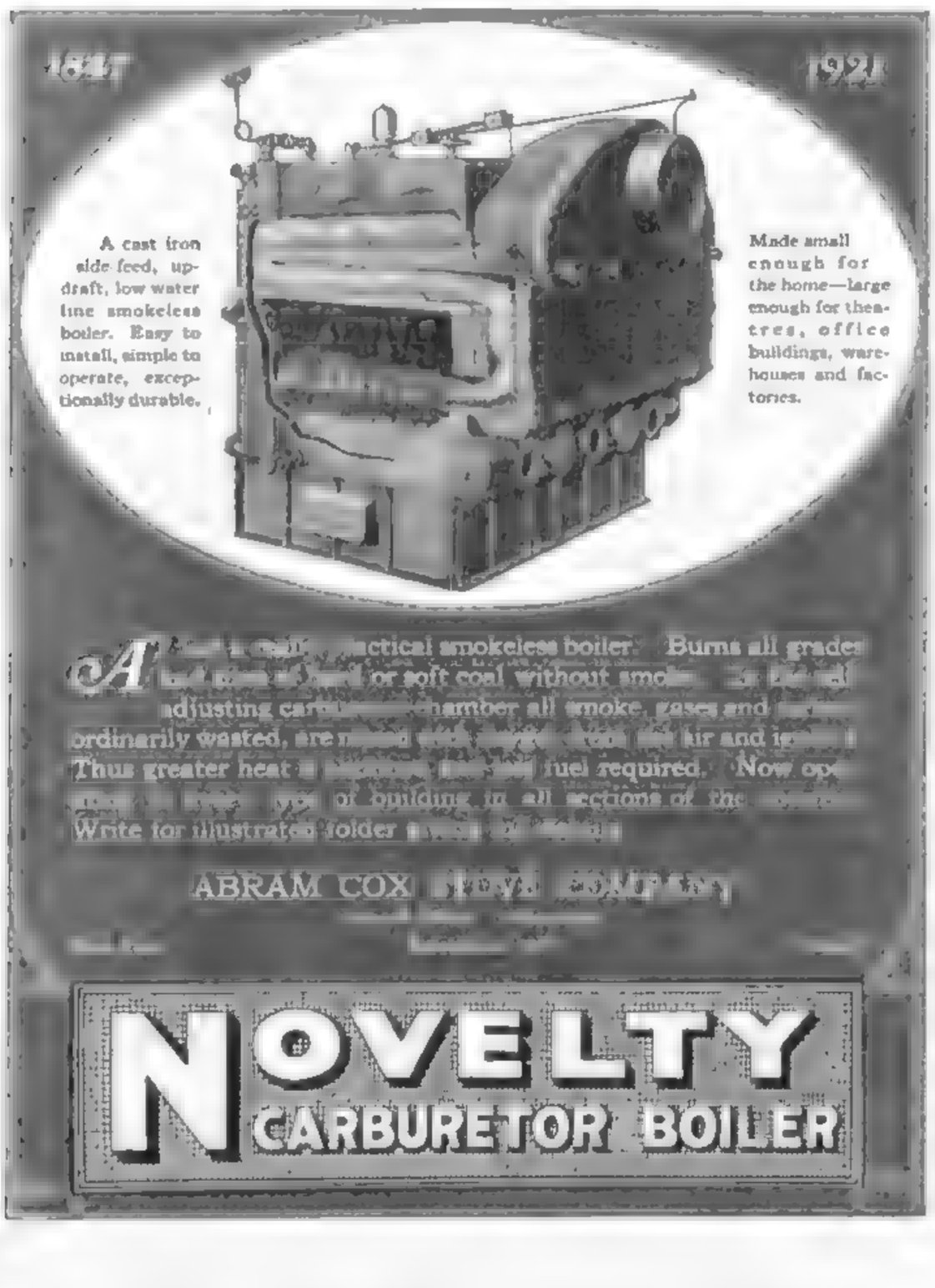

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ABRAM COX [illegible]

NOVELTY
CARBURETOR BOILER

Newport by train. He did not believe that spies from Tweed would follow so far. Evan began to talk. He chattered. He told her about his four months in the Navy.

Evan waved an arm at the coast on the left.

"All that's Washington County," he babbled. "You know, there are only five counties in Rhode Island, Miss Vance."

His mind throve on conversation. He talked ahead madly, and the sails filled in the late afternoon. The water began to be noisy. The wake was visible. The level line of Charleston Beach appeared, shimmering hotly. To the west a flutter of smoke showed that a steam vessel of some sort approached.

"Several people in Providence have steam yachts," Evan told the silent girl. "Better start supper, John."

Murdock had been some time below when Miss Vance touched Evan's arm.

"That steamboat is following us, Evvy."

"Rubbish!" said Evan, glancing back.

"Oh, Evan, if it's not following us, why does it stay so close?"

"It'll pass us. Anyhow, if these people wanted to get hold of these papers and things in your trunk they've waited a long time. Ten days! That's silly!"

"If they want the papers," she said, "they can have them. They're letters from Tweed. I don't care what happens now. Sam's run away. Look!"

The launch swung and headed toward the yawl. Evan felt his pulses commence to throb. He would not be bullied now.

"Let's see them get anything!"

"Evan! You mustn't!"

Murdock came on deck with the noise of the engine approaching, and whistled.

"Chased, are we?"

"Murdock," said the girl, "bring my trunk up."

"Don't you do it!" Evan ordered.

No one moved until the launch swept abreast ten yards from the yawl and Evan could see a grimy engineer by the window.

"Miss Vance!" a man called.

"What d'you want?"

As Evan shouted the girl slipped away and vanished into the cabin.

"Miss Vance knows what we want," the man roared.

"You go to thunder!" Evan answered.

"Look out, Evvy," said Murdock, "we ain't got a gun!"

"I'm not going to be held up as if I was a child!" said Evan.

The men conferred for a second. The slowed screw made a soapy froth in the waves astern. Evan looked at the shore, a fair three miles away. There was nothing human to witness this piracy. Far seaward a Block Island catboat idled.

"We'll give Miss Vance a thousand dollars cash for what we want," the spokesman called.

"You won't, either!" Evan answered.

"Tell her to name her own price then. Anything up to ten thousand dollars."

"They're scared we've got guns," whispered Murdock.

The two hulls drifted closer. These men looked nothing but ordinary fellows. Evan flexed his arms and knelt on the cushions.

"You won't get anything," he said, "and this is piracy, you know! You could be hanged for it."

"Bully!" Murdock whispered.

Suddenly the water below Evan's eyes was littered with torn paper. Miss Vance panted behind him, her face wet.

"There!" she screamed. "Now let us alone! That's what you wanted!"

"It's a bluff!" said one of the three men. He leaned on the rail and scowled against the sunlight. "That won't do, young lady! Now talk business! Bill don't want to hurt you any. We've been looking for you all along since New Haven. Don't try any game on us! What we want is ——"

"I've thrown all Mr. Tweed's letters overboard. I've torn them all up. Let them come on board and look, Evvy," she urged.

"I shan't!" said Evan aloud.

"It's a bluff!" the man repeated to his comrades.

He lifted a revolver above the rail and Evan felt his silly impotence before this force.

Murdock growled beside him: "They got us, son!"

The water between the hulls turned dull blue in the shadow.

"I assure you," said Miss Vance, "I've thrown away all the letters."

"We've got to be sure of that, young woman. Things are pretty hot in town right now. Tell your friends not to make any fuss."

He sat on the launch rail. Evan hated him and glared at the revolver. It was no use to be strong and tall, facing a bullet. His mouth dried with rage as the men smiled. A red-haired sailor reached a boat hook for the yawl's side and the hulls touched before the armed man jumped. The smell of the hot engine sent a wave of wrath up Evan's spine to his cloudy mind. They might search the girl as well as her trunk!

"Joe," a man on the launch shouted, "look out for the boy there!"

The world became flaring colors. Evan sprang at the man with the revolver. Something lashed his side and the air filled with screams. Murdock began to yell. All things disappeared as a blow reached Evan's chin.

He lay with his eyes shut, after he knew he was in his bunk and alive. He sulked. His side was itching under a bandage made of something soft and silky. He was a baby after all. Anyone could manhandle him and go scot-free. He needed a nurse. Sillier still, he was hungry, and hunger made him open his eyes on the lit cabin, where Miss Vance sat on her trunk.

"I suppose they did search you after all," he complained.

"No, they weren't as bad as I thought," she said, and smiled. "I think they were frightened. They looked in the trunk and went away. But don't talk, Evvy."

"I shall too!" Evan snapped. He sat up and bumped his head on the wood above. The wound under the bandage ached suddenly and he wanted to swear, so made his question fierce: "Where are we?"

"We're close to Point Judith, Murdock says. It's a quite rough."

"I can feel that. If we can get round we can be home by noon. Is there anything to eat?"

"You mustn't be cross with Murdock for hitting you," she begged.

"Did he?"

"Yes, he was afraid you'd be shot, so he hit you on the chin. I'll get something to eat if you'll be good and ——"

"Oh, don't act as if I'm a baby, for heaven's sake! I'll be twenty-one the first of August!"

"Of course you're not a baby!" she said, and this so soothed him that Evan beamed at her.

He wrapped a blanket about his nightshirt and lurched up on deck. Murdock was smoking at the wheel and the roughened water mingled with his chuckle.

"She gave me a piece of a silk petticoat to stick on your ribs. She's awful in love with you, Evvy. She cried fit to bust her head. Say, she talked to them fellers like they was the infant class in a school. They were scared of her. Well, she ain't pretty, but she's a smart girl. Now you'll have two women looking after you."

"Shut up!" said Evan.

He sat on the damp cushions and meditated. She mustn't go to Newport. He hated the thought of going there to call on her under the eyes of her cousin, Mrs. Wrenn. He deserved some reward for his obedience and went to claim it. Miss Vance stopped stirring the coffee on the stove and looked at him over her shoulder.

"I shan't take you to Newport at all," he said.

"But ——"

"You can stay with grandmother. She's a Quaker and says thee and all that, but she's nice. And I'll be twenty-one the first of August. We can get married then. That's not very long, is it?"

"Not very."

She touched her lips with the spoon, frowned and threw it away.

"You don't seem to care about my brother!"

"That's silly," said Evan. "Why should I? You're the only girl I ever loved and all that." This seemed to him so remarkably well put that he grinned with pleasure and repeated it: "The only one."

"Evvy, I lied to you about last winter in Providence. You didn't sit next to me at dinner and you didn't talk to me. I sat at the other end of the table and looked at you."

"The only one," said Evan absently.

The yawl rolled in the heavy waves about Point Judith and the lighthouse held his eyes after the girl had gone to bed. He sat on the cabin roof and considered the dancing clouds until dawn, when the sails flagged and the water of Narragansett Bay was yellow in the calm.

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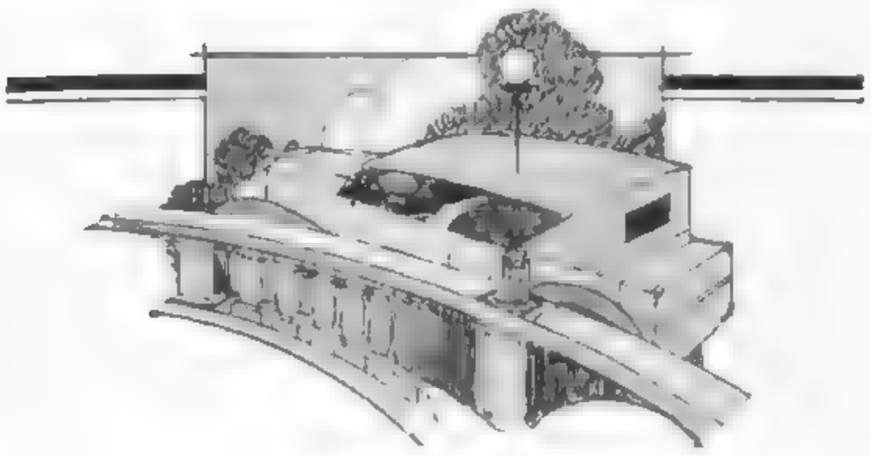

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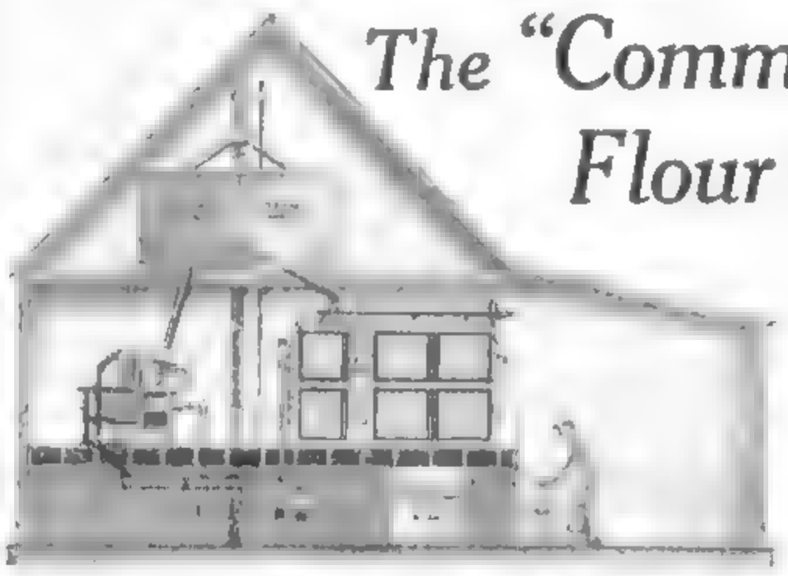

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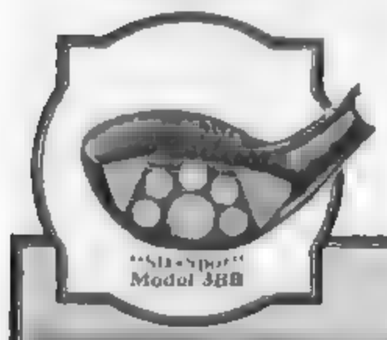

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GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT

(Continued from Page 15)

The popcorn epicure of the Middle West is just as particular. They tell me out there that the slightest change in the kind of butter used will be noted instantly.

Different sections of the country also have their own notions as to what they want to drink. Despite the many reports of pop bottles being thrown at umpires in New York, I am quite sure that there hasn't been a bottle of soda pop sold there for ten years or more. New Yorkers won't drink bottled soda water. They have set their heads on lemonade, ginger ale and sarsaparilla, and nothing else will suffice. Occasionally they take a fancy to some kind of orange drink, but soda water—never!

In other cities, particularly in the Middle West and Far West, they like their soda pop. In nearly every city they have some particular kind of fancy soft stuff, some home concoction, that gets a run.

New Yorkers drink a considerable quantity of plain charged waters, as do Bostonians and Philadelphians, but they won't do that in many other cities.

As to food, the hot dog and roll long since has superseded the ham sandwich as the *pièce de résistance* in the effete East. We sell more than twice as many. In the Middle West the hot dog has its appeal, but the ham sandwich still holds the upper hand.

In the Southwest—we operate as far as Juarez, Mexico—we were at quite a loss to know at first what the fans would eat between meals. We tried everything on them without success until a local man told us one day that he'd like a good hamburger. In trying to satisfy him we found the answer.

Down there they like highly seasoned food, and the hamburger sandwich turned the trick. This hamburger is made of ground beefsteak, onions and a lot of hot pepper, and salt. The meat is broiled or fried in thin wafers and placed inside a split roll, shaped like an old-fashioned round biscuit. They won't have them in any other shape.

Complications in Mexico

Incidentally, it was not easy to understand the temperament of the Mexican race-track fan when we first took the race-track concession down there. They don't like to jostle around and exchange good-natured kidding as outdoor folks do in the United States. They are good sports, but extremely sensitive.

One day, right after we had started, a Mexican gentleman came in and asked for a hamburger sandwich and some kind of drink. He offered the cashier a fifty-dollar Mexican bill in payment. The young man declined the money, saying that he did not have the change. As a matter of fact he was afraid of the Mex money.

The Mexican flew into a rage and pulled out a big six-shooter, threatening to kill somebody.

"I am insult," he said. "You insult my country, my country's money."

The boy who had served him ran to the office for my son, who was in charge, explaining that the cashier was about to be shot.

"What is the trouble, *señor?*" my son asked of the enraged man.

"He insult my money, my country. He will no take my money. I kill!"

My son quickly explained to him, diplomatically, that the cashier had declined the bill because he didn't have that much change in the drawer.

"Certainly we will change it," he said. "Come into my office."

The Mexican went in, got his money, was served a bottle of wine, which was drunk to the glorious Republic of Mexico and then to the United States. He went away happy in the belief that all Americans were not coarse gringos. He also boosted our hamburger sandwiches.

That question of currency in Mexico got to be serious as Villa came into power. Often he came to the race track, loaded down with his own money—of his own manufacture. In time we made an agreement with him by which only American money would be used at the track, in view of the fact that most of the patrons were Americans and that the purses were paid in American money. He was a smart fellow and also insisted that the duties imposed by his government on imported foodstuffs be paid in American money.

But getting back to the food tastes of the outdoor American. The likes and dislikes of a race-track crowd are entirely different from the gatherings at ball parks.

A race goer, for instance, does not eat peanuts. This may be accounted for by the fact that he always carries a program in one hand and a pencil in the other and cannot handle a bag of peanuts. Besides, he is running around all the time, while the baseball fan simply sits in one place and looks on. The natural habitat of the peanut is in those sections of the stand where confirmed rooters sit still and watch every movement on the field.

No matter how fashionable may be the crowd at a race course, the one popular dish is corned beef and cabbage. Nearly 50 per cent of the eaters will order that dish, whether it be served at the counters under the grand stand or in the more elaborately appointed clubhouse.

French chefs have tried to devise other attractive dishes, but they can't get away from the C. B. C., as race goers call it. As a result the French cooks have of necessity learned to prepare this dish which so offends their artistic temperament.

The best corned beef and cabbage in the world is served at race tracks, due to the constant demand for it.

Money Leakages

Right there, by the way, is one of the great difficulties in the path of the caterer. Even though a sporting meet is for but two weeks we are expected to have a kitchen and a service just as complete as if we had been running a restaurant there for ten years. The service, including china, linen and silver, must be perfect. You can easily imagine what it means to outfit completely a kitchen, a refrigerating plant and table service to handle a crowd of from ten to twenty-five thousand people a day, and use it only two weeks.

It means a separate equipment to the minutest detail in each place. When the season is over we simply store all this stuff, everything in its exact place, and let it stay there until the next opening. If a caterer has a number of concessions of varying types this means a very heavy investment. One couldn't well do that on the shoestring that I had at the start.

It is also necessary that we have dependable employes ready to step into any plant and start business without a hitch. We employ hundreds of them regularly. Whether they are used or not, these men must be kept. The only way to do that is to get enough concessions so as to keep them employed all the year round. To find a corps of absolutely reliable and honest employes is not easy. When we do find them we must hold them. They are worth it at any reasonable price.

My first losses—when I was cutting my eyeteeth—were due to the lack of honesty in grand-stand peddlers and waiters. From that I discovered that the one fundamental principle of succeeding in catering is to be sure of getting into the cash register the money that is taken in for goods sold. The difference is what breaks most men. That difference, if collected with exactness, also represents the profits. There is a similar leakage in many businesses. Unless it is stopped somebody will go broke.

I learned a lot of tricks about this in the early days. I shall never forget the time when we took the restaurant privileges at a seaside resort, most of the meals being served on an open veranda. We were getting good prices and were doing a big business, but at the end of the first few weeks we found ourselves in the hole. I faced a loss of one thousand dollars. I was almost crazy with anxiety. A thousand dollars meant a lot to me in those days. Still, we couldn't dope it out.

One day one of my young sons called the head cashier's attention to the fact that orders for consommé soup had fallen away to almost nothing. That was our specialty, and it was a dish that paid good profits.

The cashier had noted at the same time that the waiters were serving an unusual quantity of tea. Very seldom did one go out to the porch without an extra pot of hot water for tea.

That very afternoon a waiter tripped and fell, and my son noticed a number of

what seemed to be pills roll out of his pocket. These proved to be consommé pills.

On the market then was a tabloid preparation of beef juice for making consommé, one pill to a plate of hot water, and it was very popular. The waiters had been buying these consommé pills, as they were called, and carried them in their pockets. If a customer ordered consommé the waiter would simply take out an extra pitcher of hot water and extra soup plates, which were not checked. He would drop a pill in the plate, pour in hot water, serve the consommé to the guest and collect thirty cents. And we were not getting a cent of it! This discovery stopped some of the loss, but there was still a leakage.

One day a baseball magnate and his family stopped in for dinner. After his meal had been served, an elaborate one, I was sent for.

"Say," he said to me, "I don't want to make a holler, but there's something you ought to be told. The waiter who served us didn't have room enough on his tray and brought a steak in his pocket—actually served it right out of his pocket."

"Out of his pocket?"

"Sure, he did! It was wrapped up in a napkin, all right—I guess it was perfectly clean—but I simply don't like the idea of that kind of service."

I didn't either. Always it has been my boast to have a high-class service even if I have to charge high-class prices. I have found that people don't care what they pay so long as they get what they pay for.

My baseball friend didn't know, though, what a real service he had done me. The real idea didn't hit him at all and, to tell the truth, I didn't realize what it meant for several minutes. I told the cashier about the incident.

"That's the dope!" he cried enthusiastically. "You've got it! I had a hunch that was the answer but I wasn't sure. Wait a minute."

He called one of my small boys and told him to go into the kitchen, sit near the range and watch that waiter.

The boy's vigil was rewarded by seeing the waiter order a broiled chicken from the head cook, wrap it up in a clean napkin and stick it into the large pocket of his waiter's coat. He then got the rest of the order, piled it up on the tray with the service dishes and walked to the desk to be checked off. The chicken, of course, was not checked. At that time it was customary to serve extra dishes in case a patron wanted to share his order with another person at the table.

The Pride of Peanut Venders

This thieving waiter walked out to the table, set down his tray and, after deftly removing the broiled chicken from his pocket, placed it on an extra dish and served it. He collected two dollars and a half for it and put the money into his pocket. Not one cent went into the cash register.

After firing that man we discovered that waiters often took steaks that way. I have even known them to get by the checkers with green corn on the cob in their pockets.

The only thing to do was put an extra check on at the range and engage honest waiters. If they are dishonest they can always find a way to skin the proprietor. We finally succeeded in recovering the profits that had been going into the waiter's pockets in the form of steaks and chickens, and came out ahead on the season.

The humble peanut-and-lemonade vender also has to be watched. The picking up of boys promiscuously is a dangerous business.

A few years ago we had to open up at Boston for a special event of some kind, a football game, I believe it was. We had to get what boys we could to work the stands. That night six of them sold out, jumped the fence and were seen no more. They got away with about fifteen dollars each. Those boys, of course, had no aspirations about being great peanut sellers in the future, and got away with what they could.

You will probably smile at the suggestion of aspirations to be a peanut seller. Just the same, I have some old employes who regard their past peddling as a life's achievement to be looked back on with pride. They can even tell you the dates on which they had record sales and challenge anyone to beat them. They usually fix these dates by some big sporting event or triumph, like the day Babe Ruth made his long hit into the center-field stand or Ty Cobb stole home. These boys—some of them fifty years old—are walking encyclopedias on sports. They have seen everything worth while.

The peanut-and-lemonade vender feels his position in the public eye, as he regards it, just as keenly as do the groundkeeper and other minor employes at the ball parks. Some of them would go into physical decline if taken away. I honestly believe that. I have one who has been with me for thirty years. I don't believe he has missed a sporting event with which my business is identified for twenty years. Often I have tried to give him a vacation but he won't have it.

This old vender—peanuts are his specialty—has the additional job of gathering up the empty bottles and glasses from the grand stand every morning before the cleaners get busy with the broom and hose. He is there before daylight just as regular as a clock. His is no easy job and often I have tried to give him assistance. At the suggestion of such a thing he looks at me with the expression of a wounded deer.

Rip's Misfit Teeth

Not long ago the attendance record was broken at the ball park. Our sales were large and I knew that the stands would be simply littered with bottles, glasses, and so on, left by the spectators.

"Now, Rip," my son said to the old fellow, "I want you to get up here very early to-morrow. It was a terrible big crowd and I have hired four boys to help you clean up."

He looked at my son a moment, speechless. Tears came into his eyes.

"I've been with the firm thirty years now," he declared, his voice broken with hurt feelings, "and this is the first time in all my life that you've hired help. I reckon—you've lost—faith—in me!"

The old fellow burst out crying at this shock to his artistic temperament—this blot on his escutcheon. Personally I had to go and comfort him. He didn't have any help, either.

In addition to his artistic pride as a bottle-and-glass picker Rip is fascinated, it appears, by his sole privilege of finding things in the stand—things like pencils, handkerchiefs, cigarette coupons and tinfoil. In a way he is a beachcomber. He has even found false teeth. I know of at least ten sets that he has picked up. Rip saves these teeth carefully, but the tinfoil, and so on, he gives to an old man for some orphan asylum. What I cannot understand is how a man can lose his false teeth at a ball game. It may be that he drops them in the rush and is unable to find them again. Certainly the game cannot be so interesting that he does not miss them.

I introduced a writer to old Rip the other day and he noticed a peculiar wabbly motion in the fellow's jaw when he talked. When I told him that this was due to Rip trying to use a set of the false teeth that he had found and had been unable to make them fit securely the writer thought I was joking. But it was the truth. Rip insists that he will yet get them filed down to fit.

One old employe has hung round ball parks and race tracks so long and has studied the tastes and temperaments of people so thoroughly that he can look up at the sky at sundown and come pretty near telling exactly what the fans are going to eat or drink the next day. Of course if he could tell exactly it would be hard to estimate how much he would be worth to the business.

The whims of sport patrons frequently change overnight and it's no laughing matter to be stocked up with several thousand dollars' worth of soft drinks, ham sandwiches, and so on, only to have the whole shooting match go dead on your hands. This cost, by the way, is not so much in the actual price of the commodities as in the pay of the men who get it together—the overhead, in other words.

There was one occasion when the size of the crowd—though I had prayed for a record breaker—caused us a loss.

Everybody in the catering business, from top to bottom, you know, gets to be a rabid baseball fan. They have a double incentive. When the home team wins the crowds get larger and thus increase business. Often I have known the grand-stand peddlers to huddle together and begin rooting so hard that they would forget

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about selling. And I have been rooting so hard myself that I didn't notice them at first.

On this day, though, everybody's prayer had been answered. It was a real hot day—just right for cold drinks and sandwiches—and the crowd came in such a stream that the gates had to be closed, leaving thousands outside. Inside they were even packed in the aisles. Naturally we glowed at the prospect, but our glow was short-lived. In a very short time we discovered that the fans had stopped up the aisles so completely that it was impossible for the venders to get through with their wares. The sales fell off to almost nothing. That, I think, was the most disappointing loss we ever suffered.

That never happened again. The fire department thereafter rigidly enforced the law which prohibits people occupying the aisles. I'll say it is a good law.

The weather often bobs up to double-cross us. Several years ago, in September, during a close race we had stocked up with cooling drinks and were all set for a big day. The weather, which had been very hot, turned so cold during the night that fans came out in overcoats. There was a big crowd, all right, but nobody would even look at an ice-cream cone, a lemonade or a bottle of sarsaparilla. In those days there was a regular bar in the rear of the grand stand, but those who did not get there in the first few minutes couldn't have got through the small but compact crowd with anything less than dynamite. The first hundred or so got up to the rail and stayed there.

My son saved the situation this time by some pretty good advance thinking. Having observed the change in the weather that morning he had put in a rush order with a meat dealer for several hundred pounds of frankfurters, and from a baker he had ordered the long narrow rolls. Also he had put in an order for coffee urns in case of emergency.

When I got to the grounds, all worked up over what I thought a sure failure, he had installed tin boilers and was turning out hot dogs by the hundred. In addition he had put the coffee urns in commission. Both were selling like hot cakes.

By thus saving the day my son also had discovered a new and important source of income. The hot dog was with us to stay. It is now almost as much a staple as the peanut.

On account of the popularity of the hot tamale in the Southwest and in Mexico, efforts have been made to introduce it in the East. But it won't go. The New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Washington fan simply looks at a tamale and dubiously shakes his head.

"Gimme a hot dog with a lotta mustard," he'll say, "and a bottle of sass."

Now you may think that, in our harum-scarum, care-free habit of eating any and every thing between meals, quality doesn't figure. I could name you several people who went broke thinking that way.

As a matter of fact our outdoor eater is the most particular fellow in the world. It is very rarely that he voices a complaint, but if any article—even the most inconspicuous—is not up to the mark it is noticed almost immediately in the falling off of sales. We feel it right away.

The hot-dog eater is an epicure of the highest type. If the mustard should be lacking in kick or there should be an unpleasant aftertaste to the frankfurter he quits for the day. His neighbors quit too.

A few scattering bags of soggy peanuts, and the peddlers feel the effect in an hour.

To get a certain zest and snap to our hot dogs it has been necessary for us to have them made specially for our use. They are a little more expensive, but the difference in sales more than makes up for that. This special snappy taste is really a profitable investment. It is not at all uncommon for us to let men who live in fashionable homes have some of our hot dogs for their own tables.

In America fashionable crowds are no different from any other when it comes to suicidal eating, as our French chef insists on calling it. On one occasion we had to cater to a football gathering, said to be America's one annual assemblage of society. The faces in the boxes were the same as those in the boxes at grand opera.

Our chef was all aflutter. I must confess that we all were a little worked up and expectant. Just what to serve was a question. All kinds of fancy salads were placed on the counters and the delicate sandwiches were given an extra artistic touch.

That night we found that society had gone to the hot dogs and peanuts, hook, line and sinker. The fancy stuff was enjoyed by our help.

Before me, as I write, I have a magazine article by another dietitian who derides the between-meals idea.

"If we must have something between meals," he says, "the one safe and nourishing food is cool milk."

I'd like to see him make somebody drink it. Even milkshakes went out of style several years ago.

No, I guess we'll go right along ruining our health, turning out the biggest and finest men, winning all the athletic events—yes, and winning the wars.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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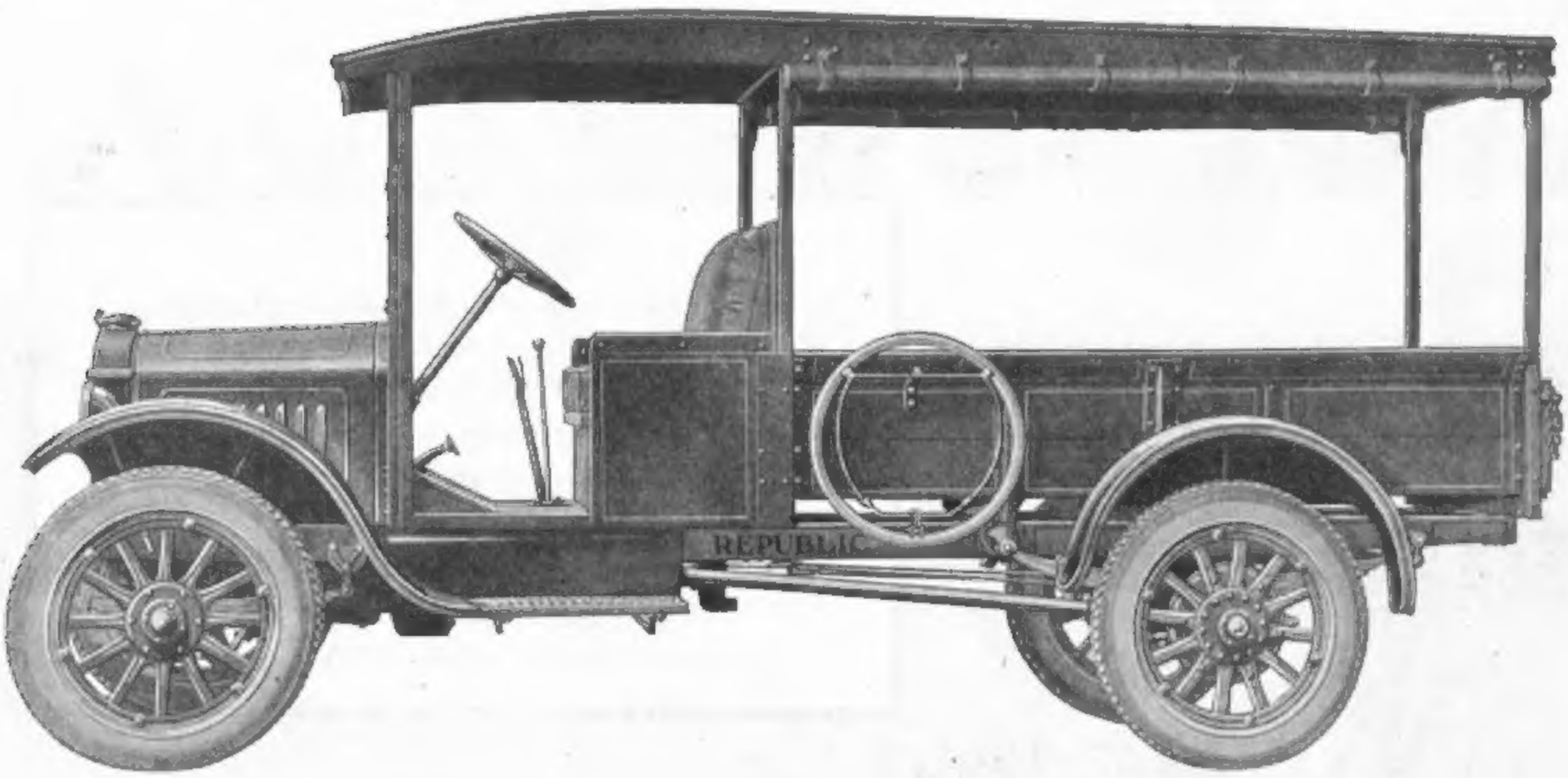

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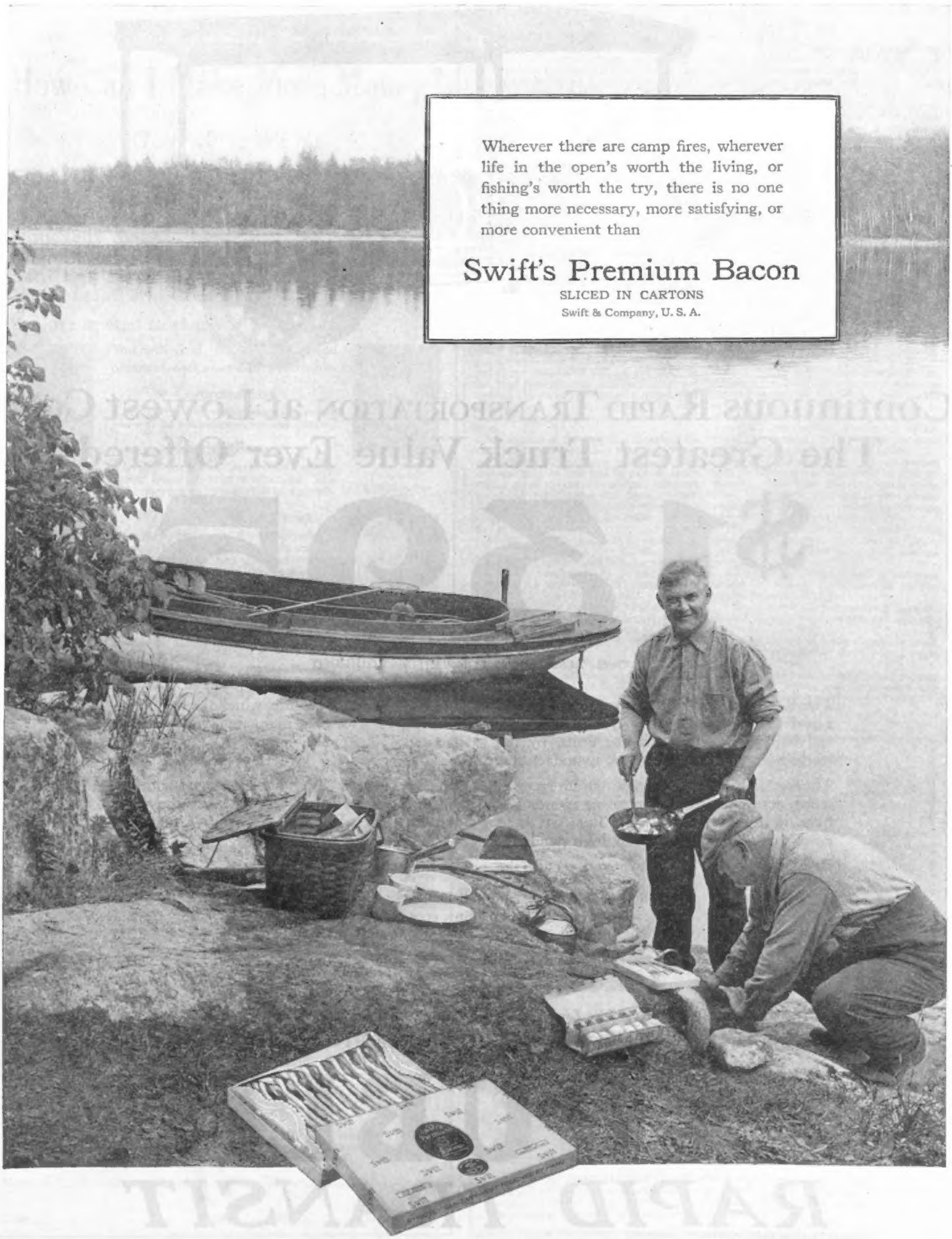

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